

HYMNS AND TUNES.

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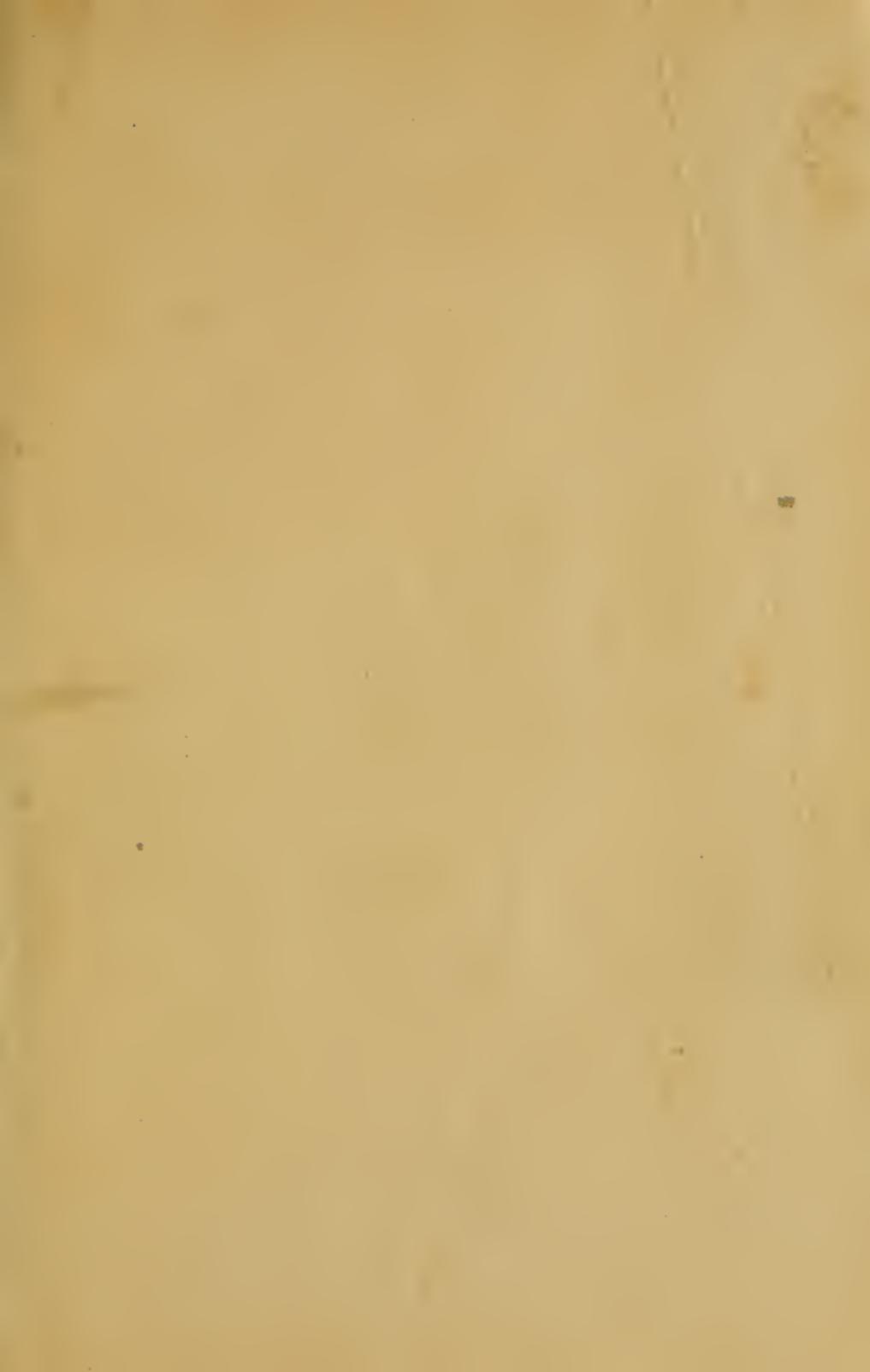
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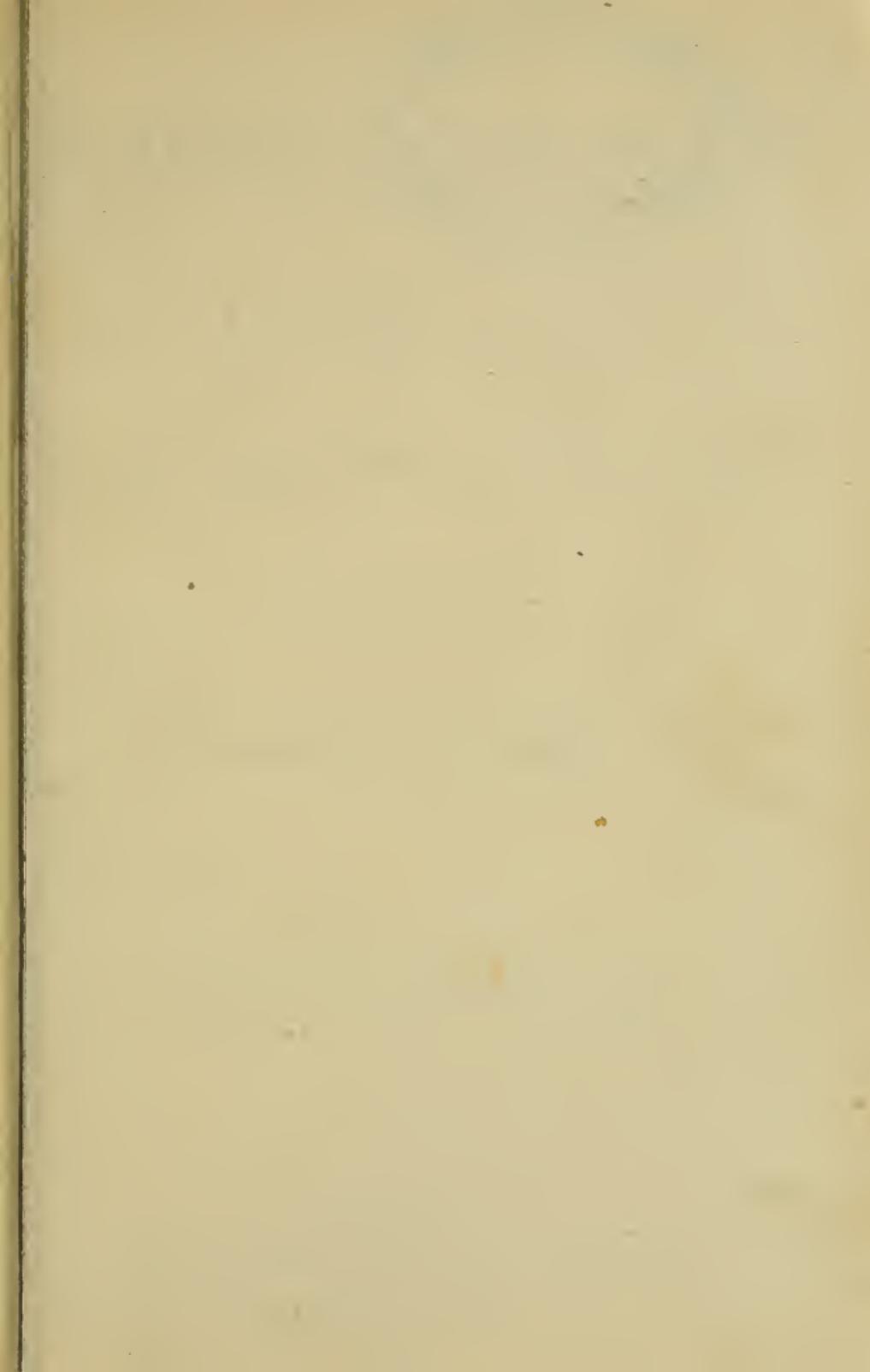
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PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY











HYMNS AND TUNES

— FOR —

Public and Private Worship,

— AND —

Sunday Schools.

COMPILED BY A COMMITTEE.

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PREFACE.

In arranging HYMNS AND TUNES it was the aim of the committee to make the book as complete as possible. For the sake of convenience the matter has been condensed as much as could be done and still retain distinctness of the notes in the music, and large type in the hymns. Character notes are used because they can be read more readily than round notes.

The hymns are classed into twenty-seven subjects, in alphabetical order, beginning with "ACTIVITY" and ending with "WARNING". By this arrangement any of the subjects can be quickly found without referring to the index.

The hymns are headed with texts of Scripture, with reference to book, chapter and verse.

Both hymns and tunes are indexed according to the number of the hymns,—the tunes agreeing with the hymns immediately following them. All the hymns following a tune are of the same metre.

The beginning of a tune, found at the bottom of some of the right hand pages, is numbered the same as the full tune, which is always found toward the first part of the book. The singer who is not fully acquainted with a tune can see, at the same time, a hymn on the right hand page, and the tune on the left, holding the intervening pages directly toward him.

One of the principal objects in publishing this book is to bring about a closer union in the singing between the Sunday-school and the church. The hymns and

tunes are suitable for Church and Sunday-school services, as well as worship on all occasions: a few are especially adapted to children and the Sunday-school.

It is better that the singers learn a tune before the attempt is made to use it in the congregation either in church or Sunday-school: a tune incorrectly sung makes poor music, however good it may be. The true merit of both hymns and tunes is only found when we become fully acquainted with them; and, if they are truly meritorious, will grow in favor as we continue to use them.

Adapting suitable tunes to the hymns selected has been a most careful study of the committee. Only tunes easily learned, and readily sung with a free movement, were accepted: no intricate pieces were allowed.

Thanks are hereby tendered the many friends who so kindly assisted in the compilation, in defraying the expense of the plates, and in securing the use of copyrighted hymns and tunes; also those who gratuitously favored the book with their productions of music and hymns.

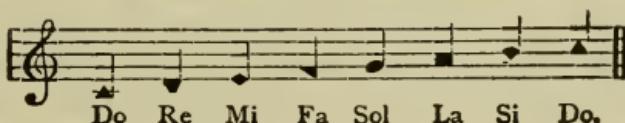
That the book may be found worthy a place in the Church, and prove instrumental in the welfare and happiness of God's people, and in building up the Kingdom of our Lord, and that He who inspires every good work may receive all praise and honor, is the sincere desire of

THE COMPILING COMMITTEE.

THE COMPILING COMMITTEE was composed of the following members of the Mennonite Church, Viz: Henry S. Rupp, Shiremanstown, Pa.; Samuel Shank, Broadway, Va.; Emanuel Suter, Harrisonburg, Va.; Chr. H. Brunk, Harrisonburg, Va., and John S. Coffman, Elkhart, Ind.

THE PLATES for HYMNS AND TUNES, from page 1 to 313, were paid by collections from the churches and voluntary contributions of individual members.

Aiken's Seven Character Notes.



LET the word of Christ dwell in you richly in all wisdom; teaching, and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord. Col. 3: 16.

INDEX OF THE SUBJECTS.

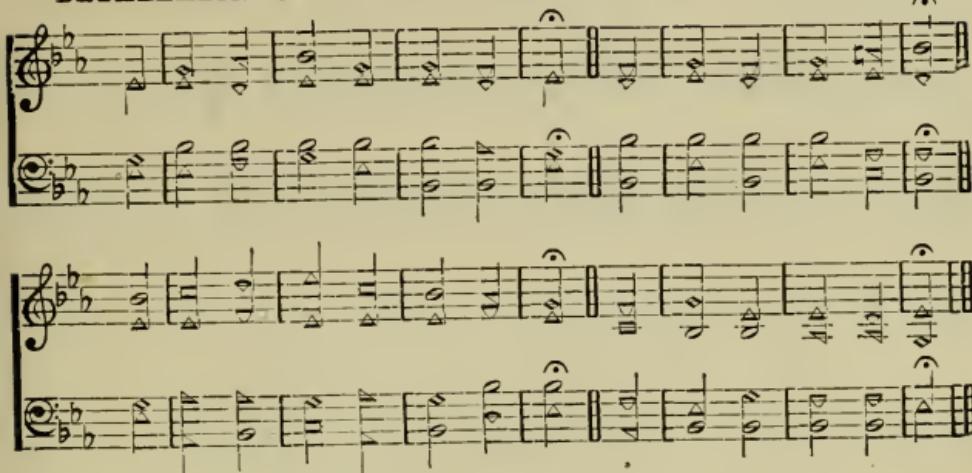
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HYMNS AND TUNES.

ACTIVITY.

BETHLEHEM. C. M.

By Committee.



If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink. John 7: 37

- 1 **I** LONG for God, the living God ;
I hunger for his grace ;
I long to see as I have seen
My heavenly Saviour's face.
- 2 The earth has not a homie for me
Where I would always stay :
O let me take my pilgrim-staff
And speed my upward way.
- 3 I would not be afraid to live,
Nor yet afraid to die ;
Nor wish to end my working days,
Or make them faster fly.
- 4 But I would hide myself beneath
Jehovah's sheltering wing,
And wait till his appointed hour
Shall life immortal bring.
- 5 Lord, may I learn to work or wait,
Just as thy word is given,—
Not loitering idly at the gate
That opens into heaven.

Thomas MacKellar, 1866.

LABAN. S. M.

L. MASON.

Keep the charge of the Lord. Lev. 8:35.

S. M.

2 **M**y soul ! be on thy guard ;
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray !
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down ;
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

4 Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God !
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

"Watch and pray." Mark 14:38.

S. M.

3 **A** CHARGE to keep I have,
 A God to glorify ;
 A never-dying soul to save,
 And fit it for the sky.

2 To serve the present age,
 My calling to fulfill,—
 Oh may it all my powers engage
 To do my Master's will.

3 Arm me with jealous care,
 As in thy sight to live ;
 And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
 A strict account to give.

4 Help me to watch and pray,
 And on thyself rely ;
 Assured if I my trust betray,
 I shall forever die.

NINETY-FIFTH. C. M.

In my father's house are many mansions. John 14. 2.

C. M.

4 **W**HEN I can read my title clear
 To mansions in the skies,
 I bid farewell to every fear,
 And wipe my weeping eyes.

2 Should earth against my soul engage,
 And fiery darts be hurled,
 Then I can smile at Satan's rage,
 And face a frowning world.

3 Let cares like a wild deluge come,
 And storms of sorrow fall !
 May I but safely reach my home,
 My God, my heaven, my all.

4 There shall I bathe my weary soul.
 In seas of heavenly rest,
 And not a wave of trouble roll
 Across my peaceful breast.

O HOW HAPPY. M. 20.

Lay up treasures for yourselves in heaven Mat. 6: 20.

5 **O**H! how happy are they,
 Who their Saviour obey,
 And have laid up their treasures above;
 O! what tongue can express,
 The sweet comfort and peace,
 Of a soul in its earliest love!

2 'Twas a heaven below,
 My Redeemer to know,
 And the angels could do nothing more,
 Than to fall at his feet,
 And the story repeat,
 And the lover of sinners adore.

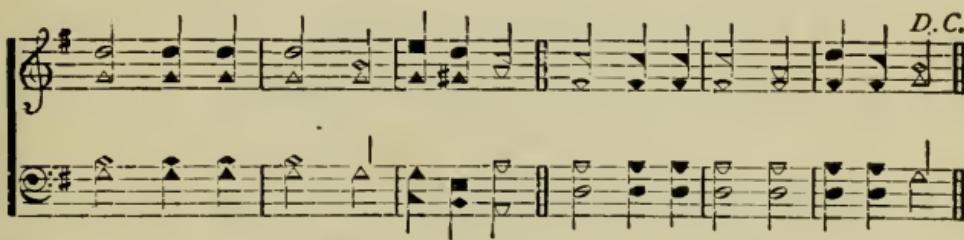
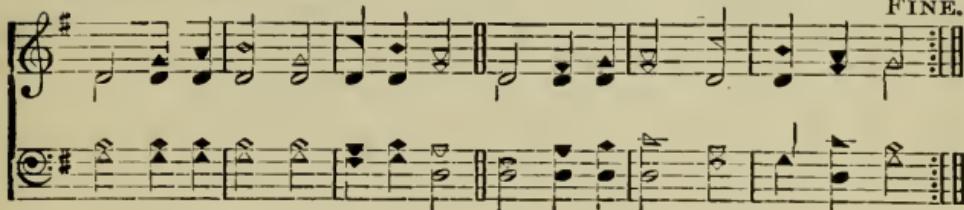
3 Jesus all the day long,
 Was my joy and my song;
 Oh! that more his salvation might see;
 He hath loved me I cried;
 He hath suffered and died,
 To redeem such a rebel as me!

4 Now my remnant of days
 Would I spend in his praise,
 Who has died, me from death to redeem ;
 Whether many or few,
 All my days are his due—
 May they all be devoted to him.

WHITESIDE. L. M. D.

J. S. SHOEMAKER.

FINE.



He is thy Lord, worship thou him. Psalm 45: 11. L. M. D.

6 **W**e now have met to worship Thee,
 In this, thy Holy Temple, Lord ;
 Help each, O Lord, attentive be,
 And heed the teaching of Thy word.
 Fill every heart with love divine,
 Help every tongue Thy praise to sing,
 Help each to say, Lord, Thou art mine,
 And all to Thee an offering bring.

2 Help Thou thy servant to proclaim
 The Gospel truth both strong and pure,
 That all who hear, accept the same,
 And make in Thee salvation sure.
 In Thee alone help us to trust,
 And in thy laws and love abide ;
 That when our bodies turn to dust,
 Our souls in Heaven be glorified.

J. S. Shoemaker.

ARLINGTON. C. M.

THOS. A. ARNE.

Endure hardness as a good soldier. 2 Tim. 2: 3

C. M.

7 **A** M I a soldier of the cross,
 A follower of the Lamb?
 And shall I fear to own his cause,
 Or blush to speak his name?

2 Must I be carried to the skies
 On flow'ry beds of ease,
 While others fought to win the prize,
 And sail'd through bloody seas?

3 Are there no foes for me to face?
 Must I not stem the flood?
 Is this vile world a friend to grace,
 To help me on to God?

4 Sure I must fight, if I would reign ;
 Increase my courage, Lord :
 I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
 Supported by thy word.

5 Thy saints in all this glorious war
 Shall conquer, though they die ;
 They see the triumph from afar,
 And seize it with their eye.

6 When that illustrious day shall rise,
 And all thine armies shine
 In robes of victory through the skies,
 The glory shall be thine.

Let us worship and bow down. Ps. 95:6.

C. M.

8 **C**OME let us join our souls to God
In everlasting bands,
And seize the blessings he bestows
With eager hearts and hands.

2 Come let us to his temple haste,
And seek his favor there;
Before his footstool humbly bow,
And offer fervent prayer.

3 Come let us share, without delay,
The blessings of his grace;
Nor shall the years of distant life
Their memory e'er efface.

More than conquerors. Rom. 8:37.

C. M.

9 **A**WAKE my soul! stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all animating voice
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis he whose hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

Hebrews II.

C. M.

10 **R**ISE, O my soul, pursue the path
By ancient worthies trod;
Aspiring, view those holy men
Who lived and walked with God.

2 'Twas through the Lamb's most precious blood
They conquered every foe;
And to his power and matchless grace
Their crowns of life they owe.

3 Lord! may I ever keep in view
The patterns thou hast given,
And ne'er forsake the blessed road
That led them safe to heaven.

ELM STREET. L. M.

By Com.

Well done, thou good and faithful servant. Matt 25: 21. L. M.

11 **S**OME day the word will come to me,
Arise; the Master calls for thee,
May I be ready then to go,
Saying, Lord Jesus! even so.

2 Will work I've purposed in my thought,
Be to my Master's pleasure wrought,
And will more talents then be won,
So that the Lord may say, Well done?

3 Will tears be shed upon my bier
By some I've helped to comfort here?
Will seed I've sown some fruitage bear
Too late for me the joy to share?

4 Shall I on Jordan's farther side
Find some redeem'd and glorified,
To whom I pointed out the road
Leading to that divine abode?

5 I cannot answer Yea or Nay:
This only, Master, can I say:
If I've done aught to honor thee,
It was thy grace that wrought through me.

6 O blessed Lord, in me abide
When I pass over Jordan's tide,
That I with my last trembling breath
May glorify thy name in death.

Zealous of good works. Titus 2: 14.

L. M.

12

So let our lives and lips express
The holy gospel we profess;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

- 2** Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honor of our Saviour God;
When the salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.
- 3** Our flesh and sense must be denied;
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth and love
Our inward piety approve.
- 4** Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.
- 5** That sacred stream, thy holy Word,
That all our raging fear controls:
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

An example that ye should follow. 1 Peter 2. 21.

L. M.

13

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy Word;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

- 2** Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.
- 3** Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict, and thy victory too.
- 4** Be thou my pattern; may I bear
More of thy gracious image here;
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Among the followers of the Lamb.

MISSIONARY HYMN. M. 14 D.

L. MASON, 1823.

My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord. Ps. 84: 2.

14 **O** WHEN shall I see Jesus,
 An' dwell with him above?
 To drink the flowing fountains
 Of everlasting love?
 When shall I be deliver'd
 From this vain world of sin,
 And with my blessed Jesus,
 Drink endless pleasures in?

2 But now I am a soldier,
 My Captain's gone before;
 He's given me my orders,
 And tells me not to fear.
 And if I hold out faithful,
 A crown of life he'll give,
 And all his valiant soldiers
 Eternal life shall have.

3 Through grace I am determin'd
 To conquer though I die;
 And then away to Jesus
 On wings of love I'll fly.

Farewell to sin and sorrow,
I bid them both adieu :
And you, my friends, prove faithful,
And on your way pursue.

BOUNDED BROOK. 7, 6 & 5.

By Com.

“Follow His steps.” 1 Pet. 2: 21.

7, 6 & 5.

15 FOLLOW the path of Jesus,
Walk where his footsteps lead,
Keep in his beaming presence,
Every counsel heed ;
Watch, while the hours are flying,
Ready some good to do ;
Quick, while his voice is calling,
Yield obedience true !

2 Cling to the hand of Jesus,
All through the day and night,
Dark though the way and dreary,
He will guide you right :
Live for the good of others,
Helpless, oppressed, and wrong ;
Lift them from depths of sorrow,
In his strength be strong !

JOPPA. M. 4

By Com.
1st. 2d.

Go work in my vineyard. Mat. 21: 28.

M. 4.

16 HARK the voice of Jesus crying—
 “Who will go and work to-day?
 Fields are white and harvest waiting;
 Who will bear the sheaves away?”
 Loud and strong the Master calleth,
 Rich reward he offers thee;
 Who will answer, gladly saying,
 “Here am I,” send me, send me.

2 If among the older people,
 You may not be apt to teach,
 “Feed my lambs” said Christ, our Shepherd,
 “Place the food within their reach,”
 And it may be that the children
 You have led with trembling hand,
 Will be found among your jewels
 When you reach the better land.

3 Let none hear you idly saying,
 "There is nothing I can do,"
 While the souls of men are dying,
 And the Master calls for you.
 Take the task he gives you gladly ;
 Let his work your pleasure be :
 Answer quickly when he calleth,
 "Here am I : send me, send me."

Daniel March. D.D.

MAITLAND. C. M.

G. N. ALLEN.

Bear the cross after Jesus. Luke 23: 26.

C. M.

17 **M**UST Jesus bear the cross alone,
 And all the world go free?
 No : there's a cross for every one,
 And there's a cross for me.

2 Disowned on earth, 'mid griefs and cares,
 He led his toilsome way ;
 But now in heaven a crown he wears,
 And reigns in endless day.

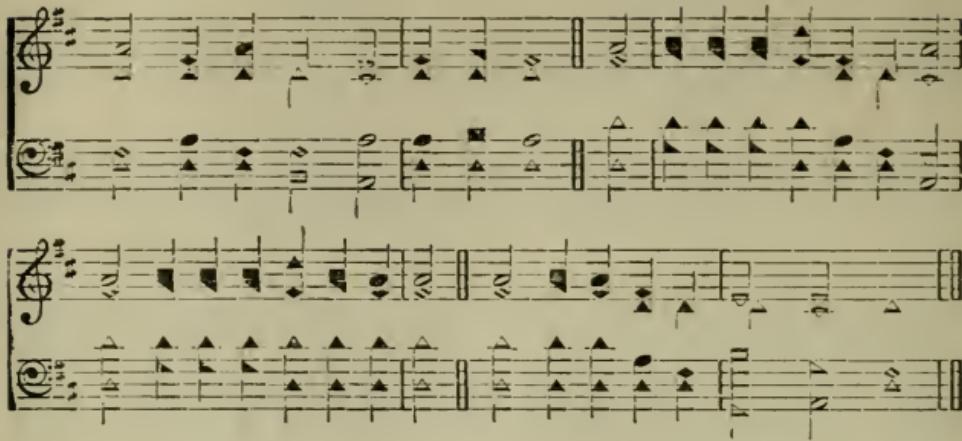
3 How happy are the saints above
 Who once went sorrowing here ;
 But now they taste unmingled love,
 And joy without a tear.

4 The consecrated cross I'll bear,
 Till from the cross set free,
 And when go home, my crown to wear,
 For there's a crown for me.

G. N. Allen.

MY HELPLESSNESS. L. M.

H. L. HASTINGS, 1855.



Look upon the face of thine anointed. Psalm 84: 9. L. M.

18

BEFORE thy face, with lifted hands,
My helplessness, O God, I plead ;
Look on the form of Him who stands
With thee, for me to intercede.

- 2 The marks of sin are on his brow,
Yea, in his hands, and feet, and side,
Here were the fountains whence did flow
For all my guilt, the cleansing tide.
- 3 My sins helped weave the thorny crown,
The nails were driven for my guilt ;
On me his eyes were looking down
When freely thus his blood was spilt.
- 4 With broken heart and bowing head,
Fallen upon my bended knee,
I hear the words "forgive him," said,
And now I know he meaneth me.
- 5 His name hath led me to thy throne ;
His work for me this boldness gives ;
I nothing am, I gladly own,
I live redeemed because he lives.

James Albert Libby, 1876.

Him that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out. John 6: 37. L. M.

19

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure ?
In vain alas, is nature's aid—
The work exceeds all nature's power.

2 And can no Sovereign balm be found,
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pains and heal the wound,
Ere life or hope forever fly?

3 There is a great physician near
Look up, O fainting soul and live;
See, in his heavenly smiles appear
Such ease as nature cannot give:

4 See in the Saviour's dying blood
Life health and bliss abundant flow
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain and heal thy woe.

Ye have put on Christ. Gal. 3: 27.

L. M.

20

JESUS, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

2 Bold shall I stand in thy great day;
For who ought to my charge shall lay?
Fully through these absolved I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

3 Empty from Satan did I flee
To thee, my Lord, and put on thee;
And thus adorned, I wait the word,
"He comes; arise, and meet thy Lord."

4 This spotless robe the same appears
When ruined nature sinks in years;
No age can change its glorious hue;
The robe of Christ is ever new.

5 When from the dust of earth I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies;
Ev'n then shall this be all my plea,
Jesus hath lived and died for me.

6 Oh, let the dead now hear thy voice!
Now bid thy banished ones rejoice:
Their beauty this, their glorious dress,
Jesus, thy blood and righteousness.

Zinzendorf,
J. Wesley, Tr.

DOWNS. C. M.

L. MASON.

Put away the evil of your doings from before mine eyes. Is. 1: 16. C. M.

21 **I**n evil long I took delight,
Unawed by shame or fear,
Till a new object struck my sight,
And stopped my wild career.

2 I saw One hanging on a tree,
In agonies and blood;
He fixed his languid eyes on me,
As near his cross I stood.

3 O! never, till my latest breath,
Shall I forget that look,
It seemed to charge me with his death,
Though not a word he spoke.

4 My conscience felt and owned the guilt,
It plunged me in despair;
I saw my sins his blood had spilt,
And helped to nail him there.

5 A second look he gave, which said,
"I freely all forgive;
This blood is for thy ransom paid;
I die that thou may'st live."

6 Thus while his death my sin displays
In all its darkest hue,
Such is the mystery of grace,
It seals my pardon too.

CLEANSING FOUNTAIN. C. M.

WESTERN MELODY.

A fountain opened. Zech. 13: 1.

C. M.

22 THERE is a fountain filled with blood,
Drawn from Immanuel's veins;
And sinners, plunged beneath that flood,
Lose all their guilty stains.

2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.

3 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be till I die.

4 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save,
When this poor lisping, stam'ring tongue
Is ransomed from the grave.

William Cowper, 1774.

DAWN. C. M.

A. . LANDIS, by per.

So mightily grew the word of the Lord and prevailed. Acts 19: 20. C. M.

23 **T**HE morning of the centuries
 Beheld a light arise,
 :: That in their heavenly ministries
 Ne'er fell on angels' eyes. ::

2 Through all the ancient days it seem'd
 A planet new begun;
 It grew in fullness till it beam'd
 A sun beyond the sun.

3 When earth with clouds of sin was dark,
 It made an open way;
 E'en where it glimmer'd as a spark,
 Some souls received the ray;

4 And they became the sons of God
 Amid a scoffing race;
 While bloody was the way they trod,
 His peace lit up their face.

5 They seal'd their constancy with blood;
 And where the martyrs died
 A multitude arose and stood,
 And God was glorified.

6 That sun has never ceased to shine
 Upon the King's domain,
 Pouring from heaven a light divine
 To make its pathway plain.

7 Till centuries shall be no more,
 Its light shall not grow dim ;
 And Christ's redeemed on heaven's shore
 Shall sing redemption's hymn.

Thos. MacKellar, 1881.

W. B. BRADEBURY.

ALETTA. M. 5.

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"The fountain of life." Ps. 36: 9.

M. 5.

24 BLESSED fountain full of grace !
 Grace for sinners, grace for me !
 To this source alone I trace,
 What I am, and hope to be.

2 What I am, as one redeemed,
 Saved and rescued by the Lord ;
 Hating what I once esteemed,
 Loving what I once abhorred.

3 What I hope to be ere long,
 When I take my place above,
 When I join the heavenly throng,
 When I see the God of Love.

4 Then I hope like him to be
 Who redeemed his saints from sin,
 Whom I now obscurely see,
 Through a vail that stands between.

STATE STREET. S. M.

J. C. WOODMAN.

Christ the great sacrifice. Heb. 7: 27.

S. M.

25 **N**ot all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

2 But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name
And richer blood than they.

3 My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

4 My soul looks back to see
The burdens thou didst bear,
When hanging on the cursèd tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

5 Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove:
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. 15. 3.

M. 14.

26 **I**LAY my sins on Jesus,
The spotless Lamb of God;
He bears them all, and frees us
From the accursed load.

2 I bring my guilt to Jesus,
 To wash my crimson stains
 White in his blood most precious,
 Till not a stain remains.

3 I lay my wants on Jesus,
 All fullness dwells in him,
 He heals all my diseases,
 He doth my soul redeem.

OVIVO. M. 4.

Christ our friend. Prov. 18: 24.

M. 4.

27 **O**NE there is above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,
 Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could or would have shed his blood?
 But this Saviour died to have us
 Reconcil'd in him to God.

3 When he liv'd on earth abased,
 Friend of sinners was his name;
 Now above all glory raised,
 He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
 Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
 We, alas! forget too often,
 What a Friend we have above.

HOWARD. C. M.

MRS. CUTHBERT.

Blessed are they that keep his testimonies. Ps. 119: 2.

C. M.

28 *C*OME in, ye blessed of the Lord,
And join his children here;
Washed in the Saviour's cleansing blood,
For him, your Lord appears.

2 Stay not within the wilderness,
Nor waiting at the door;
For Jesus can your woes redress,
Were they ten thousand more.

3 Though fearing, trembling, rise and come;
Yield to the Saviour's voice,
For hung'ring thirsting souls there's room;
O make the blissful choice.

4 Room in the Saviour's gracious breast,
That breast which glows with love—
Room in the church, his chosen rest,
And room in heaven above.

5 Why will you longer ling'ring stay,
When Jesus says, "There's room?"
Now is the time, th' accepted day;—
Arise, he bids you come.

He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved. Mark 16: 16. C. M.

29 *P*ROCLAIM, saith Christ, my wondrous grace,
To all the sons of men;
He that believes, and is baptized,
Salvation shall obtain.

- 2 Let plenteous grace descend on those,
Who, hoping in thy word,
This day have solemnly declared
That Jesus is their Lord.
- 3 With cheerful feet may they advance,
And run the Christian race,
And, through the troubles of the way,
Find all-sufficient grace.

James Newton. 1769.

HAPPY DAY, L. M.

The musical score for "Happy Day" is presented in two staves. The top staff uses a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics "Happy day, happy day, When Jesus" are written in a cursive font above the notes. The bottom staff uses a bass clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The lyrics "washed my sins away. He taught me how to watch and pray, And live rejoicing every day." are written in a cursive font below the notes. The score includes various musical markings such as eighth and sixteenth notes, rests, and dynamic signs. The first ending concludes with a "FINE" marking, and the second ending concludes with a "D.S." marking.

He went on his way rejoicing. Acts 8:39.

L. M.

30 **O** HAPPY day, that fixed my choice
On thee, my Saviour, and my God!
Well may this glowing heart rejoice,
And tell its raptures all abroad.

2 O happy bond, that seals my vows
To him who merits all my love!
Let cheerful anthems fill his house
While to that sacred shrine I move.

3 'Tis done, the great transaction's done;
I am my Lord's, and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Charmed to confess the voice divine.

4 High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear.

Philip Doddridge, 1751.

MARLOW. C. M.

JOHN CHEETHAM, arr. L. MASON, 1832.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. Ps. 34: 2.

C. M.

31 **Y**E men and angels! witness now,
 Before the Lord we speak;
 To him we make our solemn vow,
 A vow we dare not break.

2 That long as life itself shall last,
 Ourselves to Christ we yield;
 Nor from his cause will we depart,
 Nor ever quit the field.

3 We trust not in our native strength,
 But on his grace rely;
 May he, with our returning wants,
 A needful aid supply.

4 Let plenteous grace descend on us
 Who, hoping in thy word,
 This day have solemnly declar'd
 That Jesus is our Lord.

5 With cheerful feet may we advance,
 And run the Christian race,
 And, through the troubles of the way,
 Find all-sufficient grace.

6 O! guide our doubtful feet aright,
 And keep us in thy ways;
 And while we turn our vows to pray'rs,
 Turn thou our prayers to praise.

HAPPY ZION. M. 7.



*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men.
Luke 2: 14, M. 7.*

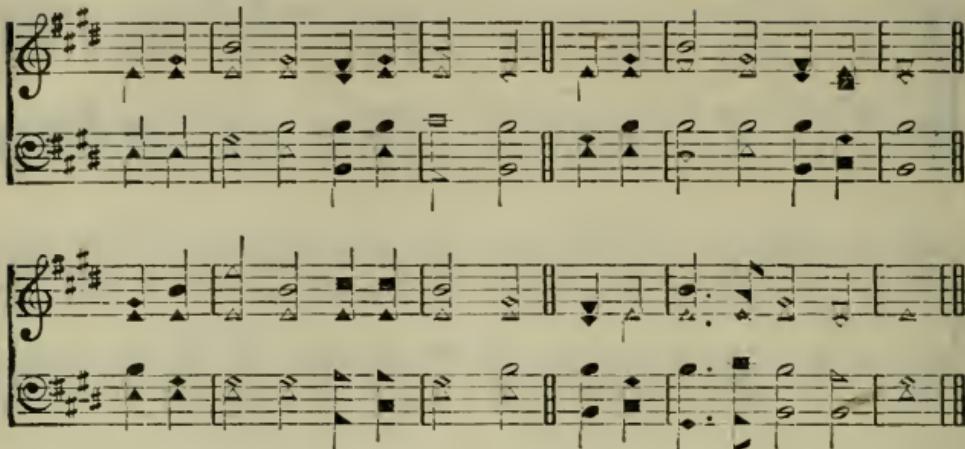
32 **A**NGELS! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth:
Come and worship—come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

2 Shepherds! in the field abiding,
—Watching o'er your flocks by night,—
God with man is now residing;
Yonder shines the heavenly light:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Saints! before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,—
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In his temple shall appear:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

4 Sinners! wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains;
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you, break your chains:
Come and worship—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

DIXON. M. 4.



Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy. Luke 2: 10. M. 4.

33 **H**ARK! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! th' angelic host rejoices;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

- 2 Hear them tell the wondrous story,
Hear them chant in hymns of joy:
"Glory in the highest, glory!
Glory be to God most high!"
- 3 "Peace on earth, good will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeemed, and sins forgiven!
Loud our golden harps shall sound."
- 4 "Christ is born, the great Anointed;
Heaven and earth his praises sing!
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King!"
- 5 "Haste, ye mortals, to adore him;
Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
"Glory be to God most high!"
- 6 Let us learn the wondrous story
Of our great Redeemer's birth;
Spread the brightness of his glory,
Till it cover all the earth.

ZION'S GLAD MORNING. M. 33.



Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour. Luke 2: 11. M. 33.

34 **H**AIL, the blest morn when the great Mediator,
 Down from the regions of glory descends
 Shepherds, go worship the Babe in the manger;
 Lo! for his guard the bright angels attend.

2 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

3 Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

4 Say shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom and off'rings divine—
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine?

5 Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
 Vainly with gold would his favor secure;
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration—
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

PILGRIM. C. M.

By Com.

Leaving us an example. 1 Pet. 2: 21.

C. M.

35 **A** PILGRIM through this lonely world,
 The blessed Saviour passed ;
 A mourner all his life was he,
 A dying Lamb at last.

- 2 That tender heart which felt for all,
 For us its life-blood gave ;
 It found on earth no resting-place,
 Save only in the grave.
- 3 Such was our Lord ; and shall we fear
 The cross with all its scorn ?
 Or love a faithless, evil world,
 That wreathed his brow with thorn ?
- 4 No : facing all its frowns or smiles,
 Like him, obedient still,
 We homeward press through storm or calm,
 To Zion's blessed hill.

Denny.

Thy word is a lamp unto my feet. Psalm 119: 105.

C. M.

36 **H**ow precious is the book divine,
 By inspiration given !
 Bright as a lamp its doctrines shine,
 To guide our souls to heaven.

- 2 Its light descending from above,
 Our gloomy world to cheer,
 Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
 And brings his glories near.

3 It shows to man his wandering ways,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

4 O'er all the strait and narrow way
Its radiant beams are cast;
A light whose never-weary ray
Grows brightest at the last.

5 It sweetly cheers our fainting hearts
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and comfort it imparts,
And calms our anxious fears.

6 This lamp through all the dreary night
Of life shall guide our way,
Till we behold the clearer light
Of an eternal day.

John Fawcett, 1782.

Perfect through sufferings. Heb. 2: 10.

C. M.

37 **T**HE head that once was crowned with thorns
Is crowned with glory now;
A royal diadem adorns
The mighty Victor's brow.

2 The highest place that heaven affords,
Is His, is His by right—
The King of kings, the Lord of lords,
And heaven's eternal Light.

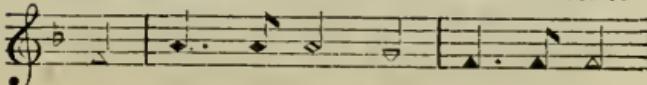
3 The joy of all who dwell above,
The joy of all below,
To whom he manifests his love,
And grants his name to know.

4 To them the cross, with all its shame,
With all its grace, is given;
Their name, an everlasting name,
Their joy, the joy of heaven.

Thomas Kelly, 1802.

ARLINGTON.

No. 7.



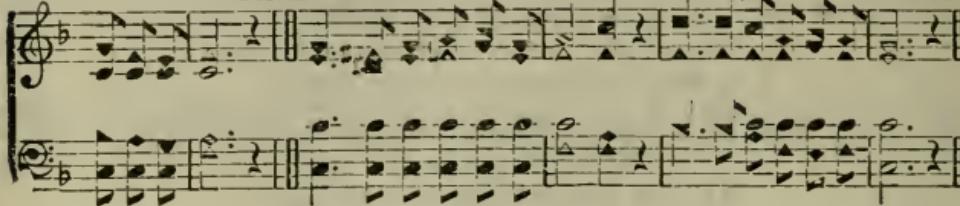
WHAT A FRIEND. M. 4.

CHAS. C. CONVERSE, by per.



FINE.

D.C.

*"Ask and ye shall receive."* John 16: 24.

M. 4.

38

WHAT a friend we have in Jesus,
 All our sins and griefs to bear !
 What a privilege to carry
 Every thing to God in prayer !
 Oh, what peace we often forfeit,
 Oh, what needless pain we bear,—
 All because we do not carry
 Every thing to God in prayer.

2 Have we trials and temptations ?
 Is there trouble anywhere ?
 We should never be discouraged,
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Can we find a friend so faithful,
 Who will all our sorrows share ?
 Jesus knows our every weakness,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.

3 Are we weak and heavy laden,
 Cumbered with a load of care ?
 Precious Saviour, still our refuge,—
 Take it to the Lord in prayer.
 Do our friends despise, forsake us ?
 Take it to the Lord in prayer ;
 In his arms he'll take and shield us,
 We shall find a solace there.

PORTUGUESE HYMN. 11.

JOHN READING.

"Great and precious promise." 2 Pet. 1.

M. II.

39 **H**ow firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith in his excellent word !
What more can he say than to you he hath said,
Who unto the Saviour for refuge have fled :—

2 “ Fear not, I am with thee, oh, be not dismayed ;
For I am thy God, I will still give thee aid ;
I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand,
Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

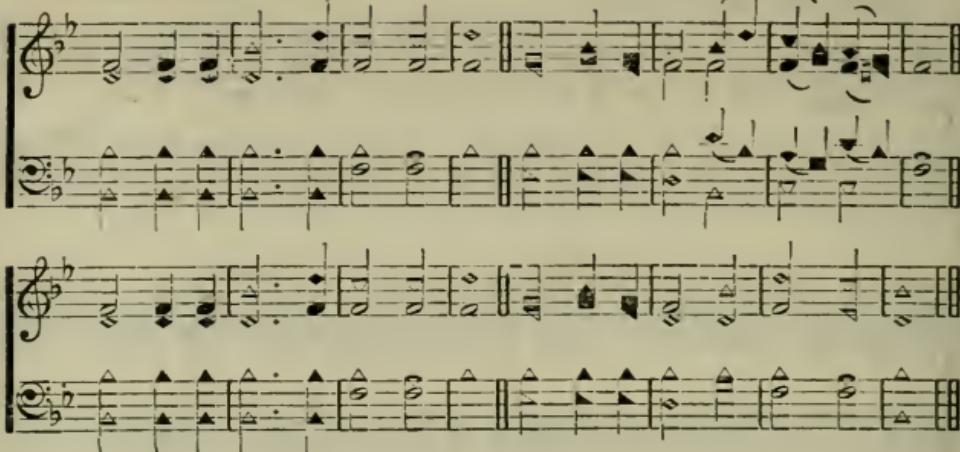
3 “ When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of sorrow shall not overflow ;
For I will be with thee thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

4 “ The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes ;
That soul, though all hell should endeavor to shake,
I'll never—no never—no never forsake ! ”

Keith.

WELTON. L. M.

H. A. C. MALAN, 1830.

*We walk by faith, not by sight. 2 Cor. 5: 7.*

L. M.

40 “**W**e've no abiding city here”—
 This may distress the worldly mind;
 But should not cost the saint a tear,
 Who hopes a better rest to find.

2 “**W**e've no abiding city here”—
 Sad truth, were this to be our home;
 But let this thought our spirits cheer,
 “We seek a city yet to come.”

3 “**W**e've no abiding city here”—
 Then let us live as pilgrims do;
 Let not the world our rest appear,
 But let us haste from all below.

4 “**W**e've no abiding city here”—
 We seek a city out of sight;
 Zion its name—the Lord is there,
 It shines with everlasting light.

Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved. Acts 16: 31. L. M.

41 **J**ESUS, the spring of joys divine,
 Whence all our hopes and comforts flow;
 Jesus no other name but thine
 Can save us from eternal woe.

2 Nor other name will heaven approve;
 Thou art the true, the living Way,
 Ordained by everlasting love,
 To the bright realms of endless day.

3 Here let our constant feet abide,
Nor from the heavenly path depart;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide!
Direct our steps and cheer our heart.

4 Safe lead us through this world of night,
And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The region of unclouded light,
Where perfect joy forever reigns.

EFFIE. M. 4.

D. W. CLICK.
By per of A. S. KIEFFER.

God is light, and in Him is no darkness. 1 John 1:5.

M. 4.

42 GOD is love, his mercy brightens,
All the path in which we move;
Bliss he forms, and woe he lightens;
God is light, and God is love.

2 Chance and change are busy ever;
Worlds decay, and ages move;
But his mercy waneth never;
God is light, and God is love.

3 E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove;
From the mist his brightness streameth;
God is light, and God is love.

4 He with earthly cares entwineth,
Hope and comfort from above;
Every where his glory shineth;
God is light, and God is love.

MERCY. M. 5. By per. of O. Ditson & Co., owners of co. yright.

GOTTSCHALK

Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain you Ps. 55: 22. M. 5.

43 **C**AST thy burden on the Lord;
 Lean thou only on his word:
 Ever will he be thy stay,
 Though the heavens shall melt away.

2 Ever in the raging storm,
 Thou shalt see his cheerful form,
 Hear his pledge of coming aid :
 "It is I, be not afraid."

3 Cast thy burden at his feet;
 Linger near his mercy-seat:
 He will lead thee by the hand
 Gently to the better land.

4 He will gird thee by his power,
 In thy weary, fainting hour :
 Lean, then, loving, on his word ;
 Cast thy burden on the Lord.

Bear not little flock: for it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the Kingdom
Luke 12: 32. M. 5.

44 **F**EAR not, brethren ! joyful stand
 On the borders of your land;
 Jesus Christ, the Father's Son,
 Bids you undismayed go on.

2 Lord ! obediently we go,
 Gladly leaving all below ;
 Only thou our Leader be,
 And we still will follow thee.

3 For thee all things we forsake,
We in better would partake ;
We to greater blessings soar,
Unto joys for evermore.

SANDUSKY. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS.

God who is rich in mercy. Eph. 2: 4.

S. M.

45 A ND are we yet alive,
And see each other's face?
Glory and praise to Jesus give
For his redeeming grace.

2 Preserved by power divine
To full salvation here,
Again in Jesus' praise we join
And in his sight appear.

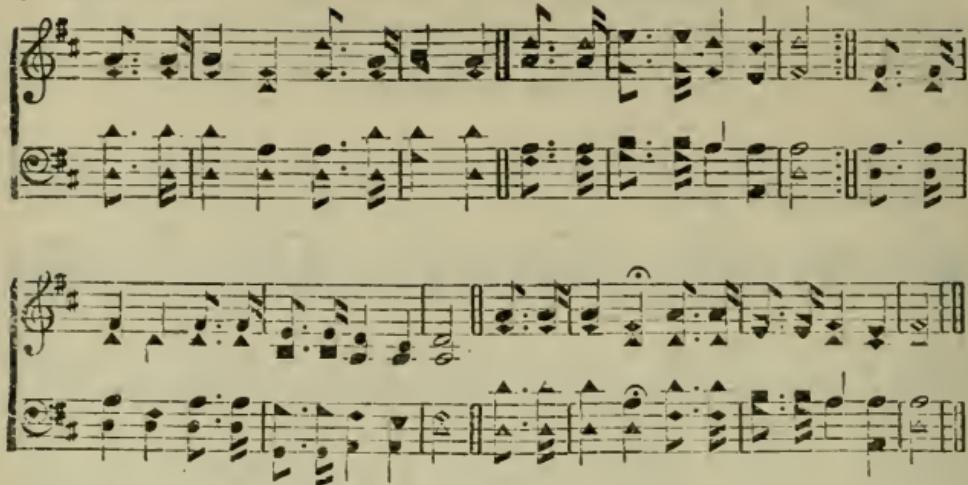
3 What troubles have we seen ;
What conflicts have we pass'd ;
Fightings without and fears within,
Since we assembled last.

4 But out of all, the Lord
Hath brought us by his love ;
And still he doth his help afford,
And hides our life above.

5 Let us take up the cross
Till we the crown obtain,
And gladly reckon all things loss,
So we may Jesus gain.

ZION. M. 7.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1830.

*Comfort ye my people. Isa. 40: 1.*

M. 7.

46 **O**n the mountain's top appearing,
Lo! the sacred herald stands,
Welcome news to Zion bearing,
Zion, long in hostile lands:
Mourning captive!
God himself shall loose thy bands.

2 Has thy night been long and mournful?
Have thy friends unfaithful proved?
Have thy foes been proud and scornful,
By thy sighs and tears unmoved?
Cease thy mourning;
Zion still is well beloved.

3 God, thy God, will now restore thee;
He himself appears thy Friend;
All thy foes shall flee before thee;
Here their boasts and triumphs end;
Great deliverance
Zion's King will surely send.

4 Enemies no more shall trouble,
All thy wrongs shall be redress'd,
For thy shame thou shalt have double,
In thy Maker's favor bless'd.
All thy conflicts
End in everlasting rest.

COME, YE DISCONSOLATE. M. 33.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1²00.*To heal the broken-hearted. -Luke 4: 18.*

M. 33.

47 COME, ye disconsolate, where'er ye languish ;
 Come to the mercy seat, fervently kneel ;
 Here bring your wounded hearts, here tell your anguish ;
 Earth has no sorrow that heav'n cannot heal.

2 Joy of the desolate, light of the straying,
 Hope of the penitent, fadeless and pure,
 Here speaks the Comforter, tenderly saying,
 "Earth has no sorrow that heaven cannot cure."

3 Here see the bread of life ; see waters flowing
 Forth from the throne of God, pure from above ;
 Come to the feast of love ; come ever knowing
 Earth has no sorrow but heaven can remove.

V. 1, 2, Thomas Moore, 1816; v. 3, Thomas Hastings, d. 1872.

Who shall separate us? Rom. 8: 35.

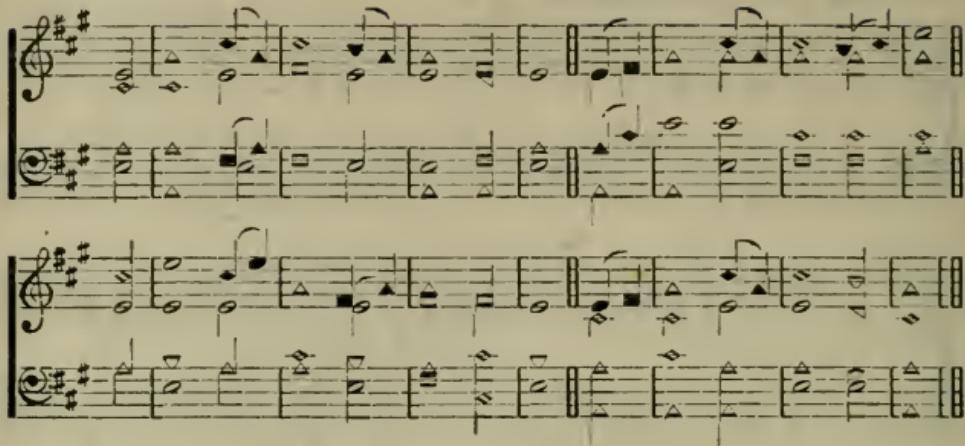
M. 33.

48 ROCK of my strength ! to thee my soul is clinging,
 Assailed by doubt, beset by care and fear ;
 Smiling through tears, and in my sorrow singing,
 I hear thy welcome voice, " Be of good cheer."

2 What though my foes break out in bitter taunting,
 What tho' their curses crown my humbled head ?
 Yet, while their insults they at me are flaunting,
 Jesus stands near, and says, " Be not afraid."

3 Who shall divide me from that deep affection
 Felt by the loving Father for his own ?
 Who shall disturb me under his protection,
 Resting in God, and trusting him alone ?

SOLON. C. M.



Ye show forth the Lord's death till he come. 1 Cor. 11: 26.

C. M.

49 **T**HAT doleful night before his death,
The Lamb, for sinners slain,
Did, almost with his latest breath
This solemn feast ordain.

2 To keep the feast, Lord, we are met,
And to remember thee:
Help each poor trembler to repeat,
“The Saviour died for me.”

3 Thy sufferings, Lord, each sacred sign
To our remembrance brings;
We eat the bread and drink the wine,
But think on nobler things.

4 O tune our tongues, and set in frame
Each heart that pants for thee,
To sing, “Hosanna to the Lamb,
The Lamb that died for me.”

Jas. Hart.

He is brought as a lamb to the slaughter. Is. 53: 7.

C. M.

50 **H**ow condescending and how kind
Was God's eternal Son!
Our misery reached his heavenly mind,
And pity brought him down.

2 When justice by our sins provoked,
Drew forth its dreadful sword,
He gave his soul up to the stroke,
Without a murmur'ning word.

3 He sank beneath our heavy woes,
 To raise us to his throne;
 There's ne'er a gift his hand bestows,
 But cost his heart a groan.

4 This was compassion like a God;
 That, when the Saviour knew
 The price of pardon was his blood,
 His pity ne'er withdrew.

5 Here let our hearts begin to melt,
 While we his death record,
 And with our joy for pardoned guilt,
 Mourn that we pierced the Lord.

For as often as ye eat this bread, and d:ink this cup, ye proclaim the Lord's death till he come. 1 Cor. 11: 26.

C. M.

51 **A**s children dwelling in their home
 By right of grace divine,
 Unto thy table, Lord, we come
 To take of bread and wine.

2 The bread shows forth thy body slain,
 The wine thy blood out-pour'd :
 To take away our sin and stain
 Cost thy dear life, O Lord.

3 O may the Holy Ghost descend
 With blessings from above,
 That grateful praise may now ascend
 For thine amazing love.

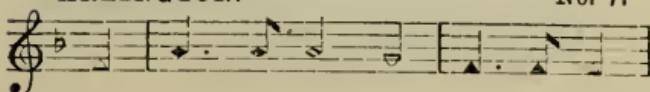
4 Abide with us this holy day,
 And fill us with thy peace,
 And while we gladly praise and pray,
 Dear Lord, our faith increase.

5 Sit with us at the blessed feast,
 As in the day of old,
 Our high and sovereign Saviour-Priest,
 Thy glory to behold.

Thos. MacKellar.

ARLINGTON.

No. 7.



TURIN. M. 13. Pec. 7s & 6s.

FINE.

Do this in remembrance of me. Luke 22: 19 M. 13. Pec.**52****L**AMB of God ! whose dying love

We now recall to mind,

Send the answer from above,

And let us mercy find ;

Think on us who think on thee ;

Every struggling soul release ;

Oh, remember Calvary.

And bid us go in peace !

2 By thine agonizing pain

And bloody sweat, we pray ;

By thy dying love to man,

Take all our sins away ;

Break our bonds and set us free ;

From iniquity release ;

Oh, remember Calvary,

And bid us go in peace !

3 Let thy blood, by faith applied,

The sinner's pardon seal ;

Speak us freely justified,

Our wounded spirits heal ;

By thy passion on the tree,

Let our griefs and troubles cease ;

Oh, remember Calvary,

And bid us go in peace !

Charles Wesley

FEDERAL STREET L. M.

H. K. OLIVER.

I have given you an example. John 13: 15.

L. M.

53

CHRIST in the night he was betrayed
 For us a plain example laid ;
 He to a private room retired
 With those he afterwards inspired.

- 2 The Paschal Feast was there prepared,
 And Lord and servants mutual shared ;
 Before he suffered 'twas his will
 This great desire he should fulfill.
- 3 He rose and laid his garments by,
 When towel and water were brought nigh ;
 To prove his love divinely sweet,
 He stooped to wash his servant's feet.
- 4 So after he had washed their feet,
 Resumed his garment, took his seat,
 He asked them if they now had thought
 What lesson plain he here had taught.
- 5 "Ye call me Master and your Lord,
 Which is according to my word ;
 If I have done this unto you,
 Ye ought to serve each other too."
- 6 Example give I unto you,
 As I have done so ye should do,
 And if ye then my servants be,
 Obey my word and follow me."

AZMON. C. M.

Arr. from GLÄSER.

Desiring an entire cleansing. John 13: 9.

C. M.

54 **F**OR ever here my rest shall be,
 Close to thy bleeding side;
 This all my hope, and all my plea,
 For me the Saviour died.

- 2 My dying Saviour, and my God,
 Fountain for guilt and sin,
 Sprinkle me ever with thy blood,
 And cleanse and keep me clean.
- 3 Wash me, and make me thus thine own ;
 Wash me, and mine thou art :
 Wash me, but not my feet alone,
 My hands, my head, my heart.
- 4 Th' atonement of thy blood apply,
 Till faith to sight improve ;
 Till hope in full fruition die,
 And all my soul be love.

I am the Bread of Life. John 6: 35.

C. M.

55 **L**ET us adore the eternal Word,
 'Tis He our souls has fed ;
 Thou art our living stream, O Lord,
 And thou the immortal bread.

- 2 The manna came from lower skies,
 But Jesus from above,
 Where the fresh springs of pleasure rise,
 And rivers flow with love.

3 The Jews, the fathers, died at last,
Who ate that heavenly bread ;
But these provisions which we taste
Can raise us from the dead.

4 Bless'd be the Lord, that gives his flesh
To nourish dying men ;
And often spreads his table fresh,
Lest we should faint again.

5 Our souls shall draw their heav'nly breath,
While Jesus finds supplies ;
Nor shall our graces sink to death,
For Jesus never dies.

In remembrance of me. Luke 22: 19.

C. M.

56

IN memory of the Saviour's love,
We keep the sacred feast,
Where every humble, contrite heart
Is made a welcome guest.

2 Here let our ransom'd pow'rs unite
His honor'd name to raise ;
Let grateful joy fill ev'ry mind,
And ev'ry voice be praise.

3 One fold, one faith, one hope, one Lord,
One God alone we know ;
Brethren we are ; let ev'ry heart
With kind affections glow.

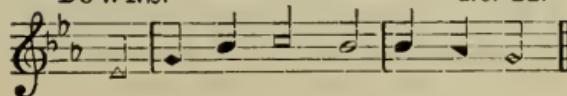
4 By faith we take the bread of life,
With which our souls are fed ;
And cup, in token of His blood
That was for sinners shed.

5 Under his banner thus we sing
The wonders of his love,
And thus anticipate by faith
The heavenly feast above.

Thomas Cotterill, 1812. Richard Whittingham, 1835.

DOWNS.

No. 21.



BALERIA. C. M.

Arr. from HUGH WILSON.

Christ died for our sins. 1 Cor. 15: 3.

C. M.

57 **A** LAS ! and did my Saviour bleed?
A And did my Sovereign die?
 Would he devote that sacred head
 For such a worm as I ?

- 2 Was it for crimes that I had done
 He groaned upon the tree ?
 Amazing pity ! grace unknown !
 And love beyond degree !
- 3 Well might the sun in darkness hide,
 And shut his glories in,
 When Christ the glorious Saviour died
 For man the creature's sin.
- 4 Thus might I hide my blushing face,
 While his dear cross appears ;
 Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt mine eyes to tears.
- 5 But drops of grief can ne'er repay
 The debt of love I owe :
 Here, Lord, I give myself away :
 'Tis all that I can do.

Watts.

To-day thou shalt be with me in Paradise. Luke 23: 43.

C. M.

58 **A** S on the cross the Saviour hung,
A And wept, and bled, and died,
 He poured salvation on a wretch,
 That languished at his side.

2 His crimes, with inward grief and shame,
 The penitent confessed ;
 Then turned his dying eyes to Christ,
 And thus his prayer addressed :

3 "Jesus, thou Son and Heir of Heaven,
 Thou spotless Lamb of God,
 I see thee bathed in sweat and tears,
 And weltering in thy blood.

4 Yet quickly from these scenes of woe,
 In triumph thou shalt rise,
 Burst thro' the gloomy shades of death,
 And shine above the skies.

5 "Amid the glories of thy home
 May I a sharer be ?
 When thou dost in thy kingdom come,
 O Lord, remember me."

6 "Truly to-day, I say to thee,"
 The suffering Lord replies,
 "Thou shalt in peace and glory be
 With me in paradise."

Samuel Stennett, 1727-1795

Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Luke 23: 46 C. M.

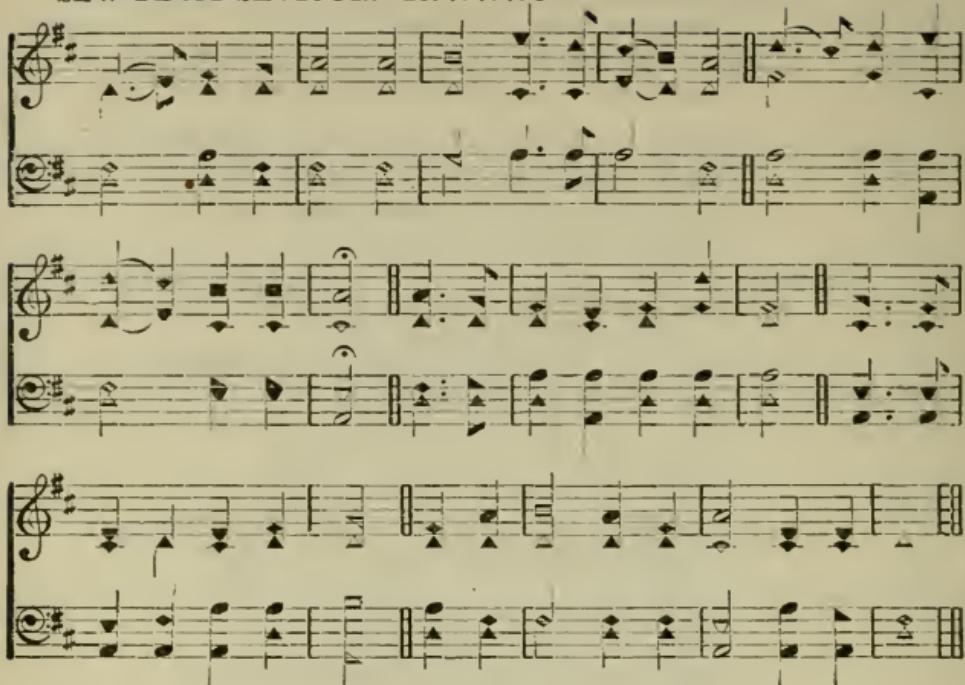
59 **B**EHOLD the Saviour of mankind
 Nailed to the shameful tree ;
 How great the love that him inclined
 To bleed and die for thee !

2 Hark ! how he groans while nature shakes,
 And earth's strong pillars bend ;
 The temple's veil in sunder breaks,
 The solid marbles rend.

3 'Tis done ! the precious ransom's paid !
 "Receive my soul !" he cries :
 See where he bows his sacred head !
 He bows his head, and dies.

4 But soon he'll break death's envious chain,
 And in full glory shine,
 O Lamb of God, was ever pain,
 Was ever love, like thine !

SAW YE MY SAVIOUR. 10.7.7.7.9.

*And they crucified him. Matt. 27: 35.*

60 **S**AW ye my Saviour? saw ye my Saviour?
 Saw ye my Saviour and God?
 Oh, he died on Calvary,
 To atone for you and me,
 And to purchase our pardon with blood.

2 He was extended, he was extended,
 Painfully nailed to the cross;
 There he bowed his head and died,
 There my Lord was crucified,
 To atone for a world that was lost.

3 Jesus hung bleeding, Jesus hung bleeding
 Three dreadful hours in pain;
 And the solid rocks were rent,
 Through creation's vast extent,
 When the Jews crucified the Lamb.

4 Darkness prevailed, darkness prevailed,
 Darkness prevailed o'er the land,
 And the sun refused to shine
 When his Majesty divine
 Was derided, insulted, and slain.

GETHSEMANE. M. 5.

C. H. BRUNK.

Then sayeth he unto them, my soul is exceeding sorrowful even unto death.

Matt. 26: 38. M. 5

61 **O** THE agonizing prayer
 Rising on the midnight air !
 "Let this cup pass from thy Son :
 Not my will, but thine be done !"
 Jesus in Gethsemane !

2 O the tears and bloody sweat
 Falling fast on Olivet !
 In thy lonely agony,
 Shedding crimson tears for me,
 Jesus in Gethsemane !

3 O what wrath of earth and hell
 On thy head un pitying fell,
 When thy passion-time began,
 Bearer of the sin of man,
 Jesus in Gethsemane !

4 Sorrow none had ever known
 Came upon thy soul alone ;
 While its billows o'er thee swept,
 Near at hand thy followers slept,
 Jesus in Gethsemane !

5 Waken me from sinful sleep :
 Faithful, loving, make me keep,
 Watching every hour with thee
 Who didst agonize for me,
 Jesus in Gethsemane !

Thos. MacKellar.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L. M.

CHARLES ZEUNER, 1832.



And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly. Luke 22: 44. L. M.

62 'Tis midnight; and on Olive's brow
 The star is dimmed that lately shone;
 'Tis midnight; in the garden now
 The suffering Saviour prays alone.

2 'Tis midnight; and, from all removed,
 The Saviour wrestles lone with fears;
 E'en that disciple whom he loved
 Heeds not his Master's grief and tears.

3 'Tis midnight; and, for other's guilt,
 The Man of Sorrows weeps in blood;
 Yet he, who hath in anguish knelt,
 Is not forsaken by his God.

4 'Tis midnight; and from ether-plains
 Is borne the song that angels know;
 Unheard by mortals are the strains
 That sweetly soothe the Saviour's woe.

William Bingham Tappan, 1829.

*Forbid it, Lord, that I should glory. Save in the cross of the Lord Jesus Christ
 Gal. 6: 14. L. M.*

63 WHEN I survey the wondrous cross,
 On which the prince of glory died,
 My richest gain I count but loss,
 And pour contempt on all my pride.

2 Forbid it, Lord that I should boast,
 Save in the death of Christ, my God;
 All the vain things that charm me most,
 I sacrifice them to his blood.

3 See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down;
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 His dying crimson, like a robe,
Spreads o'er his body on the tree;
Then am I dead to all the globe,
And all the globe is dead to me.

5 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Who gave himself a ransom for all. 1 Tim. 2: 6.

L. M.

64 **J**ESUS, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me—
For me and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

2 The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me to atone,
Now for my Lord and Master own.

3 Lord, I believe the precious blood
Which at the mercy seat of God
Forever doth for sinners plead,
For me, even for my soul was shed.

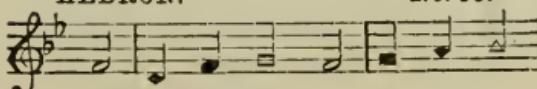
4 Ah, give me now, all-gracious Lord,
With power to speak thy quickening word;
That all who to thy words will flee
May find eternal life in thee.

5 Then shall heaven's hosts with loud acclaim
Give praise and glory to the Lamb
Who bore our sins, and by his blood
Hath made us kings and priests to God.

N. L. Zinzendorf. ab. 1739. Tr. J. Wesley, 1740, ab.

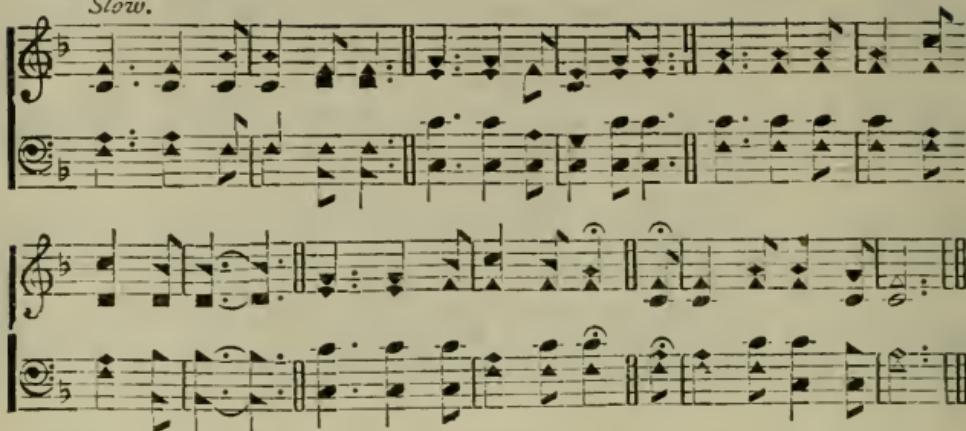
HEBRON.

No. 95.



MORN. S. M.
Slow.

H. S. RUPP.



Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me. Matt. 19: 14.

S. M.

65 Go to thy rest, fair child !
Go to thy dreamless bed,
While yet so gentle, undefil'd,
With blessings on thy head.

- 2 Before thy heart had learn'd
In waywardness to stray ;
Before thy feet had ever turn'd
The dark and downward way ;
- 3 Ere sin had sear'd the breast,
Or sorrow woke the tear ;
Rise to thy throne of changeless rest,
In yon celestial sphere !
- 4 Because thy smile was fair,
Thy lip and eye so bright,
Because thy loving cradle-care
Was such a dear delight ;
- 5 Shall love, with weak embrace,
Thy upward wing detain ?
No ! gentle angel, seek thy place
Amid the cherub train.

66

LORD, what a feeble piece,
Is this our mortal frame !
Our life ! How poor a trifle 'tis,
That scarce deserves the name !

S. M.

2 Alas, this brittle clay
 That built our bodies first !
 And every month, and every day,
 'Tis mould'ring back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
 Our feeble powers decay ;
 Swift as a flood our hasty days
 Are sweeping us away.

4 Yet if our days must fly,
 We'll keep their end in sight,
 We'll spend them all in wisdom's ways,
 And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
 This life's tempestuous sea ;
 Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
 Of bless'd eternity.

Watts.

Who shall change our vile body. Phil. 3: 21.

S. M.

67

AND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mold'ring in the clay ?

2 Corruption, earth, and worms,
 Shall but refine this flesh,
 Till my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.

3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
 And often from the skies,
 Looks down and watches all my dust,
 Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry form and ev'ry face
 Look heav'nly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his power above.

Watts.

HATTIE. L. M.

H. S. RUPP.

Death of a mother.

L. M.

68 **T**HE bosom where I oft have lain,
 And slept my infant hours away,
 Will never beat for me again,
 'Tis still in death! 'tis senseless clay.

- 2 How many were the silent prayers
 My mother offered up for me,
 How many were the bitter cares
 She felt when none but God could see.
- 3 Well, she is gone, and now in heaven,
 She sings his praise, who died for her,
 And in her hand a harp is given,
 And she's a heavenly worshiper.
- 4 Oft let me think of what she said,
 And of the kind advice she gave;
 O let me do it, as she's dead,
 And sleeping in her lowly grave.
- 5 And let me choose the path she chose,
 And her I soon again may see,
 Beyond this world of sin and woes
 With Jesus in Eternity.

The widow's God.

L. M.

69 **I**N this lone hour of deep distress,
 When heavy sorrows round me press,
 Encourag'd by thy gracious word,
 I trust thee as the widow's God.

2 A husband lies in death's embrace,
The grave is now his resting-place ;
O, as I pass beneath thy rod,
Reveal thyself the widow's God.

3 Assuage my grief, remove my fears,
Suppress my murmur'ring, dry my tears,
Help me to own thee as my Lord,
And bless thee as the widow's God.

4 Be thou my counsellor and stay,
Protect by night, and guide by day ;
Then, as I travel life's rough road,
I'll praise thee as the widow's God.

The flower fadeth. Is. 40: 7.

L. M.

70 **S**o fades the lovely, blooming flow'r,
Frail, smiling solace of an hour ;
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die.

2 Is there no kind, no healing art,
To soothe the anguish of the heart ?
Divine Redeemer, be thou nigh :
Thy comforts were not made to die.

3 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again ;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

My heart is sore pained within me: and the terrors of death are fallen upon me.

Ps. 55: 4. L. M.

71 **W**HY should we start and fear to die ?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are,
Death is the gate to endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.

2 The pains, the groans, and dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.

3 Oh ! if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terrors as they pass'd.

REST. L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1843.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess 4: 14.
L. M.

72 A SLEEP in Jesus ! blessed sleep !
From which none ever wake to weep ;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

2 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet !
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost its venom'd sting.

3 Asleep in Jesus ! peaceful rest !
Whose waking is supremely blest :
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
Which manifests the Saviour's power.

4 Asleep in Jesus ! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be !
Securely shall my ashes lie,
And wait the summons from on high.

Mrs. Mackay.

"Which die in the Lord. Rev. 14: 13.

L. M.

73 How blest the righteous when he dies !
When sinks a weary soul to rest,
How mildly beam the closing eyes,
How gently heaves th' expiring breast.

2 So fades a summer cloud away ;
So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
So gently shuts the eye of day ;
So dies a wave along the shore.

3 A holy quiet reigns around,—
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And naught disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.

4 Life's labor done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies ;
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies."

Mrs. Barbauld.

DUBLIN. C. M.

Blessed is every one that feareth the Lord. Ps. 128: 1. C. M.

74 **W**HY do we mourn departing friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 'Tis but the voice that Jesus sends,
 To call them to his arms.

2 Are we not tending upward too,
 As fast as time can move ?
 Nor should we wish the hours more slow,
 To keep us from our love.

3 The graves of all his saints he blest,
 And softened every bed ;
 Where should the dying members rest,
 But with their dying Head ?

4 Then let the last loud trumpet sound,
 And bid our kindred rise ;
 Awake, ye nations under ground,
 Ye saints ascend the skies.

Isaac Watts.

MEAR. C. M.

A. WILLIAMS.

*A funeral thought.*

C. M.

75 HARK! from the tomb a doleful sound;
 My ears attend the cry:
 "Ye living men, come view the ground,
 Where you must shortly lie."

2 "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
 In spite of all your tow'rs!
 The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head
 Must lie as low as ours."

3 Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure?
 Still walking downward to our tomb,
 And yet prepare no more?

4 Grant us the pow'r of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

Lo, children are a heritage of the Lord. Ps. 127: 3.

C. M.

76 THY life I read, my dearest Lord,
 With transport all divine;
 Thine image trace in every word,—
 Thy love in every line.

2 Methinks I see a thousand charms.
 Spread o'er thy lovely face,
 While infants in thy tender arms,
 Receive the smiling grace.

3 "I take these little Lambs," said he,
And lay them in my breast;
Protection they shall find in me,
In me be ever blest.

4 "Death may the bands of life unloose,
But can't dissolve my love;
Millions of infant souls compose
The family above.

Hope in prospect of eternity.

C. M.

77 **A**ND let this feeble body fail,
And let it droop or die;
My soul shall quit this mournful vale,
And soar to worlds on high.

2 Shall join the disembodied saints,
And find its long-sought rest,
That only bliss for which it pants,
In the Redeemer's breast.

3 In hope of that immortal crown,
I now the cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at toil and pain.

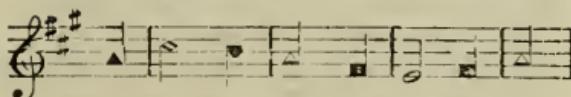
4 I suffer on my threescore years,
Till my Deliv'rer come,
And wipe away his servant's tears,
And take his exile home.

5 O, what hath Jesus bought for me!
Before my raptur'd eyes
Rivers of life divine I see,
And trees of paradise!

6 I see a world of spirits bright,
Who taste the pleasures there;
They all are rob'd in spotless white,
And conquering palms they bear.

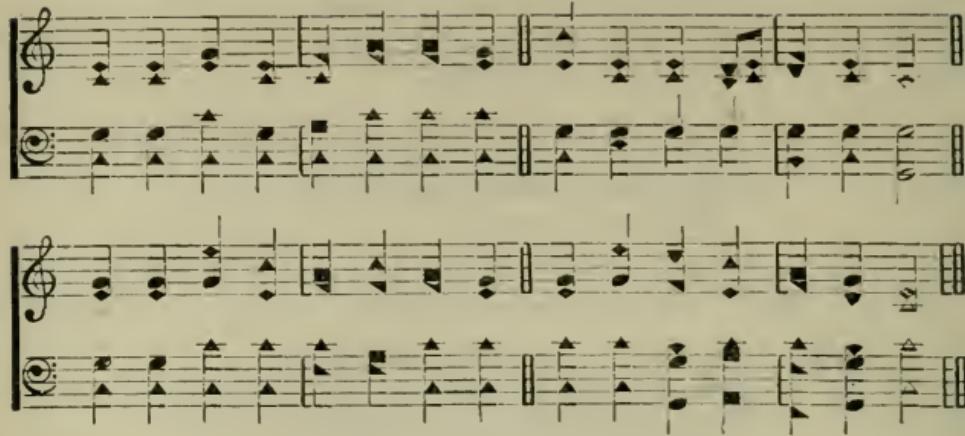
BALERMA. C. M.

No. 57.



MOUNT VERNON. M. 4.

L. MASON.

*Sister, thou wast mild and lovely.*

M. 4.

78 **S**ISTER, thou wast mild and lovely,
Gentle as the summer breeze,
Pleasant as the air of ev'ning,
When it floats among the trees.

- 2 Peaceful be thy silent slumber—
Peaceful in the grave so low :
Thou no more wilt join our number ;
Thou no more our songs shalt know.
- 3 Dearest sister, thou hast left us ;
Here thy loss we deeply feel ;
But 'tis God that hath bereft us :
He can all our sorrows heal.
- 4 Yet again we hope to meet thee,
When the day of life is fled,
Then in heaven with joy to greet thee,
Where no farewell tear is shed.

Blessed be the name of the Lord. Job 1: 21.

M. 4.

79 **J**ESUS, while our hearts are bleeding
O'er the spoils that death has won,
We would, at this solemn meeting,
Calmly say, "Thy will be done."

- 2 Tho' cast down, we're not forsaken ;
Though afflicted, not alone :
Thou didst give, and thou hast taken ;
Blessed Lord, "Thy will be done."

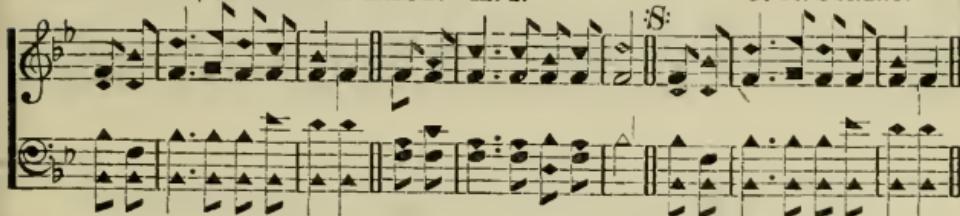
3 Tho' to-day we're filled with mourning,
 Mercy still is on the throne;
 With thy smiles of love returning,
 We can sing, "Thy will be done."

4 By thy hands the boon was given ;
 Thou hast taken but thine own :
 Lord of earth, and God of heaven,
 Evermore, "Thy will be done."

Thomas Hastings, 1850.

BROTHER, SWEETLY REST. M. 4.

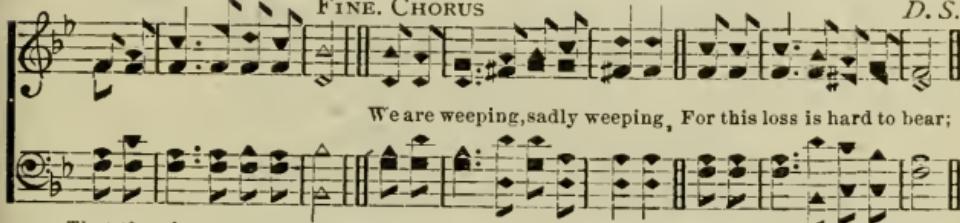
G. R. STREET.



Blessed Je-sus give as-surance,

FINE. CHORUS

D. S.



We are weeping, sadly weeping, For this loss is hard to bear;

That thy glo- ry we may share.

Death of a brother.

M. 4.

80 BROTHER, thou hast left us lonely,
 Sorrow fills our hearts to-day ;
 But beyond this vale of sorrow
 Tears will all be wiped away.

2 Brother, thou art sweetly resting,
 Cold may be this earthly tomb ;
 But the angels sweetly whispered,
 Come and live with us at home.

3 Brother, thou art sweetly resting
 On the lovely Saviour's breast,
 Where the wicked cease from troubling,
 And the weary are at rest.

4 Brother, thou art sweetly resting,
 Here thy toils and cares are o'er ;
 Pain and sickness death and sorrow,
 Never can distress thee more.

AVON. C. M.

HUGH WILSON.

Death of a youth.

C. M.

81 **W**HEN blooming youth is snatch'd away
 By death's resistless hand,
 Our hearts the mournful tribute pay,
 Which pity must demand.

- 2 While pity prompts the rising sigh,
 O may this truth, imprest
 With awful pow'r—I too must die—
 Sink deep in ev'ry breast.
- 3 Let this vain world engage no more ;
 Behold the gaping tomb!
 It bids us seize the present hour,
 To-morrow death may come.
- 4 The voice of this alarming scene,
 May ev'ry heart obey ;
 Nor be the heav'nly warning vain,
 Which calls to watch and pray.

And the truth shall make you free. John 8: 32.

C. M.

82 **F**AR from affliction, toil and care,
 The happy soul is fled ;
 The breathless clay shall slumber here,
 Among the silent dead.

- 2 The Gospel was his joy and song,
 E'en to his latest breath ;
 The truth he had proclaimed so long
 Was his support in death.

3 Now he resides where Jesus is,
 Above this dusky sphere ;
 His soul was ripen'd for that bliss,
 While yet he sojourn'd here.

4 The Church's loss we all deplore,
 And shed the falling tear ;
 Since we shall see his face no more,
 Till Jesus shall appear.

5 But we are hast'ning to the tomb ;
 Oh, may we ready stand ;
 Then, dearest Lord, receive us home,
 To dwell at thy right hand.

Jesus in whom you have redemption through his blood. Eph. 1: 7. C. M.

83 **H**ow happy are these little ones
 Which Jesus Christ has blest ;
 Come, let us praise him with our songs,
 For taking them to rest.

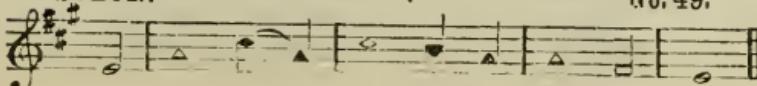
2 Yes, happy are these little lambs—
 Of such the kingdom is ;
 The Lord our praise and thanks demands,
 Who made them heirs of bliss.

3 With his own blood he made them free
 From sin and every stain ;
 For them he suffered on the tree—
 Yes, for them he was slain.

4 He takes them home, where pain and woe
 Will ne'er disturb them more ;
 Oh let us all prepare to go,
 And with them Christ adore.

5 However painful it may be,
 To know that they are gone,
 The thought is sweet that we may see
 Them in that heavenly home.

SOLON.



No. 49.

DUNDEE. C. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCK.

*Ye are not your own. 1 Cor. 6: 19.*

C. M.

84 **W**HY should our tears in sorrow flow,
 When God recalls his own,
 And bids them leave a world of woe
 For an immortal crown?

- 2 Is not e'en death a gain to those
 Whose life to God was giv'n?
 Gladly to earth their eyes they close,
 To open them in heav'n.
- 3 Their toils are past, their work is done,
 And they are fully blest:
 They fought the fight, the vict'ry won,
 And enter'd into rest.
- 4 Then let our sorrows cease to flow—
 God has recall'd his own;
 And let our hearts, in every woe,
 Still say—"Thy will be done!"

Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.
Heb. 6: 19. C. M.

85 **F**OND parents, calm the heaving breast,
 The Saviour called him home;
 Grieve not, your darling is at rest
 Beyond this vale of gloom.

- 2 Let hope's bright beams dispel the gloom,
 That fills your throbbing breast;
 'Twas Jesus kindly bade him come,
 And called him to his rest.

Lord, make me to know mine end. Psalm 39: 4.

C. M.

86 **T**EACH me the measure of my days,
Thou Maker of my frame;
I would survey life's narrow space,
And learn how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast;
How short the fleeting time!
Man is but vanity and dust,
In all his flower and prime.

3 What should I wish, or wait for, then,
From creatures—earth and dust?
They make our expectations vain,
And disappoint our trust.

4 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
My fond desire recall;
I give my mortal interest up,
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts.

Your fathers, where are they? Zech 1: 5.

C. M.

87 **W**HAT though the arm of conquering death
Does God's own house invade;
What though the prophet and the priest
In the dark grave are laid.

2 The eternal Shepherd still survives,
New comfort to impart:
His eye still guides us, and his voice
Still animates the heart.

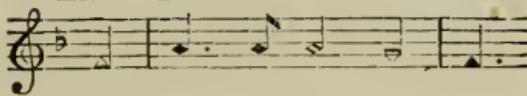
3 "Lo, I am with you," saith the Lord,
"My Church shall safe abide;
For I will ne'er forsake my own,
Whose souls in me confide."

4 Through every scene of life and death
This promise is our trust;
And this shall be our children's song,
When we are cold in dust.

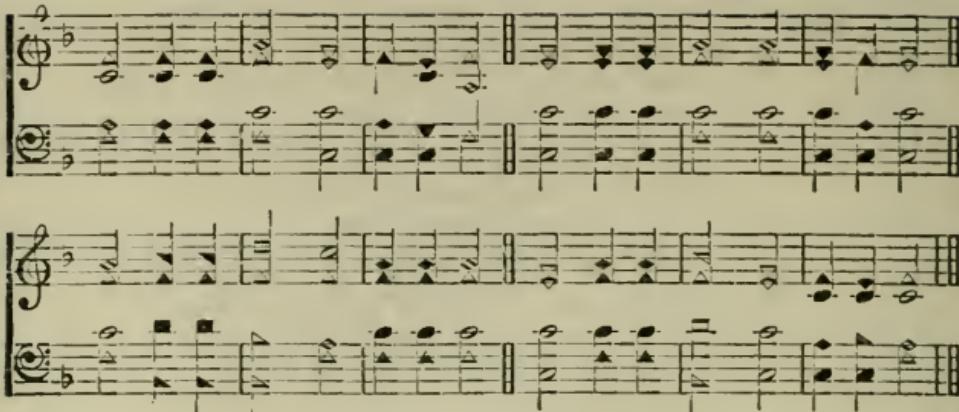
Philip Doddridge, 1755.

ARLINGTON.

No. 7.



JUNIATA. L. M.

*It is sown in weakness. 1 Cor. 15: 43.*

L. M.

88 SOFT be the turf on thy dear breast,
And heavenly calm thy lone retreat;
How longed the weary frame for rest!
That rest is come, and, oh, how sweet!

- 2 Why should we ever shrink from death?
'Tis but to cast our robes away,
And sleep at night without a breath
To break repose, till dawn of day.
- 3 'Tis not a night without a morn,
Though glooms impregnable surround;
Nor lies the buried saint forlorn,
A hopeless prisoner in the ground.
- 4 The darkest night to day gives birth,
And sunshine comes when storms are fled;
The seed, though buried in the earth,
Springs from its grave as from its bed.
- 5 So shall the bodies of the just,
In weakness sown, be raised in power;
The precious seed shall leave the dust,
A glorious and immortal flower.

Comfort one another with these words. 1 Thess. 4: 18.

L. M.

89 THERE is a glorious world on high,
Resplendent with eternal day;
Faith views the blissful prospects nigh,
While God's own word reveals the way.

2 How blest are those, how truly wise,
Who learn and keep the sacred road !
Happy the men whom heaven employs
To turn rebellious hearts to God !

3 The shining firmament shall fade,
And sparkling stars resign their light ;
But these shall know no change nor shade,
For ever fair, for ever bright.

4 On wings of faith, and strong desire,
Oh, may our spirits daily rise ;
And reach at last the shining choir,
In the bright mansions of the skies !

Mag auch die Liebe weinen.

L. M.

90 **T**HOUGH love may weep with breaking heart,
There comes, O Christ, a day of thine !
There is a Morning Star must shine,
And all these shadows shall depart.

2 Though faith may droop and tremble here,
That day of light shall surely come ;
The shadowy path leads safely home ;
When twilight breaks, the dawn is near.

3 Though hope seem now to hope in vain,
And death seem king of all below,
There yet shall come the morning glow,
And wake our slumberers once again.

Fred. Adolphus Krummacher, 1805. Tr. C. Winkworth, 1858.

Come ye blessed of my Father inherit the kingdom. Matt. 25: 34. L. M.

91 **T**HE time is short ere all that live
Shall hence be called their God to meet,
And each a strict account must give,
At Jesus' awful judgment seat.

2 The time is short : sinner, beware !
Nor squander these brief hours away ;
Oh, flee to Christ by faith and prayer,
Ere yet shall close this fleeting day.

3 The time is short ; ye saints, rejoice
Your Saviour-Judge will quickly come ;
Soon shall you hear the Bridegroom's voice
Invite you to His heavenly home.

Joseph Hoskins, ab, 1789.

EVENING HYMN. M. 4.

Not too fast.

J. H. HALL, by per.

If God be for us, who can be against us. Rom. 8: 31.

M. 4.

92 SAVIOUR, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal;
 Sin and want we come confessing;
 Thou canst save and thou canst heal.
 Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrows past us fly,
 Angel guards from thee surround us;
 We are safe if thou art nigh.

2 Though the night be dark and dreary,
 Darkness can not hide from thee;
 Thou art He, who, never weary,
 Watchest where thy people be.

Should swift death this night o'ertake us,
 And command us to the tomb,
 May the morn in heaven awake us,
 Clad in bright, eternal bloom.

VESPER. S. M.

JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1804.

Thou Lord makest me dwell in safety. Ps. 4: 8.

S. M.

93 **T**HE day is past and gone:
 The evening shades appear;
 Oh, may we all remember well
 The night of death draws near.

2 Lord, keep us safe this night,
 Secure from all our fears;
 May angels guard us while we sleep,
 Till morning light appears.

3 And when our days are past,
 And we from time remove,
 O may we in thy bosom rest,
 The bosom of thy love.

John Leland, 1792.

The evening sacrifice. Psalm 141. 2.

S. M.

94 **T**HE day is past and gone:
 Great God, we bow to thee;
 Again, as shades of night steal on,
 Unto thy side we flee.

2 We are, preserved beneath
 The shelter of thy wing,
 Forevermore thy praise shall breathe,
 And of thy mercy sing!

Latin. Tr. William John Blew, 1849.

HEBRON. L. M.

L. MASON, 1830.

I will lay me down in peace, and sleep. Psalm 4: 8. L. M.

95 **T**HUS far the Lord has led me on;
Thus far his power prolongs my days;
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

2 Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past:
He gives me strength for days to come.

3 I lay my body down to sleep:
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

4 Faith in thy name forbids my fear;
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart.

Watts.

Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace. Is. 26: 3.

L. M.

96 **G**LORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath the shadow of thy wings.

2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself and thee,
I ere I sleep, at peace may be.

3 Teach me to live, that I may dread
 The grave as little as my bed;
 Teach me to die, so that I may
 Triumphant rise at the last day.

4 O let my soul on thee repose,
 And may sweet sleep mine eye-lids close :
 Sleep that shall me more vig'rous make,
 To serve my God when I awake.

Kenn.

ENON. M. 55.

Rev. E. S. WIDDEMAN.

Abide with us. Luke 24: 29.

M. 55.

97 A BIDE with me ! fast falls the even tide,
 The darkness deepens—Lord; with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see ;
 O thou who changest not, abide with me !

3 I need thy presence every passing hour,
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

4 Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes ;
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
 In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me ! [flee !
 Lye.

EVAN. C. M.

Arr. by W. H. HAVERGAL.

With my soul have I desired thee in the night. Is. 26: 9.

C. M.

98 **I**N mercy, Lord, remember me
Through all the hours of night,
And grant to me most graciously
The safeguard of thy might.

- 2 With cheerful heart I close my eyes,
Since thou wilt not remove:
Oh, in the morning let me rise
Rejoicing in thy love.
- 3 Or if this night should prove the last,
And end my transient days,
Then take me to thy promised rest,
Where I may sing thy praise.

So that I might finish my course with joy. Acts 20: 24.

C. M.

99 **I**NDULGENT Father, by whose care,
I've passed another day,
Let me this night thy mercy share,
And teach me how to pray.

- 2 Show me my sins, and how to mourn
My guilt before thy face;
Direct me, Lord, to Christ alone,
And save me by thy grace.
- 3 Let each returning night declare
The tokens of thy love;
And every hour thy grace prepare
My soul for joys above.

Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet. Prov. 3: 24. C. M.

100 UPON the pillow of thy love
My weary head I lay,
Assured that watchers from above
Will round about me stay.

- 2 The weanéd child, subdued and still,
Sleeps on its mother's breast ;
So I, submissive to thy will,
Lean on thy strength for rest.
- 3 The sighs, and tears, and agony
That marr'd the hours of day,
Subside as tempests on the sea
In silence die away.
- 4 The restful peace of answer'd prayer
Is in my chasteñ'd heart :
My fears, my sorrows, and my care
At thy command depart.

Thos. MacKellar.

To meditate in the field at eventide. Gen. 24: 63.

C. M.

101 I LOVE to steal awhile away
From every cumbering care,
And spend the hour of setting day
In humble, grateful prayer.

- 2 I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead,
Where none but God can hear.
- 3 I love to think on mercies past,
And future good implore,
And all my cares and sorrows cast
On Him whom I adore.
- 4 I love by faith to take a view
Of brighter scenes in heaven ;
The prospect doth my strength renew
While here by tempests driven.
- 5 Thus, when life's toilsome day is o'er,
May its departing ray
Be calm as this impressive hour ;
And lead to endless day.

Phœbe Hinsdale Brown.

EVE. M. 5.

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FINE.

The peace of God. Phil. 4: 7.

M. 5.

102 SOFTLY fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day :
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

- 2 Peace is on the world abroad ;
'Tis the holy peace of God ,
Symbol of the peace within ,
When the spirit rests from sin .
- 3 Still the Spirit lingers near
Where the evening worshiper
Seeks communion with the skies ,
Pressing onward to the prize .
- 4 Saviour , may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in thee !
Till in heaven our souls repose ,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close .

S. F. Smith.

The night cometh.

M. 5.

103 SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon my sight away :
Free from care , from labor free ,
Lord ! I would commune with thee .

- 2 Soon for me the light of day
Shall forever pass away ;
Then , from sin and sorrow free ,
Take , me . Lord ! to dwell with thee .

Doane.

Dr THAN. 6s, & 4s.

By Com.

"Strangers and pilgrims." Heb. 11: 13.

6s, & 4s.

104 I'M but a stranger here,
 Heaven is my home;
 Earth is a desert drear,
 Heaven is my home:
 Danger and sorrow stand
 Round me on every hand;
 Heaven is my fatherland—
 Heaven is my home.

2 There, at my Saviour's side,
 Heaven is my home;
 I shall be glorified—
 Heaven is my home:
 There are the good and blest,
 Those I loved most and best,
 And there I, too, shall rest;—
 Heaven is my home.

T. R. Taylor.

VARINA. C. M. D.

RINK.

There remaineth therefore a rest. Heb. 4: 9.

C. M.

105 O LAND of rest, for thee I sigh !
 When will the moment come,
 When I shall lay my armor by,
 And dwell with Christ at home ?
 No tranquil joys on earth I know,
 No peaceful, sheltering dome ;
 This world's a wilderness of woe,
 This world is not my home.

2 When by afflictions sharply tried,
 I view the gaping tomb ;
 Although I dread death's chilling flood,
 Yet still I sigh for home.
 Weary of wandering round and round
 This vale of sin and gloom ,
 I long to leave th'unhallowed ground,
 And dwell with Christ at home.

Elizabeth Mills, 1805-1829.

Seek those things which are above. Col. 3: 1.

C. M.

106 THERE is a land of pure delight,
 Where saints immortal reign ;
 Infinite day excludes the night,
 And pleasures banish pain :

There everlasting spring abides,
 And never-withering flowers ;
 Death, like a narrow sea, divides
 This heavenly laud from ours.

2 Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
 Stand dressed in living green ;
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
 While Jordan rolled between ;
 But tim'rous mortals start and shrink
 To cross the narrow sea,
 And linger shiv'ring on the brink,
 And fear to launch away.

3 Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
 Those gloomy doubts that rise,
 And see the Canaan that we love,
 With unclouded eyes !
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
 And view the landscape o'er,
 Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
 Should fright us from the shore.

L. Crowe.

Fear the Lord, serve him in sincerity. Josh, 24: 14.

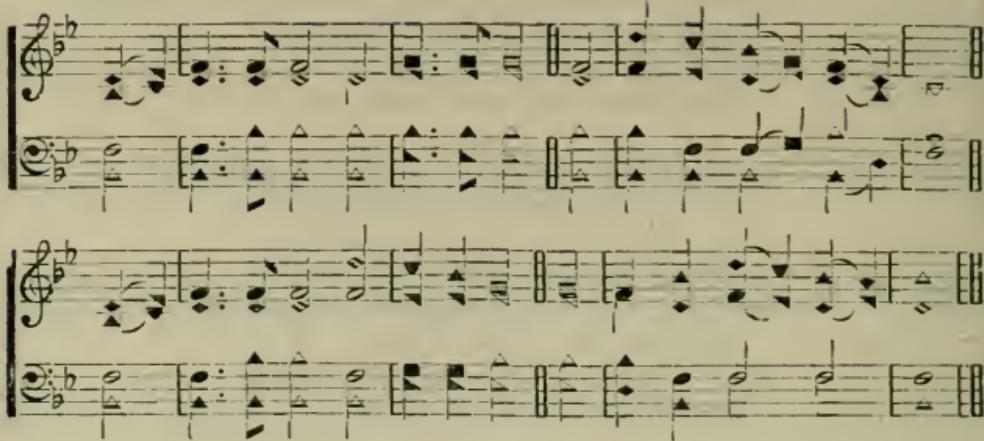
C. M.

107 COME, let us now forget our mirth,
 And think that we must die :
 What are our best delights on earth,
 Compared with those on high ?
 Our pleasures here will soon be past,
 Our brightest joys decay :
 But pleasures there forever last,
 And cannot fade away.

2 Here sins and sorrows we deplore,
 With many cares distressed ;
 But there the mourners weep no more,
 And there the weary rest.
 Then let us love and serve the Lord,
 With all our youthful powers,
 And we shall gain the great reward,
 The glory shall be ours.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

HEBER. C. M.

*My soul shall be joyful in the Lord. Ps. 35: 9.*

C. M.

108 FROM thee, my God, my joys shall rise,
 And run eternal rounds,
 Beyond the limits of the skies,
 And all created bounds.

- 2 The holy triumph of my soul
 Shall death itself outbrave;
 Leave dull mortality behind,
 And fly beyond the grave.
- 3 There, where my blessed Jesus reigns,
 In heaven's unmeasured space,
 I'll spend a long eternity
 In pleasure and in praise.
- 4 Millions of years my wond'ring eyes
 Shall o'er thy beauties rove,
 And endless ages I'll adore
 The glories of thy love.
- 5 Sweet Jesus! every smile of thine
 Shall fresh endearments bring;
 Ten thousand tastes of new delight
 From all thy graces spring.

There is a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor 5: 1.

C. M.

109 THERE is a house not made with hands,
 Eternal, and on high;
 And here my spirit waiting stands
 Till God shall bid it fly.

2 Shortly this prison of my clay
Must be dissolved and fall ;
Then, O my soul, with joy obey
Thy heavenly father's call.

3 'Tis he, by his Almighty grace,
That forms thee fit for heaven ;
And as an earnest of the place,
Has his own Spirit given.

4 We walk by faith of joys to come ;
Faith lives upon his word ;
But while the body is our home,
We're absent from the Lord.

“Prospect of heaven.”

C. M.

110 **O**n Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wishful eye
To Canaan's fair and happy land,
Where my possessions lie.

2 Oh the transporting, rapt'rous scene,
That rises to my sight !
Sweet fields array'd in living green,
And rivers of delight.

3 There gen'rous fruits that never fail,
On trees immortal grow :
There rocks and hills, and brooks and vales
With milk and honey flow.

4 All o'er those wide extended plains
Shines one eternal day ;
There God the Sun for ever reigns,
And scatters night away.

5 No chilling winds, nor pois'rous breath
Can reach that healthful shore ;
Sickness and sorrow, pain and death
Are felt and fear'd no more.

6 When shall I reach that happy place,
And be for ever blest ?
When shall I see my Father's face,
And in his bosom rest ?

DUNBAR. S. M.

E. W. DUNBAR.

The ransomed of the Lord shall come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy.
Is. 35: 10. S. M.

111 O H, sing to me of heav'n,
 When I am called to die ;
 Sing songs of holy ecstacy,
 To waft my soul on high.

- 2 When cold and sluggish drops
 Roll off my sweaty brow,
 Burst forth in strains of joyfulness,—
 Let heav'n begin below.
- 3 When the last moment comes,
 O watch my dying face,
 And catch the bright seraphic gleam
 That on each feature plays.
- 4 Then to my ravished ear,
 Let one sweet song be giv'n ;
 Let music charm me last on earth;
 And greet me first in heav'n.
- 5 Then close my sightless eyes,
 And lay me down to rest,
 And clasp my cold and icy hands,
 Across my peaceful breast.
- 6 Then round my senseless clay
 Assemble those I love,
 And sing of heav'n, delightful heav'n,
 My glorious home above.

A house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. 2 Cor. 5: 1. S. M.

112 **I** HAVE a home above,
From sin and sorrow free ;
A mansion which eternal love
Design'd and form'd for me.

2 My Saviour's precious blood
Has made my title sure ;
He pass'd through death's dark raging flood
To make my rest secure.

3 The Comforter is come,
The earnest has been given,
He leads me onward to the home
Reserved for me in heaven.

4 Loved ones are gone before,
Whose pilgrim days are done ;
I soon shall greet them on that shore
Where partings are unknown.

Be thou faithful unto death, and I will give thee a crown of life. Rev. 2: 10
S. M.

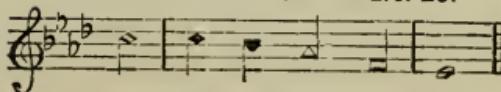
113 **O**H, FOR the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

2 Their bodies in the ground,
In silent hope may lie,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Shall call them to the sky.

3 Their ransomed spirits soar,
On wings of faith and love,
To meet the Saviour they adore,
And reign with him above.

4 Oh, for the death of those
Who slumber in the Lord !
Oh, be like theirs my last repose,
Like theirs my last reward.

STATE STREET. No. 25.



HOME OF THE BLEST.

Words and Music by H. B. BRENNEMAN.

CHORUS.

Oh, that beauti- ful, beauti- ful land Is for you and for me!

Ritard.

There to be with the glo - rified band. Oh, how sweet it will be!

And the city had no need of the sun, for the Glory of God did lighten it.
Rev. 21: 23.

114 THERE'S a beautiful, beautiful land,—
 'Tis the home of the blest;
 Where with Jesus, a glorified band,
 They forever shall rest.

- 2 In that land is the city of light,
 Bright and fair, we are told :
 All its mansions are dazzling and white,
 And its streets are of gold.
- 3 There's no need of the sun in that land,
 For the Lamb is its light ;
 And He sits at his Father's right hand,
 Crowned with glory and might.

4 Oh, how glorious and sweet it must be,
In that peaceful abode !
Where from sin and from misery free,
We shall dwell with our God !

5 There we hope many loved ones to meet,
And in tender embrace
We in triumph each other shall greet,
In that beautiful place.

6 When we get to that Home of the Blest,
From all pain to be free,
And with Jesus forever to rest,
Oh, how sweet it will be.

GOING HOME. L. M.

Dr. WM. MILLER.

Whose builder and maker is God. Heb. 11: 10.

L. M.

115 **M**y heavenly home is bright and fair,
No pain nor death can enter there;
Its glittering towers the sun outshine;
That heavenly mansion shall be mine.

2 While here, a stranger far from home,
Affliction's waves may round me foam;
And tho', like Lazarus, sick and poor,
My heavenly mansion is secure.

3 Let others seek a home below,
Which flames devour, or waves o'erflow;
Be mine a happier lot to own
A heavenly mansion near the throne.

ANGEL BAND. C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.
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O come, an-gel band,
 come and around me stand, O bear me a-way on your snowy wings, To my im-
 mortal home, O bear me away on your snowy wings To my immortal home.

Let us run with patience the race that is set before us. Heb. 12: 1. C. M.

116 **M**y latest sun is sinking fast,
 My race is almost run ;
 My strongest trials now are past,
 My triumph is begun.

2 I know I'm near the holy ranks
 Of friends and kindred dear,
 For I brush the dews on Jordan's banks,
 The crossing must be near.

3 I've almost gained my heavenly home,
 My spirit loudly sings ;
 The holy ones, behold, they come !
 I hear the noise of wings.

4 O, bear my longing heart to him
 Who bled and died for me ;
 Whose blood now cleanses from all sin,
 And gives me victory.

ELTHAM. M. 5.

L. MASON.
FINE.

D. C.

Where I am, there ye may be also. John 14: 3.

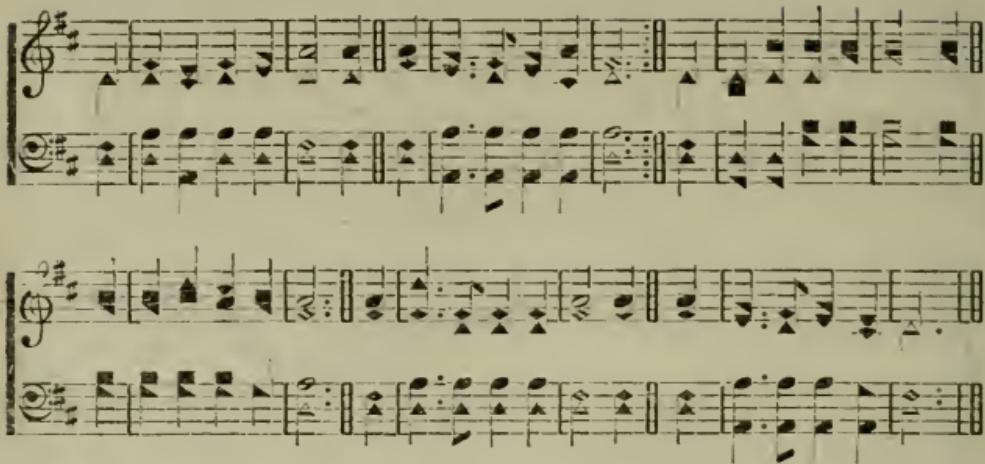
M. 5.

117 **H**IGH in yonder realms of light
 Dwell the raptured saints above,
 Far beyond our feeble sight,
 Happy in Immanuel's love ;
 Once they knew, like us below,
 Pilgrims in this vale of tears,
 Torturing pain and heavy woe,
 Gloomy doubts, distressing fears.

2 Often the unbidden tear,
 Stealing down the furrowed cheek,
 Told in eloquence sincere
 Tales of woe they could not speak ;
 But these days of weeping o'er,
 Past this scene of toil and pain,
 They shall feel distress no more—
 Never, never weep again.

3 All is tranquil and serene,
 Calm and undisturbed repose ;
 There no cloud can intervene,
 There no angry tempest blows ;
 Every tear is wiped away,
 Sighs no more shall heave the breast,
 Night is lost in endless day,
 Sorrow—in eternal rest.

HEAVENLY DESIRE. M. 14.



Thou art with me; Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me. Ps. 23: 4. M. 14.

118 THERE is a land immortal,
 The beautiful of lands;
 Beside its ancient portal
 A sentry grimly stands;
 He only can undo it,
 And open wide the door;
 And mortals who pass through it
 Are mortals nevermore.

2 That glorious land is Heaven,
 And death the sentry grim:
 The Lord thereof has given
 The opening keys to him;
 And ransom'd spirits, sighing
 And sorrowful for sin,
 Pass through the gate in dying,
 And freely enter in.

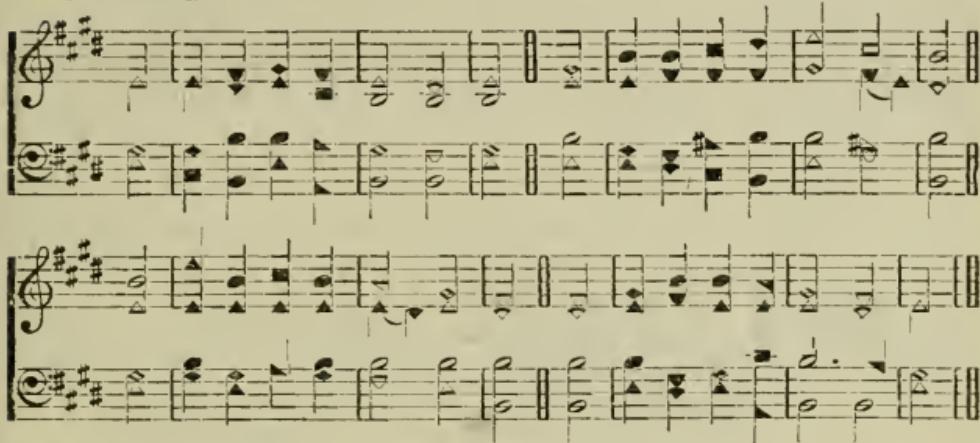
3 Though dark and drear the passage
 That leads unto the gate,
 Yet grace attends the message
 To souls that watch and wait;
 And at the time appointed
 A messenger comes down,
 And guides the Lord's anointed
 From cross to glory's crown.

4 Their sighs are lost in singing;
 They're blesséd in their tears:
 Their journey heavenward winging,
 They leave on earth their fears.
 Death like an angel seeming,
 "We welcome thee;" they cry:
 Their eyes with glory gleaming,
 'Tis life for them to die.

Thos. MacKellar. 1845.

UXBRIDGE. L. M.

L. MASON.

*It is even a vapor. Jas. 4: 14.*

L. M.

119 **H**ow vain is all beneath the skies!
 How transient every earthly bliss!
 How slender all the earthly ties
 That bind us to a world like this!

2 The evening cloud, the morning dew,
 The withering grass, the fading flower,
 Of earthly hopes are emblems true—
 The glory of a passing hour!

3 But though earth's fairest blossoms die,
 And all beneath the skies is vain,
 There is a land whose confines lie
 Beyond the reach of care and pain.

4 Then let the hope of joys to come
 Dispel our cares, and chase our fears:
 If God be ours, we're traveling home,
 Though passing through a vale of tears.

D. E. Ford.

ABNER. M. 4.

H. S. RUPP.

FINE.

D. C.

In my Fathers house are many mansions. Jno. 14: 2.

M. 4.

120 LET me go where saints are going,
 To the mansions of the blest ;
 Let me go where my Redeemer
 Has prepared his people's rest ;
 I would gain the realms of brightness,
 Where they dwell forevermore ;
 I would join the friends that wait me
 Over on the other shore.

2 Let me go where none are weary,
 Where is raised no wail of woe ;
 Let me go and bathe my spirit
 In the raptures angels know :
 Let me go, for bliss eternal,
 Lures my soul away, away,
 And the victor's song triumphant
 Thrills my heart, I cannot stay.

3 Let me go, why should I tarry ?
 What has earth to bind me here ?
 What but cares, and toils, and sorrows ?
 What but death, and pain, and fear ?
 Let me go, for hopes most cherished,
 Blasted round me often lie :
 O ! I've gathered brightest flowers,
 Cut to see them fade and die.

SHALL WE MEET? M. 4.

ELIHU S. RICE, 1866, by per.

Shall we meet beyond the riv- er, Where the sur- ges cease to roll?

CHORUS.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be-yond the riv - er?

Then shall we also appear with him in glory. Col. 3: 4. M. 4.

121 **S**HALL we meet beyond the river,
Where the surges cease to roll?
Where, in all the bright forever,
Sorrow ne'er shall press the soul?

2 Shall we meet in that blest harbor,
When our stormy voyage is o'er?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor
By the fair, celestial shore?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city
Where the tow'rs of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?--

4 Shall we meet the shining myriads
Who the songs of glory sing?
Shall our voices join their praises
To the everlasting King?

5 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

HOME OF THE SOUL, 12s & 8s.

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PHILIP PHILLIPS.

In my Father's house are many mansions. John 14: 2. 12s & 8s.

122

I WILL sing you a song of that beautiful land,
 The far away home of the soul,
 Where no storms ever beat on the glittering strand,
 ||: While the years of eternity roll.:||
 Where no storms, etc.

- 2 Oh, that home of the soul in my visions and dreams.
 Its bright jasper walls I can see ;
 Till I fancy but thinly the veil intervenes
 ||: Between the fair city and me.||: Till I fancy, etc.
- 3 That unchangable home is for you and for me,
 Where Jesus of Nazareth stands ;
 The King of all kingdomis forever, is He,
 ||: And He holdeth our crowns in His hands.||:
 The King, etc.

4 Oh, how sweet it will be in that beautiful land,

So free from all sorrow and pain ;

With songs on our lips and with harps in our hands

||. To meet one another again.|| With songs, etc.

Mrs. Ellen H. Gates.

ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT. S. M. PHILIP PHILLIPS.

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CHORUS.

Near - er my home, near- er my home,

Near - er my home to - day, to-day, Than I have been be - fore.

Now they desire a better country, that is, an heavenly. Heb. 11: 16. S. M.

123 ONE sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me o'er and o'er,
Nearer my home am I to-day,
Than e'er I was before.—CHORUS.

2 Nearer my Father's house,
Where many mansions be ;
Nearer the throne where Jesus reigns,
Nearer the crystal sea.

3 Nearer the bound of life,
Where burdens are laid down ;
Nearer leaving my heavy cross,
Wearing my starry crown.

Phœbe Cary. 1852.

THE HOME OVER THERE. Pec. M.

TULLIUS C. O'KANE.

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Oh that I had wings like a dove, for then would I fly away and be at rest.

Ps. 55:6. Pec. M.

124 OH, THINK of the home over there,
 By the side of the river of light,
 Where the saints all immortal and fair,
 Are robed in their garments of white,
 Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the home over there.

2 Oh, think of the friends over there,
 Who before us the journey have trod,
 Of the songs that they breathe on the air,
 In their home in the palace of God,
 Over there, over there,
 Oh, think of the friends over there.

3 My Saviour is now over there,
 There my kindred and friends are at rest ;
 Then away from my sorrow and care,
 Let me fly to the land of the blest,
 Over there, over there,
 My Saviour is now over there.

Rev. D. W. C. Huntingdon.

STAR OF DAY. L. M.

With Gentleness.

BY COM.

For if we believe that Jesus died, and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess 4:14. L. M.

125 THERE is a calm for those who weep,
 A rest for weary pilgrims found ;
 They softly lie, and sweetly sleep,
 Low in the ground, low in the ground.

2 The storm that sweeps the wintry sky
 No more disturbs their deep repose
 Than Summer evening's latest sigh,
 That shuts the rose, that shuts the rose.

3 Thy soul, renewed by grace divine,
 In God's own image, freed from clay,
 In heaven's eternal sphere shall shine,
 ; star of day, a star of day.

MIFFLIN. M. 52.

Now is our salvation nearer. Rom. 13: 11.

M. 52.

126 **H**ow bright is the day when the Christian
Receives the sweet message to come

||: To rise to the mansions of glory,
||: And be there forever at Home.:|| And be there.

2 The Angels stand ready and waiting
The moment the Spirit is gone,

||: To carry it upward to heaven,
||: And welcome it safely at Home.:|| And welcome.

3 The saints that have gone up before us
All raise a new song as we come,

||: And sing Hallelujah the louder
||: To welcome the travelers Home. :|| To welcome.

4 And there are our friends and companions
Escaped from the evil to come,

||: And crowding the gates of fair Zion
||: To wait our arrival at Home.:|| To wait.

5 And there is the blessed Redeemer,
So mild on His merciful Throne,

||: With heart and hands widely extended
||: To welcome his ransom'd ones Home.:|| To welcome.

6 Then let us go onward rejoicing
Till Jesus invites us to come

||: To share in his glorious kingdom,
||: And rest in his bosom at Home.:|| And rest.

CANAAN. C. M.

H. S. RUPP.

CHORUS.

My Home, dear Home, My
hap - py heavenly Home, My Home, dear Home, My own dear happy Home.

The holy city, New Jerusalem. Rev. 21: 2.

C. M.

127

JERUSALEM, my happy home!
Name ever dear to me!

When shall my labors have an end,
In joy and peace in thee?

2 When shall these eyes thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?

Thy bulwarks with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

3 Oh, when, thou city of my God,
Shall I thy courts ascend,
Where congregations ne'er break up,
And Sabbaths have no end?

4 There happier bow'rs than Eden's bloom,
Nor sin nor sorrow know:

Blest seats! thro' rude and stormy scenes
I onward press to you.

5 Jerusalem, my happy home!
My soul still pants for thee;
Then shall my labors have an end,
When I thy joys shall see.

Montgomery.

WALES. C.M.

Arr. by Com.

For now we see through a glass darkly; but then face to face. 1 Cor 13: 12.

C. M.

128 WHILE through this changing world I roam,
 From infancy to age,
 Heaven is the Christian Pilgrim's home,
 His rest at every stage.

2 Whether his raptured thought ascends,
 Eternal joys to share,
 There his adoring spirit bends,
 While here he kneels in prayer.

3 Oh ! there may we our treasure place,
 There let our hearts be found,
 That still where sin abounded, grace
 May more and more abound.

4 Henceforth our conversation be
 With Christ before the throne,
 Ere long, we eye to eye shall see,
 And know as we are known.

The things which are not seen. 2 Cor. 4: 18.

C. M.

129 OH ! could our thoughts and wishes fly
 Above these gloomy shades,
 To those bright worlds beyond the sky
 Which sorrow ne'er invades !

2 There joys, unseen by mortal eyes,
 Or reason's feeble ray,
 In ever-blooming prospects rise
 Unconscious of decay.

3 Lord, send a beam of light divine
 To guide our upward aim ;
 With one reviving touch of thine
 Our languid hearts inflame.

4 Oh, then, on faith's sublimest wing,
 Our ardent hope shall rise
 To those bright scenes where pleasures spring
 Immortal, in the skies.

Anne Steele, ab. 1716-1788.

Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. John 16: 20.

C. M.

130 **T**HREE is an hour of hallow'd peace
 For those with care oppress'd,
 When sighs and sorrowing tears shall cease,
 And all be hush'd to rest.

2 'Tis then the soul is freed from fears
 And doubts that here annoy :
 Then they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap again in joy.

3 There is a home of sweet repose,
 Where storms assail no more ;
 The stream of endless pleasure flows
 On that celestial shore :

4 There purity with love appears,
 And bliss without alloy ;
 There they that oft had sown in tears
 Shall reap eternal joy.

O that I had wings like a dove. Psalm 55: 6.

C. M.

131 **A**WAKE, ye saints, and raise your eyes,
 And lift your voices high ;
 Awake, and praise the sovereign love,
 That shows salvation nigh.

2 Swift on the wings of time it flies,
 Each moment brings it near ;
 Then welcome, each declining day ;
 Welcome, each closing year.

3 Not many years their round shall run,
 Not many mornings rise,
 Ere all its glories stand revealed
 To our admiring eyes.

Philip Doddridge, ab. 1755.

HERALD. L. M.

T. C. COOK.

Come unto me, all ye that labor, and are heavy laden. Matt. 11: 28. L. M.

132 COME hither, all ye weary souls,
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come,
I'll give you rest from all your toils,
And bring you to my heavenly home.

- 2 They shall find rest that learn of me;
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;
But passion rages like the sea,
And pride is restless as the wind.
- 3 Bless'd is the man whose shoulders take
My yoke, and bear it with delight;
My yoke is easy to his neck;
My grace shall make the burden light.
- 4 Jesus, we come at thy command,
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,
Resign our spirits to thy hand,
To mould and guide us at thy will.

Now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. 6: 2.

L. M.

133 SAY, sinner, hath a voice within,
Oft whispered to thy secret soul,
Urged thee to leave the ways of sin,
And yield thy heart to God's control?

- 2 Sinner, it was a heavenly voice,—
It was the Spirit's gracious call;
It bade thee make the better choice,
And haste to seek in Christ thine all.

3 Spurn not the call to life and light;
 Regard in time the warning kind;
 That call thou mayest not always slight,
 And yet the gate of mercy find.

4 God's Spirit will not always strive
 With hardened, self-destroying man;
 Ye, who persist his love to grieve,
 May never hear his voice again.

5 Sinner, perhaps this very day
 Thy last accepted time may be;
 O, shouldst thou grieve him now away,
 Then hope may never beam on thee.

Abigail Bradley Hyde, 1824.

Choose you this day whom ye will serve. Joshua 24: 15. L. M.

134 **O**H, do not let the word depart,
 And close thine eyes against the light;
 Poor sinner, harden not thy heart;
 Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

2 To-morrow's sun may never rise
 To bless thy long-deluded sight;
 This is the time; oh, then, be wise!
 Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

3 Our God in pity lingers still;
 And wilt thou thus his love requite?
 Renounce at once thy stubborn will;
 Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

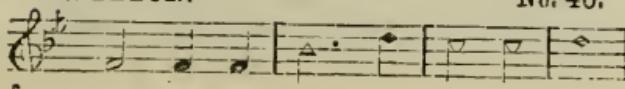
4 The world has nothing left to give;
 It has no new, no pure delight;
 Oh, try the life which Christians live!
 Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

5 Our blessed Lord refuses none
 Who would to him their souls unite;
 Then be the work of grace begun;
 Thou wouldst be saved,—why not to-night?

Elizabeth Holmes Reed, 1842.

WELTON.

No. 40.



WARD. L. M.

Scotch, arr. L. MASON, 1833.

And the blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin. 1 John 1: 7. L. M.

135 JESUS, dear name ! how sweet it sounds,
Replete with balm for all our wounds !
His word declares his grace is free ;
Come, needy sinner, "Come and see."

- 2 He left the shining courts on high,
Came to our world to bleed and die ;
Jesus the Lord hung on a tree ;
Come, thoughtless sinner, "Come and see."
- 3 Your sins did pierce his bleeding heart,
Till death had done its dreadful part ;
His boundless love extends to thee ;
Come, trembling sinner, "Come and see."
- 4 His blood can cleanse the foulest stain,
Can make the vilest sinner clean ;
This fountain open stands for thee ;
Come, guilty sinner, "Come and see."

To-day if ye will hear his voice. Heb. 3: 7.

L. M.

136 WHILE life prolongs its precious light,
Mercy is found and peace is given ;
But soon, ah, soon, approaching night
Shall blot out every hope of heaven.

- 2 While God invites, how blest the day !
How sweet the gospel's joyful sound !
Come sinners, haste, Oh, haste away,
While yet a pardoning God is found.

3 Soon borne on time's most rapid wing,
 Shall death command you to the grave,
 Before his bar your spirits bring,
 And none be found to hear or save.

4 In that lone land of deep despair,
 No Sabbath's heavenly light shall rise;
 No God regard your bitter prayer,
 Nor Saviour call you to the skies.

5 Silence, and solitude, and gloom,
 In these forgetful realms appear,
 Deep sorrows fill the dismal tomb,
 And hope shall never enter there.

Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out. John 6: 37. L. M.

137 **W**ITH tearful eyes I look around,
 Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
 Yet, 'midst the gloom, I hear a sound,
 A heav'nly whisper, "Come to me."

2 It tells me of a place of rest—
 It tells me where my soul may flee;
 O! to the weary, faint, oppress'd,
 How sweet the bidding, "Come to me."

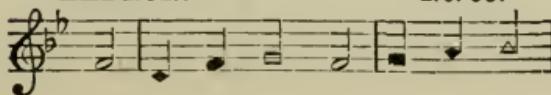
3 When nature shudders, loth to part
 From all I love, enjoy, and see;
 When a faint chill steals o'er my heart
 A sweet voice utters, "Come to me."

4 Come, for all else must fail and die;
 Earth is no resting-place for thee;
 Heav'nward direct thy weeping eye,
 I am thy portion, "Come to me."

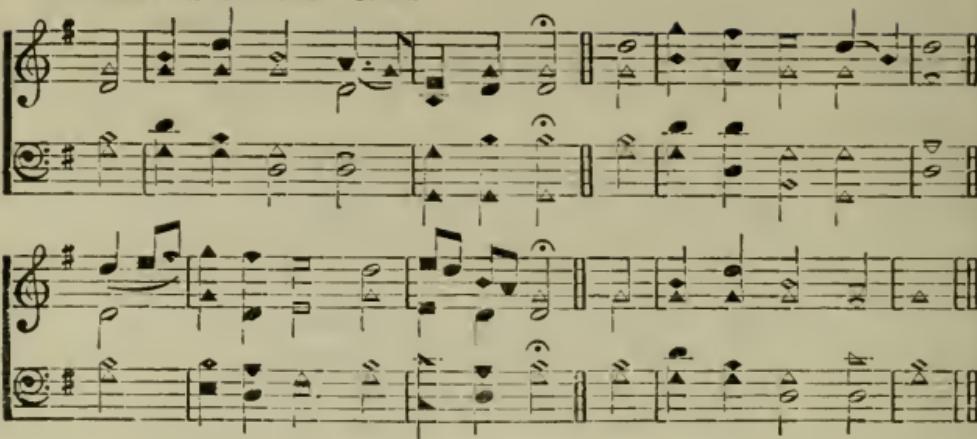
5 O, voice of mercy! voice of love!
 In conflict, grief, and agony,
 Support me, cheer me from above!
 And gently whisper, "Come to me."

HEBRON.

No. 95.



DUNLAP'S CREEK. C. M.



So will I go in unto the king. Esther 4: 16.

C. M.

138 COME, humble sinner, in whose breast
A thousand thoughts revolve,
Come, with your guilt and fear oppressed,
And make this last resolve:

2 "I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in,
Whatever may oppose.

3 "I'll to the gracious King approach,
Whose sceptre pardon gives;
Oh, that he may command my touch,
And then the suppliant lives.

4 "Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my guilt confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone,
Without his sovereign grace.

5 "I shall not perish, if I go—
I am resolved to try;
For if I stay away, I know
I must forever die.

6 "My Saviour will not spurn my cry,
My King will hear my prayer;
In safety at his feet I lie,
For none can perish there."

Let him return unto the Lord. Is. 55: 7.

C. M.

139 **R**ETURN, O wanderer, now return,
And seek thy Father's face!
Those new desires which in thee burn,
Were kindled by his grace.

2 Return, O wanderer, now return,
Thy Saviour bids thee live;
Go to his bleeding feet, and learn
How freely he'll forgive.

3 Return, O wanderer, now return,
And wipe the falling tear!
Thy Father calls—no longer mourn:
His love invites thee near.

Collyer.

Come unto me, and I will give you rest. Matt. 11: 28.

C. M.

140 **O**H, what amazing words of grace
Are in the gospel found,
Suited to every sinner's case
Who knows the joyful sound.

2 Poor, sinful, thirsty, fainting souls,
Are freely welcome here;
Salvation, like a river rolls,
Abundant, free, and clear.

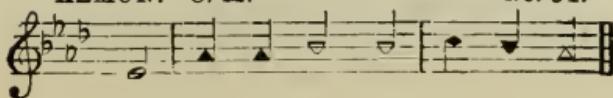
3 Come then, with all your wants and wounds;
Your every burden bring,
Here love, unchanging love abounds,—
A deep celestial spring!

4 Whoever will—O gracious word!
Shall of this stream partake:
Come thirsty souls, and bless the Lord,
And drink, for Jesus' sake!

5 Millions of sinners, vile as you,
Have here found life and peace;
Come then, and prove its virtues too,
And drink, adore, and bless.

AZMON. C. M.

No. 54.



ATHENS C. M.

If any man thirst, let him come unto me, and drink. John 7: 37. C. M.

141 **I** HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast:"

- 2 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.
- 3 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold, I freely give
 The living water! thirsty one
 Stoop down, and drink, and live:"
- 4 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream:
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
- 5 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's light:
 Look unto me; thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright:"
- 6 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk
 Till all my journey's done.

BARR. C. M.

J. S. COFFMAN.

I will arise and go to my Father. Luke 15: 18.

C. M.

142. **O** WEARY wanderer, come home,
 Thy Saviour bids thee come,
 Thou long in sin didst love to roam,
 Yet still he calls thee, come.

2 Think of thy Father's house to-day,
 So blest with plenteous store ;
 Think of thy sinful, wandering way,
 Then come, and roam no more.

3 Poor prodigal, come home and rest,
 Come and be reconciled ;
 Here lean upon thy Father's breast,
 He loves his wandering child.

J. S. Coffman.

The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. Ps. 111: 10. C. M.

143 **C**OME children learn to fear the Lord :
 And, that your days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practice love,
 Pursue the works of peace,
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend the cry ;
 When broken Spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.

MANOAH. M. 14.

BY COM.

Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth. Eccl. 12: 1. M. 14.

144 “**R**EMEMBER thy Creator,”
 While youth’s fair spring is bright,
 Before thy cares are greater,
 Before comes age’s night.
 While yet the sun shines o’er thee,
 While stars the darkness cheer,
 While life is all before thee,
 Thy great Creator fear.

2 “Remember thy Creator,”
 E’er life resigns its trust,
 E’er sinks dissolving nature,
 And dust returns to dust.
 Before, with God, who gave it,
 The spirit shall appear,
 He cries, who died to save it,
 “Thy great Creator fear.”

Buy the truth, and sell it not. Pr. 23: 23.

M. 14

145 **G**o thou in life’s fair morning,
 Go, in thy bloom of youth,
 And seek, for thine adorning,
 The precious pearl of truth;
 Secure the heav’nly treasure,
 And bind it on thy heart;
 And let no earthly pleasure
 E’er cause it to depart.

2 Go, while the day-star shineth,
 Go, while thy heart is light,
 Go, ere thy strength declineth,
 While every sense is bright :
 Sell all thou hast and buy it ;
 'Tis worth all earthly things—
 Rubies, and gold, and diamonds,
 Scepters and crowns of kings.

3 Go, ere the cloud of sorrow
 Steals o'er thy bloom of youth ;
 Defer not till to-morrow ;
 Go now, and buy the truth.
 Go, seek thy great Creator ;
 Learn early to be wise ;
 Go place upon the altar
 A morning sacrifice.

AMOY. 6s & 4s.

LOWELL MASON, 1831.

The day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6: 2.

6s & 4s.

146 **T**O-DAY the Saviour calls :
 Ye wand'lers, come ;
 Oh ye benighted souls,
 Why longer roam ?

2 To-day the Saviour calls :
 Oh, hear him now ;
 Within these sacred walls,
 To Jesus bow.

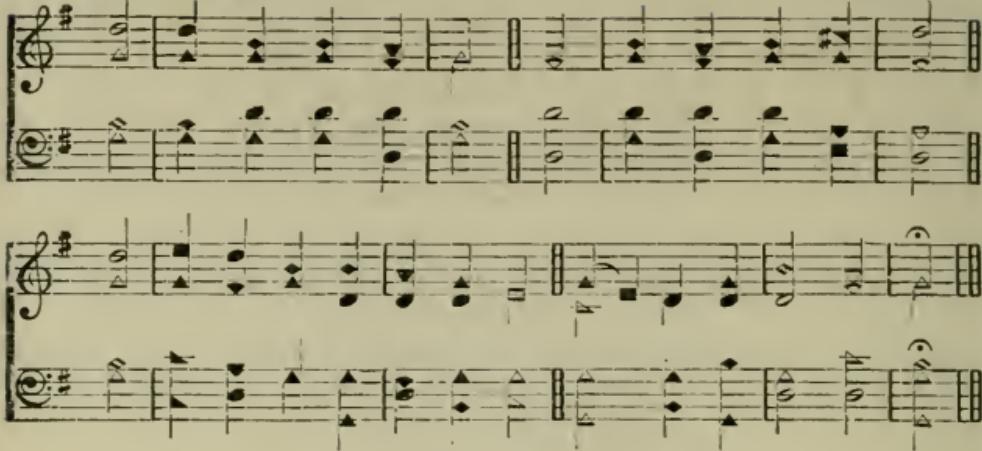
3 To-day the Saviour calls :
 For refuge fly ;
 The storm of justice falls,
 And death is nigh.

4 The Spirit calls to-day :
 Yield to his power ;
 Oh, grieve him not away,
 'Tis mercy's hour.

Samuel Francis Smith.

PHÆBE. S. M.

By Com.

*Grieve not the Holy Spirit. Eph. 4: 30.*

S. M.

147 **A**ND canst thou, sinner, slight
The call of love divine!
Shall God with tenderness invite,
And gain no thought of thine?

- 2 Wilt thou not cease to grieve
The Spirit from thy breast,
Till he thy wretched soul shall leave,
With all thy sins oppressed?
- 3 To-day, a pardoning God
Will hear the suppliant pray;
To-day, a Saviour's cleansing blood
Will wash thy guilt away.

Hyde.

To-day if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts. Psalm 95: 7-8.
S. M.

148 **Y**E sinners fear the Lord,
While yet 'tis called to-day,
Soon will the awful voice of death
Command your souls away.

- 2 Soon will the harvest close;
The summer soon be o'er;
And soon your injured, angry God
Will hear your prayers no more.
- 3 Then while 'tis called to-day,
Oh hear the gospel sound:
Come, sinner, haste—oh haste away.
While pardon may be found

Behold, now is the accepted time. 2 Cor. 6: 2.

S. M.

149

Now is th' accepted time,
Now is the day of grace;
Now, sinners, come, without delay,
And seek the Saviour's face.

- 2 Now is th' accepted time,
The Saviour calls to-day;
To-morrow it may be too late,
Then why should you delay?
- 3 Now is th' accepted time,
The gospel bids you come;
And every promise in his word
Declares there yet is room.
- 4 Now is th' accepted time,
O sinners! why delay?
Come while the gospel trumpet sounds,
Come in th' accepted day.

My Son give me thine heart. Prov. 23: 26.

S. M.

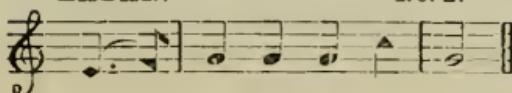
150

GIVE to the Lord thine heart;
In him all pleasures meet;
Oh, come, and choose the better part,
Low at the Saviour's feet.

- 2 Hear, and your soul shall live;
His peace shall be your stay—
Peace, which the world can never give,
Can never take away.
- 3 Go with him to his cross,
Go with him to his tomb;
Your richest gain account but loss,
And tarry till he come.
- 4 Then, when you hear his voice,
Your faithful Shepherd's call,
Lift up your heads, in him rejoice,
Your God, your Guide, your all.

LABAN.

No. 2.



GREENVILLE. M. 4.

J. J. ROUSSEAU, 1750.

FINE.

Christ came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1: 15. M. 4.

151 COME, ye sinners, poor and needy,
 Weak and wounded, sick and sore ;
 Jesus ready stands to save you,
 Full of pity, love, and power :
 ||: He is able, He is able,
 He is willing, doubt no more. :||

2 Now, ye needy, come, and welcome :
 God's free bounty glorify ;
 True belief and true repentance,
 Every grace that brings you nigh,
 ||: Without money, without money,
 Come to Jesus Christ and buy. :||

3 Let not conscience make you linger,
 Nor of fitness fondly dream ;
 All the fitness he requireth
 Is to feel your need of him :
 ||: This He gives you, this He gives you,
 'Tis the Spirit's glimmering beam. :||

4 Come, ye weary, heavy-laden,
 Bruised and mangled by the fall ;
 If you tarry till you're better,
 You will never come at all ;
 ||: Not the righteous, not the righteous,
 Sinners Jesus came to call. :||

Come thou, for there is peace. 1 Sam. 20: 21.

M. 4.

152 **S**INNERS, will you scorn the message

Sent in mercy from above?

Every sentence, oh, how tender!

Every line is full of love;

||: Hear, oh, hear it ! :||

Every line is full of love.

2 Hear the heralds of the Gospel,

News from Zion's King proclaim,

To each rebel sinner—"Pardon,

Free forgiveness in his name :"

||: Oh, receive it ! :||

Free forgiveness in his name !

3 Tempted souls, they bring you succor :

Fearful hearts, they quell your fears,

And with news of consolation,

Chase away the falling tears:

||: Tender heralds—:||

Chase away the falling tears.

Allen.

AV. 10s & 4s.

FINE.

T. HASTINGS.

D.C.

"Yet there is room." Luke 14: 22.

10s & 4s.

153 **C**HILD of sin and sorrow, filled with dismay,
Wait not for to-morrow, yield thee to-day ;
Heaven bids thee come,
While yet there's room ;
Child of sin and sorrow, hear and obey.

2 Child of sin and sorrow, why wilt thou die !
Come, while thou canst borrow help from on high ;
Grieve not that love,
Which from above,
Child of sin and sorrow, would bring thee nigh.

3 Child of sin and sorrow, thy moments glide,
Like the flitting arrow or the rushing tide ;
Ere time is o'er,
Heaven's grace implore ;
Child of sin and sorrow, in Christ confide.

Hastings.

WELLS. L. M.

Arr. I. HOLDROYD.

Do it with thy might. Eccl. 9: 10.

L. M.

154 **L**IFE is the time to serve the Lord,
 The time to insure the great reward ;
 And while the lamp holds out to burn,
 The vilest sinner may return.

- 2 Life is the hour that God hath given
 To escape from hell, and fly to heaven ;
 The day of grace, and mortals may
 Secure the blessings of the day.
- 3 The living know that they must die,
 But all the dead forgotten lie ;
 Their memory and their sense is gone,
 Alike unknowing and unknown.
- 4 Their hatred and their love is lost,
 Their envy buried in the dust ;
 They have no share in all that's done
 Beneath the circuit of the sun.
- 5 Then what my thoughts design to do,
 My hands with all your might pursue,
 Since no device nor work is found,
 Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.
- 6 There are no acts of pardon passed
 In the cold grave to which we haste ;
 But darkness, death, and long despair,
 Reign in eternal silence, there.

I. Watts.

LANCASTER. M. 5.

J. S. SHOEMAKER.

2

FINE.

Why will you die. Ezek. 18: 31.

M. 5.

155 **T**ELL us sinner, tell us why
 Will you grieve the Lord and die?
 Why not give your heart to Him,
 While he suffered for your sin?
 He has now in store for thee,
 Grace and love, both full and free;
 He can fill thy heart with peace,
 And thy soul from sin release.

2 "It is finished" Jesus cried;
 Then he bowed His head and died;
 Finished, all is now, that we
 From our sins can be made free.
 He who loved thee, sets thee free,
 For He died to ransom thee,
 And for thee does intercede,
 Then why not for mercy plead.

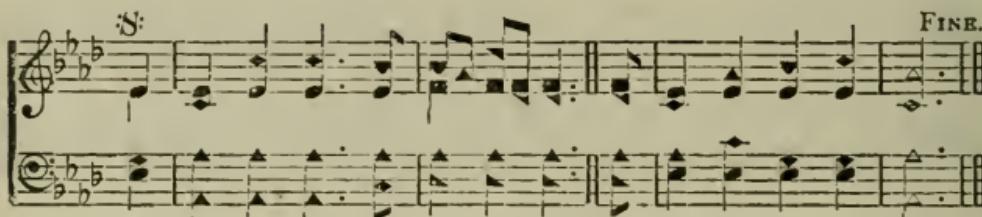
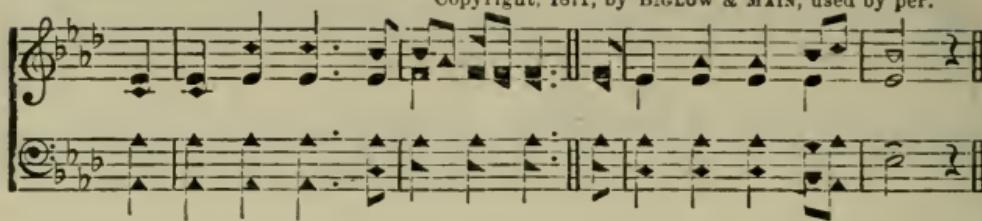
3 Better come before too late,
 Death may seal thy endless fate;
 And the sentence you most fear,
 Depart from me, you will hear.
 If to-day you heed His voice,
 And make him your only choice,
 He will lead you safely on,
 Till you reach the heavenly home.

J. S. Shoemaker.

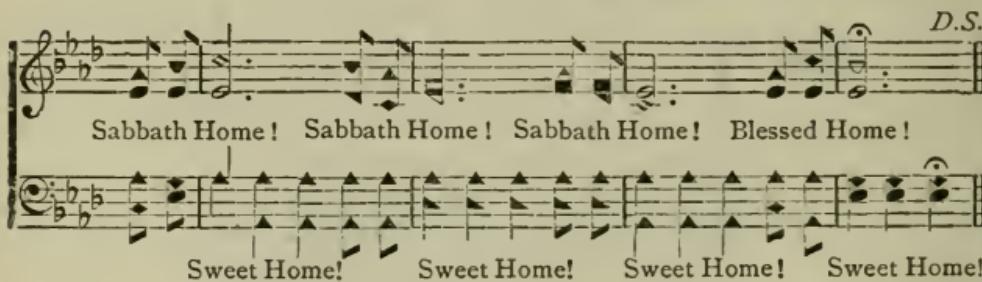
MY SABBATH HOME. G. M.

Copyright, 1871, by BIGLOW & MAIN, used by per.

W. H. DOANE.



My heart e'er turns with joy to thee, My own dear Sab-bath Home.



Sabbath Home! Sabbath Home! Sabbath Home! Blessed Home!

Sweet Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home! Sweet Home!

The Lord is my light and my salvation. Psalm 27: 1. C. M.

156 SWEET Sabbath School! more dear to me
Than fairest palace dome,
My heart e'er turns with joy to thee,
My own dear Sabbath Home.

- 2 Here first my wilful, wand'ring heart,
The way of life was shown;
Here first I sought the better part,
And gained a Sabbath Home.
- 3 Here shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauties still;
Shall share thy messages of love,
And here inquire thy will.
- 4 Here I would find a settled rest,
While others outside roam;
No more a stranger or a guest,
But like a child at Home.

SABBATH. 7s.

L. MASON

Enter into his gates with thanksgiving. Psalm 100: 4. 7s.

157 **S**AFELY through another week,
God has brought us on our way ;
Let us now a blessing seek,
Waiting in his courts to-day :
Day of all the week the best,
Emblem of eternal rest.

2 While we pray for pardoning grace,
Through the dear Reedemer's name,
Show thy reconciling face ;
Take away our sin and shame :
From our worldly cares set free,
May we rest this day in thee.

3 Here we come, thy name to praise ;
Let us feel thy presence near ;
May thy glories meet our eyes,
While we in thy house appear :
Here afford us, Lord, a taste
Of our everlasting feast.

Newton.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Gregorian. Arr. L. MASON, 1825.

As it began to dawn. Matt. 28: 1.

L. M.

158 **M**y op'ning eyes with rapture see
 The dawn of thy returning day ;
 My thoughts, O God, ascend to thee,
 While thus my early vows I pay.

- 2 I yield my heart to thee alone,
 Nor would receive another guest :
 Eternal King, erect thy throne,
 And reign sole monarch in my breast.
- 3 O bid this trifling world retire,
 And drive each carnal thought away,
 Nor let me feel one vain desire,
 One sinful thought, through all the day.
- 4 Then, to thy courts when I repair,
 My soul shall rise on joyful wing,
 The wonders of thy love declare,
 And join the strains which angels sing.

Abide with us, for it is toward evening. Luke 24: 29.

L. M.

159 **A**NOTHER day has passed along,
 And we are nearer to the tomb,—
 Nearer to join the heavenly song,
 Or hear the last eternal doom.

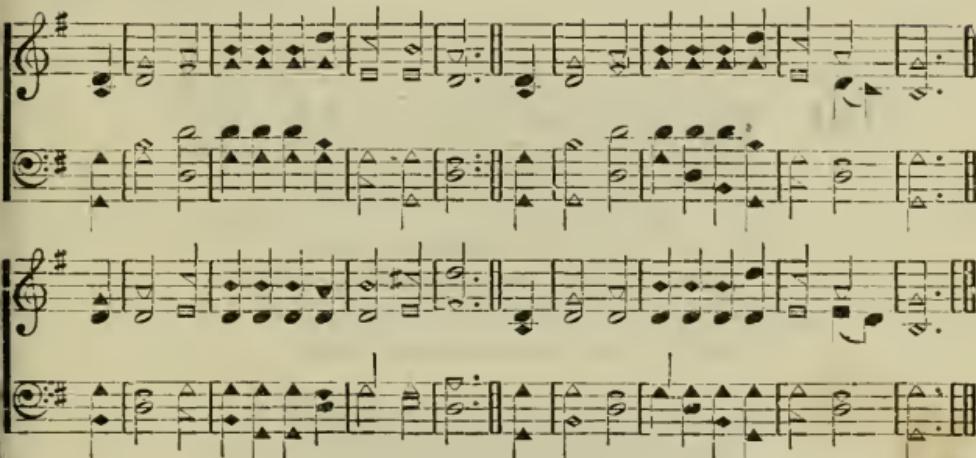
- 2 Sweet is the light of Sabbath eve,
 And soft the sun-beams lingering there ;
 For these blest hours, the world I leave,
 Wafted on wings of faith and prayer.

3 The time, how lovely and how still ;
 Peace shines and smiles on all below—
 The plain, the stream, the wood, the hill—
 All fair with evening's setting glow.

4 Season of rest ! the tranquil soul
 Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love ;
 And while these sacred moments roll
 Faith sees a smiling heav'n above.

5 Nor will our days of toil be long,
 Our pilgrimage will soon be trod ;
 And we shall join the ceaseless song—
 The endless Sabbath of our God.

HOLY REST. M. 55.



The day which the Lord hath made. Psalm 118: 24.

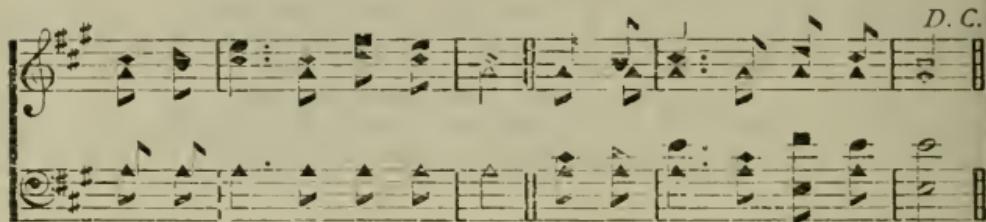
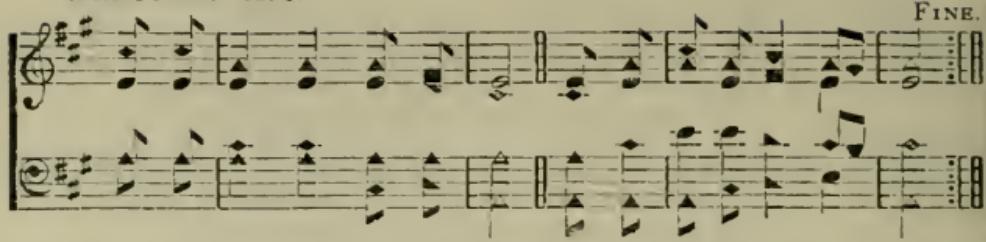
M. 55.

160 A GAIN the day returns of holy rest,
 Which, when He made the world, Jehovah blest ;
 When, like His own, He bade our labors cease,
 And all be piety, and all be peace.

2 Let us devote this consecrated day
 To learn His will, and all we learn obey ;
 So shall He hear, when fervently we raise
 Our choral harmony in hymns of praise.

3 Father in heaven ! in whom our hopes confide,
 Whose power defends us, and whose precepts guide ;
 In life our Guardian, and in death our Friend ;
 Glory supreme be thine, till time shall end.

WELCOME. M. 5.



Return unto thy rest, O my soul. Psalm 116: 7.

M. 5.

161 **W**ELCOME, welcome day of rest,
To the world in kindness given;
Welcome to this care-worn breast,
As the beaming light from heaven;
Day of soft and sweet repose,
Gently now thy moments run;
As the peaceful streamlet flows,
Radiant with a summer's sun.

2 Day of tidings from the skies,
Day of solemn praise and prayer,
Day to make the simple wise,
O how great thy blessings are.
Welcome, welcome day of rest,
With thy influence divine;
May thy hallowed hours be blest,
To this feeble heart of mine.

3 Welcome, welcome day of rest,
Songs of praise ascend on high,
Day of joy and day of rest,
Hallelujahs fill the sky.
Let the Sabbath day be blest,
Humble prayer to God ascend,
Day of joy and day of rest,
God our Father and our Friend.

HOLY SABBATH EVE. 6s & 5s.

F. D. JACOBS, by per.

Grace, mercy, and peace. 1 Tim. 1: 2.

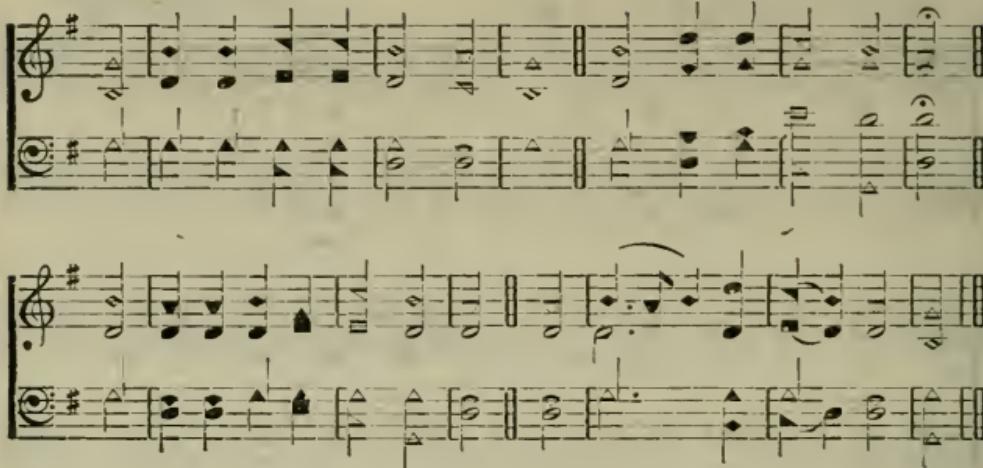
6s & 5s.

162 **H**OLY Sabbath evening,
 Peaceful hour of rest,
 Now thy presence bringing
 Peace to every breast.

- 2 Holy Sabbath evening,
 Ever calm and still,
 With sweet thoughts thy presence,
 Ev'ry heart shall fill.
- 3 Holy Sabbath evening,
 Bringing sweet repose,
 Peacefully in slumber
 May our eyelids close
- 4 Jesus, grant thy children
 Calm and sweet repose;
 With thy tenderest blessing
 Let our eyelids close.
- 5 Through the long night watches,
 May thine angels spread
 Their white wings above us,
 Standing round our bed.
- 6 When the morning wakens,
 Then may we arise
 Pure, and fresh, and sinless,
 In thy holy eyes.

PETERBORO. C. M.

RALPH HARRISON, 1786.

*Day unto day uttereth speech. Ps. 19: 2.*

C. M.

163 **O**NCE more, my soul, the rising day
 Salutes thy waking eyes ;
 Once more, my voice, thy tribute pay
 To him that rules the skies.

- 2 Night unto night his name repeats,
 The day renews the sound,
 Wide as the heaven on which he sits,
 To turn the seasons round.
- 3 'Tis he supports my mortal frame ;
 My tongue shall speak his praise ;
 My sins would rouse his wrath to flame,
 And yet his wrath delays.
- 4 On a poor worm thy power might tread,
 And I could ne'er withstand ;
 Thy justice might have crushed me dead,
 But mercy held thy hand.
- 5 A thousand wretched souls are fled
 Since the last setting sun,
 And yet thou lengthenest out my thread,
 And yet my moments run.
- 6 O God, let all my hours be thine,
 Whilst I enjoy the light :
 Then shall my sun in smiles decline,
 And bring a peaceful night.

Divine protection acknowledged. Psalm 3: 5.

C. M.

164 **M**y God was with me all the night,
And gave me sweet repose;
His angels watch'd me while I slept,
Or I had never rose.

- 2 Now for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I'll pay,
And unto God I'll dedicate
The first fruits of the day.
- 3 In pressing dangers, fears and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore,
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.
- 4 My life, if thou preserve my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, when death must be my lot,
Shall join my soul to thee.

For the Lord preserveth the faithful. Psalm 31: 23.

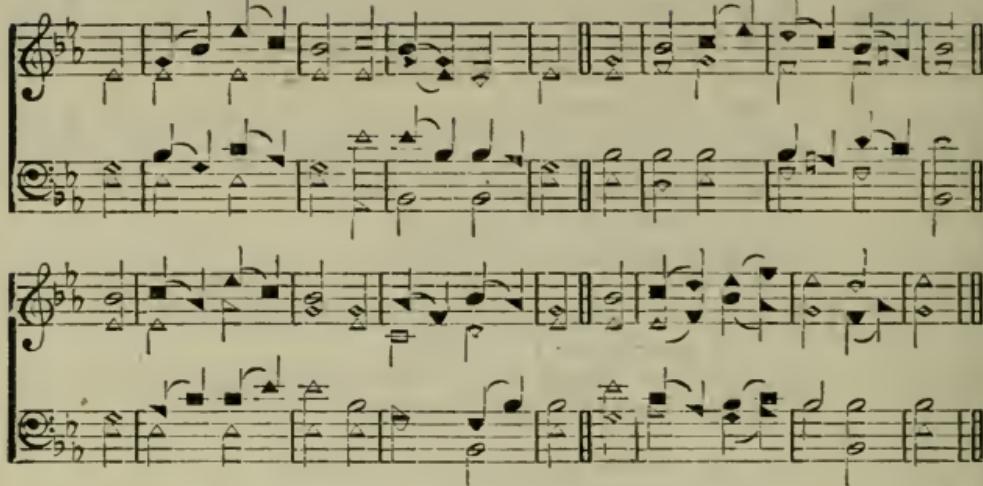
C. M.

165 **G**OD of my life, my morning song
To thee I gladly raise;
Thy act of love 'tis good to sing,
And pleasant 'tis to praise.

- 2 Preserved by thy Almighty arm,
I passed the shades of night,
Serene—and safe from every harm,
To see the morning light.
- 3 While numbers spent the night in sighs,
And restless pains and woes,
In gentle sleep I closed my eyes,
And rose from sweet repose.
- 4 When sleep, death's image, o'er me spread,
And I unconscious lay,
Thy watchful care was round my bed,
To guard my feeble clay.
- 5 O let the same Almighty care
Through all this day attend;
From every danger, every snare,
My heedless steps defend.

WARWICK. C. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1773

*My voice shalt thou hear in the morning. Ps. 5: 3.*

C. M.

166 **L**ORD, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thy holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 Oh, may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness;
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

The Lord sustained me. Ps. 3: 5.

C. M.

167 **G**REAT God, preserved by thine arm,
 I passed the shades of night;
 Serene—and safe from every harm,
 And see returning light.

2 Oh ! let the same Almighty care
 My wakeful hours defend ;
 From every danger, every snare,
 My heedless steps defend.

3 Smile on my minutes as they roll,
 And guide my future days ;
 And let thy goodness fill my soul
 With gratitude and praise.

TRUSTING. M. 5.

W. G. FISCHER.

I will instruct thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee.

Ps. 32: 8. M. 5.

168 Now the shades of night are gone ;
 Now the morning light is come ;
 Lord, may I be thine to-day —
 Drive the shades of sin away.

2 Fill my soul with heavenly light,
 Banish doubt, and cleanse my sight ;
 In thy service, Lord, to-day,
 Help me labor, help me pray.

3 Keep my haughty passions bound —
 Save me from my foes around ;
 Going out and coming in,
 Keep me safe from every sin.

4 When my work of life is past,
 Oh ! receive me then at last !
 Night of sin will be no more
 When I reach the heavenly shore.

GRATITUDE. C. M.

BY COM.

I will sing aloud of thy mercy in the morning. Ps. 59: 16. C. M.

169 I owe the Lord a morning song
Of gratitude and praise,
For the kind mercy He has shown
In lengthening out my days:

- 2 He kept me safe another night ;
I see another day,
Now may His Spirit as the light
Direct me in His way.
- 3 Keep me from danger and from sin ;
Help me thy will to do,
So that my heart be pure within ;
And I thy goodness know.
- 4 Keep me till thou wilt call me hence,
Where never night can be,
And save me, Lord, for Jesus' sake,—
He shed his blood for me.

Amos Herr.

The Lord sustained me. Ps. 3: 5.

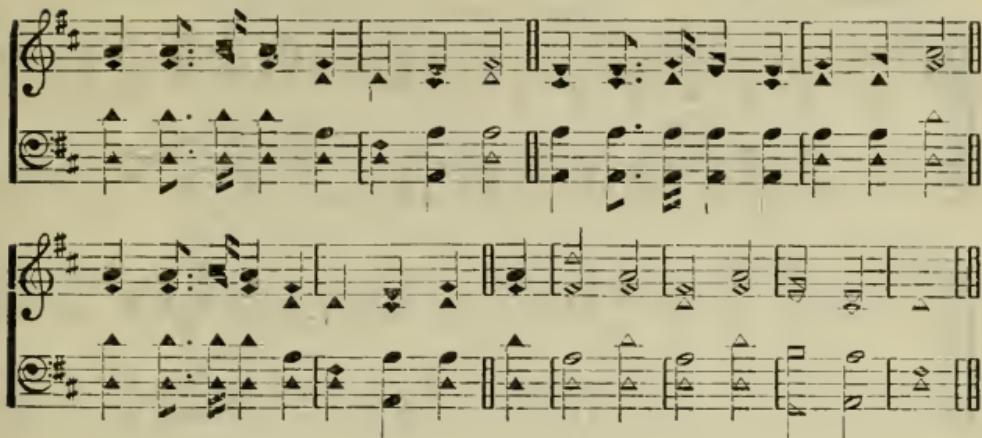
C. M.

170 L ORD, for the mercies of the night
My humble thanks I pay ;
And unto thee I dedicate
The first-fruits of the day.

- 2 Let this day praise thee, O my God,
And so let all my days ;
And oh, let mine eternal day
Be thine eternal praise.

John Mason, 1683.

RANTOLS. L. M.

*"We spend our years as a tale. Psalm 90.*

L. M.

171 A NOTHER year, another year,
Hath sped its flight on silent wing,
And all that marked its brief career
Hath passed from mortal reckoning.

2 Lord, for thy grace and patient love,
Unwearied still, and still the same,
For all our hopes of joy above,
We laud and bless thy holy name.

3 Still bear with us, and bless us still ;
And, while in this dark world we stay,
Oh, let us love thy sacred will,
Oh, let us keep thy narrow way.

Littledale.

Thou crownest the year. Psalm 65.

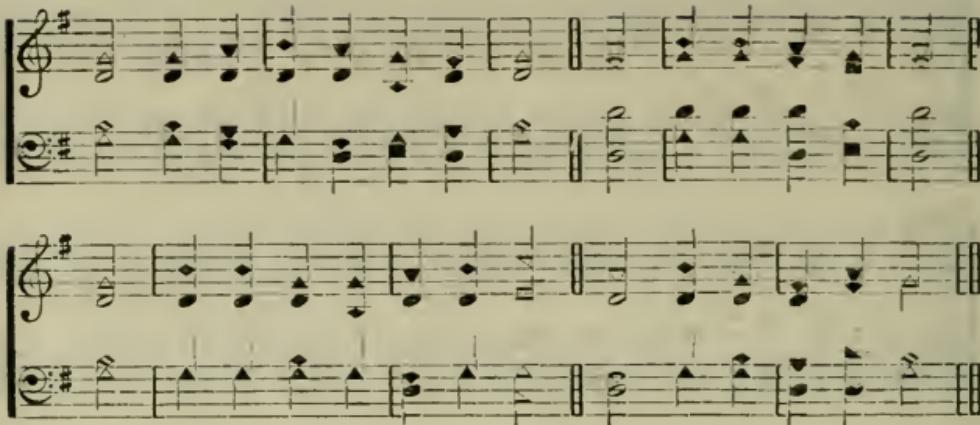
L. M.

172 G REAT God ! we sing that mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand ;
The opening year thy mercy shows,
That mercy crowns it till its close.

2 By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God,
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

3 With grateful hearts the past we own ;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And peaceful leave before thy feet.

ELIDA. C. M.

*Reflection at the end of the year.*

C. M.

173 **A**ND now, my soul, another year,
 Of thy short life is past ;
 I can not long continue here,
 And this may be my last.

- 2 Much of my hasty life is gone,
 Nor will return again ;
 And swift my passing moments run—
 The few that yet remain.
- 3 Awake, my soul, with utmost care
 Thy true condition learn :
 What are thy hopes ? how sure ? how fair ?
 What is thy great concern ?
- 4 Behold another year begins ;
 Set out afresh for heav'n ;
 Seek pardon for thy former sins,
 In Christ so freely given.
- 5 Devoutly yield thyself to God,
 And on his grace depend ;
 With zeal pursue the heav'nly road,
 Nor doubt a happy end.

We spend our years as a tale that is told. Psalm 90: 9.

C. M.

174 **O**UR life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh ;
 The moment when our lives begin
 We all begin to die.

2 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favors share ;
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace,
 Thou load'st the rolling year.

3 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are clothed with love ;
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

4 His goodness runs on endless round,
 All glory to the Lord !
 His mercy never knows a bound,
 And be his name adored !

5 Thus we begin the lasting song,
 And when we close our eyes,
 Let future ages praise prolong,
 Till time and nature dies.

Remember, O Lord, thy tender mercies. Psalm 25: 6.

C. M.

175 **N**ow, gracious Lord, thine arm reveal,
 And make thy glory known :
 Now let us all thy presence feel,
 And soften hearts of stone.

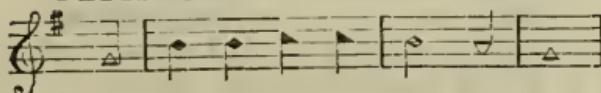
2 From all the guilt and former sin,
 May mercy set us free ;
 And let the year we now begin,
 Begin and end with thee.

3 Send down thy Spirit from above,
 That saints may love thee more ;
 And sinners now may learn to love,
 Who never loved before.

4 And when before thee we appear,
 In our eternal home,
 May growing numbers worship here,
 And praise thee in our room.

PETERBORO.

No. 163.



THE PENITENT. M. 4.

C. G. ALLEN.

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Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted. Matt. 5: 4. M. 4.

176 CAN my soul find rest from sorrow?
 Can my sins forgiven be?
 Must I wait until to-morrow
 Ere my Saviour speaks to me?
 Will he speak in words of kindness,
 Will he wash away my sin?
 Will he lift this veil of blindness,
 And remove this deadly pain?

2 O the darkness, how it thickens,
 Like the brooding of despair!
 And my soul within me sickens—
 God, in mercy, hear my prayer!
 Give me but a hope to cherish,
 Give me just one ray of light—
 Help me, save me, or I perish,
 Take away this awful night!

God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.
Gal. 6: 14. M. 4.

177 LAMB of God, we fall before Thee,
 Humbly trusting in Thy cross;
 That alone be all our glory,
 All things else are only dross.
 Thee we own a perfect Saviour,
 Only source of all that's good:
 Ev'ry grace and ev'ry favor
 Comes to us through Jesus' blood.

2 Jesus gives us true repentance,
 By His Spirit sent from heaven ;
 Whispers this transporting sentence,
 "Son, thy sins are all forgiven."
 Faith He grants us to believe it,
 Grateful hearts His love to prize :
 Want we wisdom ? He must give it ;
 Hearing ears, and seeing eyes.

3 Jesus gives us pure affections,
 Wills to do what he requires ;
 Makes us follow His directions,
 And what He commands—inspires
 All our prayers, and all our praises,
 Rightly offer'd in His name,
 He that dictates them is Jesus ;
 He that answers is the same.

Behold what manner of love. 1 John 3: 1.

M. 4.

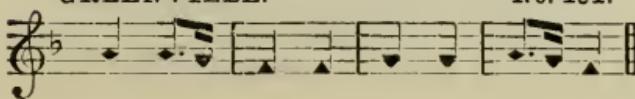
178 **L**ove divine, all love excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down !
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling ;
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Jesus, thou art all compassion,
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation ;
 Enter every trembling heart.

2 Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast !
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find that second rest.
 Take away our power of sinning ;
 Alpha and Omega be ;
 End of faith, as its beginning,
 Set our hearts at liberty.

Wesley, 1757.

GREENVILLE.

No. 151.



CRYSTAL FOUNTAIN. M. 4.

A. L. LANDIS.

Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.

Matt. 11: 25. M. 4.

179 At the door of mercy sighing
 With the burden of my sin,
 Day and night my soul is crying,
 "Open, Lord, and let me in."
 Waiting mid the darkness dreary,
 Stretching out my hands to Thee,
 In the refuge for the weary
 Is there not a place for me?

2 I have sought to earn thy favor,
 Caring not for toil or cost;
 Yet I find not him my Saviour,
 Him who came to seek the lost.
 Blessed Master! in thy pity
 Teach me what I ought to do,
 So that in the holy city
 I may gain an entrance too.

3 Hark! what sounds mine ear receiveth,
 Sweet as songs of seraphim!
 "He that in the Lord believeth
 Life eternal hath in Him.
 At the outer door why staying?
 Nothing, soul! hast thou to pay:
 Christ in love to thee is saying,
 Weary child, come in to-day."

4 I knew not of Jesus' kindness!
 I knew not of Jesus' grace!
 Oh, the blackness of the blindness
 That could not behold his face!
 I saw not the door was open,
 Nor my Lord invite me in:
 Grace is mine beyond my hoping,
 Mercy mightier than my sin.

Thos. MacKellar, 1871.

Thou knowest that I love thee. John 21: 17.

M. 4.

180

ART thou in thy spirit lowly,
 Like the man of Nazareth?
 Art thou seeking to be wholly
 Join'd to him, come life, come death?
 Lov'st thou Jesus
 More than thine own vital breath?

2 Is thy bosom full of sorrow?
 Is a cloud upon thy way?
 Why the worldling's burden borrow?
 Child of grace and promise, say!
 Lov'st thou Jesus?
 Joy should be thy guest to-day.

3 Hath God made all men to praise thee?
 Or art thou to fame unknown?
 Only seek that he should raise thee
 Up to an immortal throne.
 Lov'st thou Jesus?
 He'll provide for all his own.

4 Care not thou how low thy station,
 If thy God hath chosen thee
 Heir of glory and salvation
 Now and evermore to be!
 Lov'st thou Jesus?
 Life is thine eternally.

Thos. MacKellar, 1870.

WOODWORTH. L. M.

WILLIAM B. BRADBURY, 1840.

Behold the lamb of God. John 1: 29.

L. M.

181 **J**UST as I am, without one plea,
 But that thy blood was shed for me,
 And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

2 Just as I am, and waiting not
 To rid my soul of one dark blot,
 To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

3 Just as I am, though tossed about
 With many a conflict, many a doubt,
 Fightings within, and fears without,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

4 Just as I am—poor, wretched, blind;
 Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
 Yea, all I need, in thee to find,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
 Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve,
 Because thy promise I believe,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
 Hath broken every barrier down :
 Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
 O Lamb of God, I come ! I come !

A broken heart God's sacrifice. Psalm 51: 17.

L. M.

182

A BROKEN heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

- 2 My soul is humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 3 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sov'reign grace;
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 4 Oh, may thy love inspire my tongue;
Salvation shall be all my song;
And all my pow'rs shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and right eousness.

Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth. 1 Sam. 3: 10.

L. M.

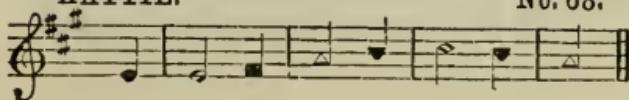
183

WHILE now thy throne of grace we seek,
O God! within our spirits speak;
For we will hear thy voice to-day,
Nor turn our harden'd hearts away.

- 2 Speak in thy gentlest tones of love,
Till all our best affections move;
We long to hear thy gentle call,
And feel that thou art all in all.
- 3 To conscience speak thy quick'ning word,
Till all its sense of sin is stirr'd;
For we would leave no stain of guile,
To cloud the radiance of thy smile.
- 4 Speak to convince, forgive, console:
Childlike we yield to thy control:
These hearts, too often clos'd before,
Would grieve thy patient love no more.

HATTIE.

No. 68.



YARBROUGH. M. 5.

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CHO.-Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for-ev- er more to be;

D.C.

Lord, I give my life to thee, Thine for- ev - er more to be.

He died that we should live unto Him which died and rose again.

2 Cor. 5: 15. M. 5.

184 TAKE my life and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee ;
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love.

2 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee ;
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only for my King.

3 Take my silver and my gold,
 Not a mite would I withhold ;
 Take my moments and my days,
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.

4 Take my will and make it thine,
 It shall be no longer mine ;
 Take my heart, it is thine own,
 It shall be thy royal throne.

5 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store ;
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee.

Miss Frances R. Havergal.

Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners. 1 Tim. 1: 15. M. 5.

185 DEPTH of mercy ! can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me ?
 Can my God his wrath forbear ?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare ?

2 I have scorned the Son of God,
Trampled on his precious blood,
Would not hearken to his calls,
Grieved him by a thousand falls.

3 Lord, incline me to repent;
Let me now my fall lament—
Deeply my revolt deplore,
Weep, believe, and sin no more.

4 Still for me the Saviour stands,
Shows his wounds, and spreads his hands:
God is love, I know, I feel;
Jesus weeps, and loves me still.

C. Wesley, 1740.

Prepare to meet thy God. Amos 4: 12.

M. 5.

186

SINNER, art thou still secure?
Wilt thou still refuse to pray?
Can thy heart or hands endure
In the Lord's avenging day?

2 Who His advent may abide?
You that glory in your shame,
Will you find a place to hide
When the world is wrapt in flame?

3 Then the rich, the great, the wise,
Trembling, guilty, self-condemned,
Must behold the wrathful eyes
Of the Judge they once blasphemed.

4 Where are now their haughty looks?
Oh, their horror and despair,
When they see the opened books,
And their dreadful sentence hear!

5 Oh, when flesh and heart shall fail,
Let Thy love our spirits cheer,
Strengthened thus, we shall prevail
Over Satan, sin, and fear.

6 Trusting in Thy precious name,
May we thus our journey end;
Then our foes shall lose their aim,
And the Judge shall be our Friend.

John Newton, 1779.

LOTTIE. S. M.

He beheld the city, and wept over it. Luke 19: 41.

S. M.

187 DID Christ o'er sinners weep,
And shall our cheeks be dry?
Let tears of penitential grief
Flow forth from ev'ry eye.

- 2 The Son of God in tears,
The wond'ring angels see;
Be thou astonish'd, O my soul!
He shed those tears for thee.
- 3 He wept that we might weep;
Each sin demands a tear;
In heav'n alone no sin is found,
And there's no weeping there.

Thou son of David have mercy. Mark 10: 47.

S. M.

188 HAVE mercy, Lord, on me,
As thou wert ever kind;
Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
The wonted pardon find.

- 2 Against thee, Lord, alone,
And only in thy sight,
Have I transgressed; and tho' condemned,
Must own thy judgments right.
- 3 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean—
An upright mind renew.

I NEED THEE. M. 14.

H. S. RUPP.

FINE.

D. C.

Lo I am with you always. Matt. 28: 20.

M. 14.

189

I NEED thee, precious Jesus,
 For I am very poor;
 A stranger and a pilgrim,
 I have no earthly store;
 I need the love of Jesus
 To cheer me on my way,
 To guide my doubting footsteps,
 To be my strength and stay.

2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
 I need a friend like thee,
 A friend to soothe and pity,
 A friend to care for me:
 I need the heart of Jesus
 To feel each anxious care,
 To tell my every trial,
 And all my sorrows share.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
 I need thee day by day,
 To fill me with thy fullness,
 To lead me on my way;
 I need thy Holy Spirit
 To teach me what I am,
 To show me more of Jesus,
 And point me to the Lamb.

LAKE ENON. S. M.

To seek and to save. Luke 19: 10.

S. M.

190 **A** ssist thy servant, Lord,
The gospel to proclaim ;
Let power and love attend thy word,
And every breast inflame.

2 Bid unbelief depart ;
With love his soul inflame ;
Take full posession of his heart,
And glorify thy name.

3 May stubborn sinners bend
To thy divine control ;
Constrain the wandering to attend,
And make the wounded whole.

4 Extend thy conquering arm,
With banner wide unfurled,
Until thy glorious grace shall charm,
And harmonize the world.

Casting our cares upon him. 1 Pet. 5: 7.

S. M.

191 **J**ESUS, who knows full well
The heart of every saint,
Invites us all our griefs to tell,
To pray, and never faint.

2 He bows his gracious ear—
We never plead in vain ;
Then let us wait till he appear,
And pray. and pray again

3 Jesus, the Lord, will hear
 His chosen when they cry;
 Yes, though he may awhile forbear,
 He'll help them from on high.

4 Then let us earnest cry,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He sees, he hears, and from on high
 Will make our cause his care.

Newton.

Thou art the guide of my youth. Jer. 3: 4.

S. M.

192 **W**ITH humble heart and tongue,
 My God, to thee I pray;
 Oh make me learn, while I am young,
 How I may cleanse my way.

2 Make an unguarded youth
 The object of thy care;
 Help me to choose the way of truth,
 And fly from every snare.

3 My heart to folly prone,
 Renew by power divine;
 Unite it to thyself alone,
 And make me wholly thine.

4 Oh, let thy word of grace
 My warmest thoughts employ;
 Be this through my remaining days,
 My treasure and my joy.

5 To what thy laws impart,
 Be my whole soul inclined;
 Oh, let them dwell within my heart,
 And sanctify my mind.

6 May thy young servant learn,
 By these to cleanse his way;
 And may I here the path discern,
 That leads to endless day.

LOTTIE.

No. 187.



ELIZABETHTOWN. C. M.

GEO. KINGSLEY.

*Enoch walked with God. Gen. 5: 22.*

C. M.

193 **O** for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame!
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

- 2 Where is the blessedness I knew
 When first I saw the Lord?
 Where is the soul-refreshing view
 Of Jesus and his word?
- 3 What peaceful hours I once onjoyed;
 How sweet their memory still!
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.
- 4 Return, O holy Dove, return,
 Sweet messenger of rest!
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.
- 5 The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only Thee.
- 6 So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper, 1772.

“Deliver my feet from falling.” Psalm 56: 13.

C. M.

194

A LAS! what hourly dangers rise,
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, oh, let me lift mine eyes,
And hourly watch and pray.

- 2 Increase my faith, increase my hope,
When fears and foes prevail;
And bear my fainting spirit up,
Or soon my strength will fail.
- 3 Oh! keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And let me never, never stray
From happiness and thee.

Mrs. Steele.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Psalm 23: 1.

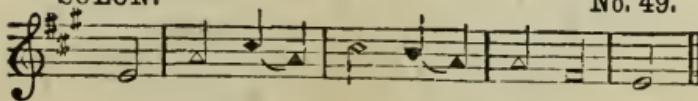
C. M.

195

SHEPHERD divine, our wants relieve,
In this our evil day;
To all thy tempted foll'wers give
The power to watch and pray.

- 2 Long as our fiery trials last,
Long as the cross we bear;
Oh, let our souls on thee be cast
In never-ceasing prayer!
- 3 The spirit of redeeming grace,
Give us in faith to claim;
To wrestle till we see thy face,
And know thy hidden name.
- 4 Till thou thy perfect love impart,
Till thou thyself bestow;
Be this the cry of every heart,
“I will not let thee go.”
- 5 Then let me on the mountain top
Behold thy open face,
Where faith in sight is swallowed up,
And prayer in endless praise.

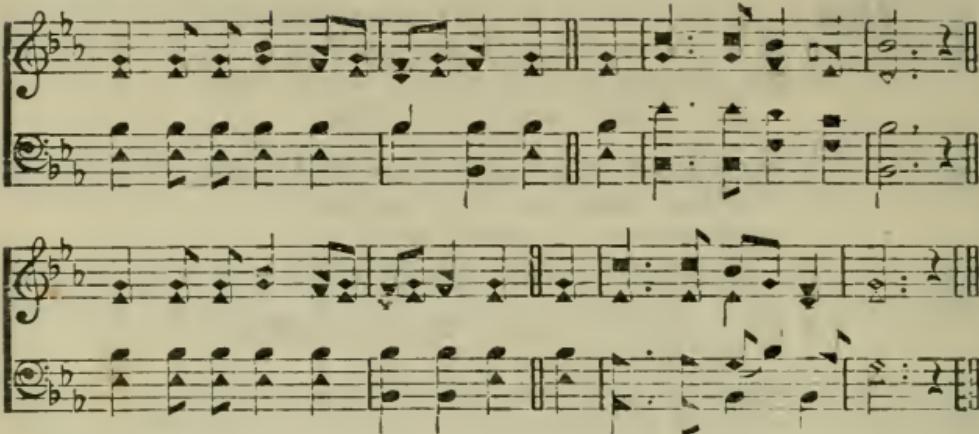
SOLON.



No. 49.

NAOMI. C. M.

H. G. NÆGELI, 1832.

*Let the peace of God rule in your hearts. Col. 3: 15.*

C. M.

196 FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
 Thy sov'reign will denies,
 Accepted at thy throne of grace
 Let this petition rise:—

- 2 Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
 From every murmur free ;
 The blessings of thy grace impart,
 And make me live to thee.
- 3 Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
 My life and death attend ;
 Thy presence thro' my journey shine,
 And crown my journey's end.

Anne Steele.

Order my steps in thy word : and let not any iniquity have dominion over me.
Psalm 119: 133. C. M.

197 GIVE me to know thy will, O God,
 And may I see to-day
 A light from heaven upon my road
 To clearly point the way :

- 2 That I may know just what to do,
 And what to leave undone,
 And be unto thy service true
 From dawn to setting sun :
- 3 That I may speak the timely word,
 And timely silence keep,—
 By passion's hasty words unstirr'd
 That cause the soul to weep .

- 4 That I may hold my thoughts in check,
And every wild desire
That rises quick at pleasure's beck
And flames into a fire :
- 5 That I may kiss the needed rod,
And patient bear the blow ;
And say, 'Tis from the love of God ;
My Father wills it so.
- 6 Lord Jesus ! from thy holy place
The Spirit on me breathe :
Open the mantle of thy grace
And keep my soul beneath.

Thos. MacKellar, 1880.

Thy mercy, O Lord, is in the heavens. Psalm 36: 5.

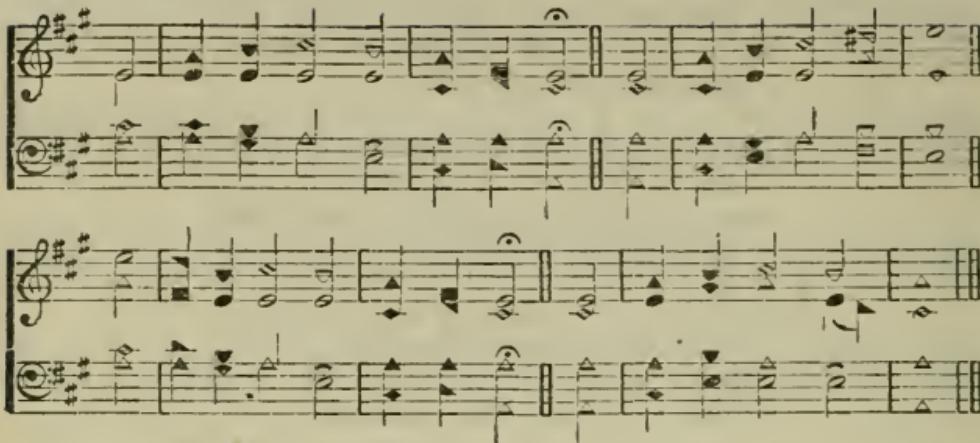
C. M.

198

ABOVE the trembling elements,
Above life's restless sea,
Dear Saviour, lift my spirit up,—
Oh, lift me up to thee !

- 2 Great calmness there, sweet patience too
Upon thy face I see :
I would be calm and patient, Lord,
Oh, lift me up to thee !
- 3 I am not weary of thy work,
From earth I would not flee ;
But while I walk, and while I serve,
Oh, lift me up to thee !
- 4 That I may bless my tender friends,
And those who love not me ;
Oh, lift me high above myself,
Dear Jesus, up to thee !
- 5 Whatever falls, of good or ill,
Thy hand, thy care I see,
And while these varied dealings pass,
Oh, lift me up to thee !
- 6 And when my eyes close for the last,
Still this my prayer shall be,—
Dear Saviour, lift my spirit up,
And lift me up to thee.

MEMPHIS. C. M.



I have stretched out my hands unto thee. Psalm 88: 9. C. M.

199 FATHER, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know ;
If thou withdraw thyself from me,
Ah, whither shall I go ?

- 2 What did thy only Son endure,
Before I drew my breath !
What pain, what labor to secure
My soul from endless death !
- 3 O Jesus, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power ;
Now my poor soul thou would'st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.
- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes ;
O may I now receive that gift,
My soul without it dies.

Descending from heaven like a dove. John 1: 32.

C. M.

200 COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning powers ;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.

- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys ;
Our souls can neither fly nor go,
To reach eternal joys !

3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

4 Father, and shall we ever live,
 At this poor, dying rate?
 Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
 And thine to us so great?

5 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quick'ning powers;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours.

Isaac Watts, 1809.

The Father seeketh such to worship him. John 4: 23.

C. M.

201 PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Unuttered or expressed;
 The motion of a hidden fire
 That trembles in the breast.

2 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

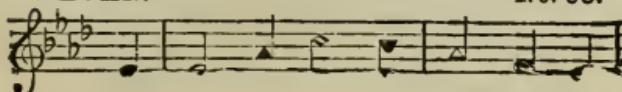
3 Prayer is the simplest form of speech
 That infant lips can try;
 Prayer, the sublimest strains that reach,
 The Majesty on high.

4 Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
 Returning from his ways,
 While angels in their songs rejoice,
 And say, "Behold, he prays!"

5 Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air,
 His watchword at the gate of death—
 He enters heaven with prayer.

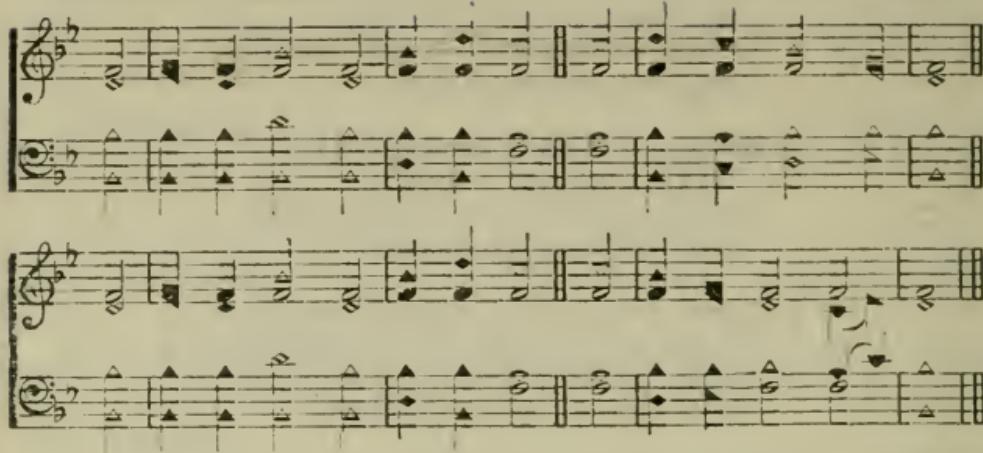
EVAN.

No. 98.



SOLITUDE. C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.

*Create in me a clean heart. Ps. 51: 10.*

C. M.

202 O H, FOR a heart to praise my God,
 A heart from sin set free!
 A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
 So freely shed for me.

- 2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek—
 My dear Redeemer's throne ;
 Where only Christ is heard to speak,
 Where Jesus reigns alone.
- 3 A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good—
 A copy, Lord, of thine.
- 4 An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
 Believing, true and clean,
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells within.

C. Wesley.

In spirit and in truth. John 4: 23.

C. M.

203 O NCE more we come before our God,
 Once more his blessing ask.
 Oh, may not duty seem a load,
 Nor worship prove a task.

- 2 Father, thy quickening Spirit send
 On us in Jesus' name ;
 To make our waiting minds attend,
 And put our souls in frame.

3 May we receive the word we hear,
 Each in an honest heart;
 Hoard up the precious treasure there,
 And never with it part.

4 To seek thee all our hearts dispose,
 To each thy blessings suit;
 And let the seed thy servant sows,
 Produce abundant fruit.

5 The thirsty bless with heavenly showers,
 The cold with warmth divine;
 And as the benefit is ours,
 Be all the glory thine.

Joseph Hart, 1768.

"He shall hide me." Psalm 27: 5-9.

C. M.

204 DEAR Father, to thy mercy-seat
 My soul for shelter flies,
 'Tis here I find a safe retreat
 When storms and tempests rise.

2 My cheerful hope can never die,
 If thou, my God, art near;
 Thy grace can raise my comforts high,
 And banish every fear.

3 Oh, never let my soul remove
 From this divine retreat!
 Still let me trust thy power and love,
 And dwell beneath thy feet.

Mrs. Steele.

Be renewed in the spirit of your mind. Eph. 4: 23.

C. M.

205 OH, could I find from day to day
 A nearness to my God!
 Then would my hours glide sweet away,
 While leaning on his word.

2 Lord, I desire with Thee to live
 Anew from day to day,
 In joys the world can never give
 Nor ever take away.

3 Blest Jesus, come, and rule my heart,
 And make me wholly thine,
 That I may never more depart,
 Nor grieve thy love divine.

Benjamin Cleveland, ab. 1790.

GIVE ME A FOOTHOLD. C. M. D.

H. S. RUPP.

And the rock was Christ. 1 Cor. 10: 4.

C. M. D.

206

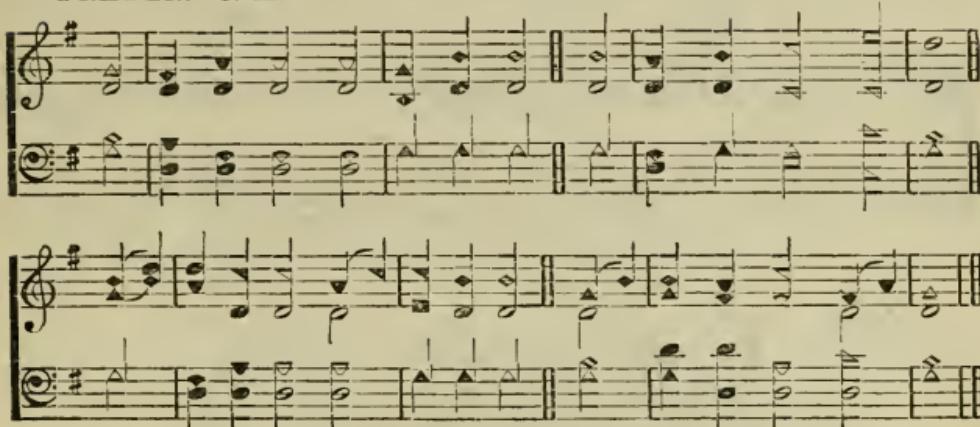
GIVE me a foothold on the rock:
 The billows round me roll:
 Let not their wild, impetuous shock
 O'erwhelm my trembling soul.
 O thou that walkest on the wave,
 Thou Ruler of the sea,
 Stretch forth thy mighty arm to save
 The soul that calls on thee.

- 2 Give me a foothold on the rock,
 O Saviour of the lost!
 The world and sin my struggles mock,
 And I am tempest-tost.
 I strive to reach an anchoring place:
 My God, give me a stay;
 Extend to me thy hand of grace,
 Lest I be cast away.
- 3 Give me a foothold on the rock,
 Till voices 'yond the sea,
 Like evening chimings of the clock,
 Bid welcome home to me.

The day of toil and watching o'er,
 The night of sorrow past,
 I step upon the eternal shore,
 And rest in peace at last.

Thos. MacKellar.

PRAYER. C. M.

*Lord, remember me. Luke 23: 42.*

C. M.

207 JESUS, thou art the sinner's Friend;
 As such I look to thee;
 Now in the fullness of thy love,
 O Lord! remember me.

2 Remember thy pure word of grace,
 Remember Calvary;
 Remember all thy dying groans,
 And then remember me.

3 Thou wondrous Advocate with God!
 I yield myself to thee;
 While thou art sitting on thy throne,
 O Lord! remember me.

4 I own I'm guilty, own I'm vile,
 Yet thy salvation's free;
 Then in thy all-abounding grace,
 O Lord! remember me.

5 Howe'er forsaken or distressed,
 Howe'er oppressed I be,
 Howe'er afflicted here on earth,
 Do thou remember me.

Richard Burnham, 1783.

URVILLA. L. M.

C. J. MILLER.

Take heed, therefore, how ye hear. Luke 8: 18.

L. M.

208 **T**HY presence, gracious God, afford;
 Prepare us to receive thy word;
 Now let thy voice engage our ear,
 And faith be mix'd with what we hear.

- 2 Distracting thoughts and cares remove,
 And fix our hearts and hopes above;
 With food divine may we be fed,
 And satisfied with living bread.
- 3 To us thy sacred word apply,
 With sov'reign pow'r and energy,
 And may we, in thy faith and fear
 Reduce to practice what we hear.
- 4 Father, in us thy Son reveal;
 Teach us to know and do thy will;
 Thy saving pow'r and love display,
 And guide us to the realms of day.

Be kind to one another. Eph. 4: 32.

L. M.

209 **J**ESUS, my Saviour, let me be
 More perfectly conformed to thee,
 Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
 And form my temper like thine own.

- 2 My foe, when hungry, let me feed,
 Share in his grief, supply his need;
 The haughty frown may I not fear,
 But with a lowly meekness bear.

- 3 Let the envenomed heart and tongue,
The hand outstretched to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once expressed.
- 4 To others let me always give
What I from others would receive ;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.
- 5 This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are ;
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

First of all, supplications. 1 Tim. 2: 1.

L. M.

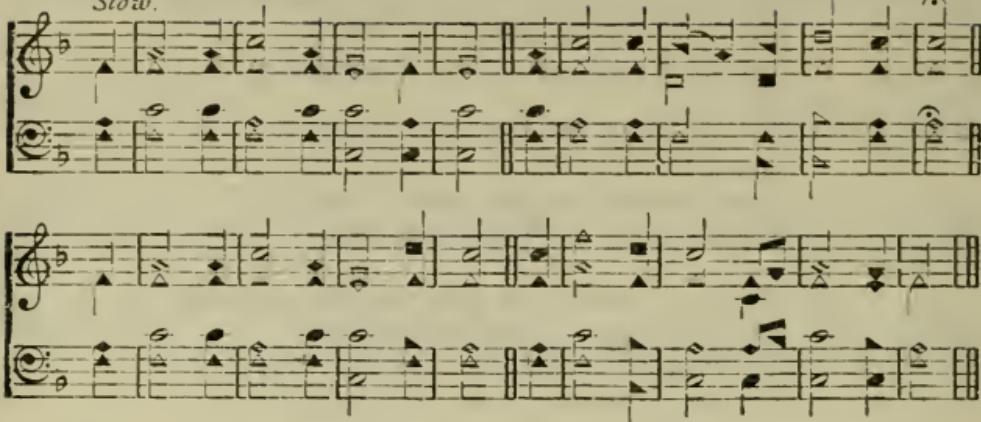
210 **W**E pray for those who do not pray !
Who waste, O Lord, salvation's day :
For those we love who love not thee ;—
Our grief, their danger, pitying see.

- 2 Those for whom many tears are shed,
And blessings breathed upon their head ;
The children of thy people save,
From godless life and hopeless grave.
- 3 Hear fathers, mothers, as they pray
For sons, for daughters, far away—
Brother for brother, friend for friend—
Hear all our prayers that upward blend.
- 4 We pray for those who long have heard,
But still neglect thy gracious word ;
Soften the hearts obdurate made
By calls unheeded, vows delayed.
- 5 Release the drunkard from his chain,
Save those beguiled by pleasure vain,
Set free the slaves of lust, and bring
Back to their home the wandering.
- 6 The hopeless cheer ; guide those who doubt ;
Restore the lost ; cast no one out ;
For all that are far off we pray,
Since we were once far off as they.

SHARON. L. M.

Slow.

By Com.

*He will guide you into all truth. John 16: 13.*

L. M.

211 COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With light and comfort from above ;
 Be thou our guardian, thou our guide,
 O'er every thought and step preside.

2 The light of truth to us display,
 And make us know and choose thy way ;
 Plant holy fear in every heart,
 That we from God may ne'er depart.

3 Lead us to holiness—the road
 Which we must take to dwell with God ;
 Lead us to Christ, the living way ;
 Nor let us from his pastures stray.

4 Lead us to God, our final rest,
 To be with him for ever blest ;
 Lead us to heaven, its bliss to share—
 Fullness of joy for ever there.

S. Browne.

"Denying ungodliness." Tit. 2: 12.

L. M.

212 MY God, permit me not to be
 A stranger to myself and thee :
 Amid a thousand thoughts I rove,
 Forgetful of my highest love.

2 Why should my passions mix with earth,
 And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
 Why should I cleave to things below,
 And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

3 Call me away from flesh and sense ;
 One sovereign word can draw me thence ;
 I would obey the voice divine,
 And all inferior joys resign.

4 Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
 Let noise and vanity be gone ;
 In secret silence of the mind
 My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Gathered together in my name. Matt. 18: 20.

L. M.

213 **W**ITH thankful hearts we meet, O Lord,
 To sing thy praise and hear thy word,
 To seek thy face in earnest prayer,
 To cast on thee each earthly care.

2 Dear Shepherd of thy chosen flock,
 Thy people's shield, their shadowing rock,
 Once more we meet to hear thy voice,
 Once more before Thee to rejoice.

3 Oh, may thy servants, by thy word,
 Refresh each wearied heart, dear Lord,
 Wearied of earth's vain strife and woe,
 Wearied of sin and all below.

4 Thy presence, Saviour, now we seek,
 Confirm the strong, sustain the weak,
 Way-worn and tried, we hither come,
 Give us a foretaste of our home.

The Lord shall command the blessing. Deut. 28: 8.

L. M.

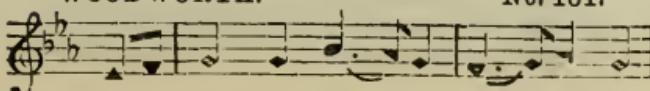
214 **D**ISMISS us with thy blessing, Lord—
 Help us to feed upon thy word ;
 All that has been amiss forgive,
 And let thy truth within us live.

2 Though we are guilty, thou art good—
 Wash all our works in Jesus' blood ;
 Give every fettered soul release,
 And bid us all depart in peace.

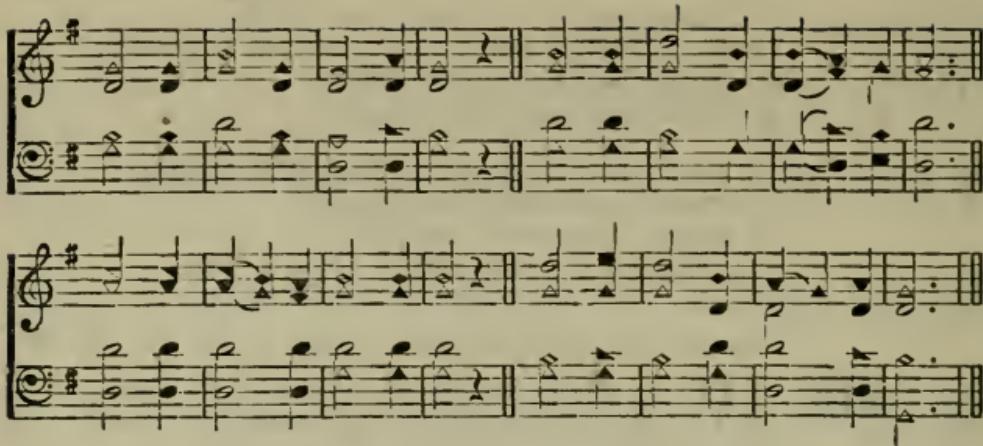
Jas. Hart.

WOODWORTH.

No. 181.



PURITY. M. 5.



We love him, because he first loved us. 1 John 4: 19.

M. 5.

215 SAVIOUR, teach me day by day,
Love's sweet lesson to obey;
Sweeter lesson cannot be:
Loving him who first loved me.

2 With a childlike heart of love,
At thy bidding may I move,
Prompt to serve and follow thee—
Loving him who first loved me.

3 Love in loving finds employ—
In obedience all her joy;
Ever new that joy will be:
Loving him who first loved me.

4 Thus may I rejoice to show
That I feel the love I owe;
Singing till thy face I see,
Of his love who first loved me.

Ask and it shall be given you. Matt. 7: 7.

M. 5

216 COME, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

2 With my burden I begin,
Lord remove this load of sin;
Let thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

3 Lord, I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

4 While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

5 Show me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

A blessing humbly and earnestly sought. Gen 32: 26.

M. 5.

217 **L**ORD, we come before thee now,
At thy feet we humbly bow;
Oh! do not our suit disdain,
Shall we seek thee, Lord, in vain?

2 In thine own appointed way,
Now we seek thee, here we stay:
Lord, we know not how to go,
Till a blessing thou bestow.

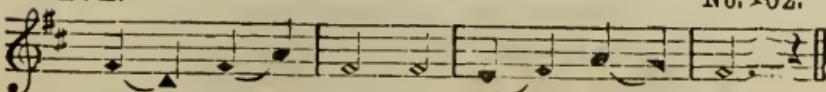
3 Send some message from thy word,
That may peace and joy afford;
Let thy Spirit now impart,
Full salvation to each heart.

4 Comfort those who weep and mourn,
Let the time of joy return;
Those that are cast down lift up,
Make them strong in faith and hope.

5 Grant that all may seek and find
Thee a gracious God and kind;
Heal the sick, the captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

EVE.

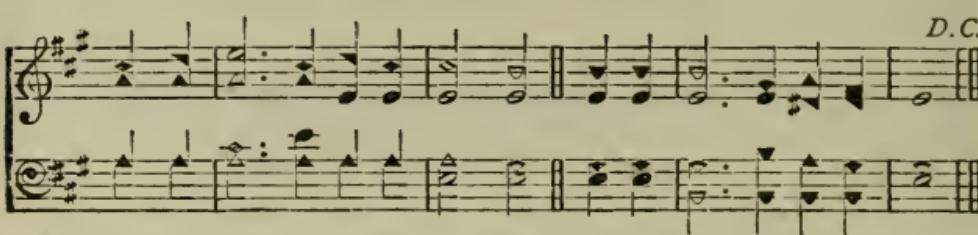
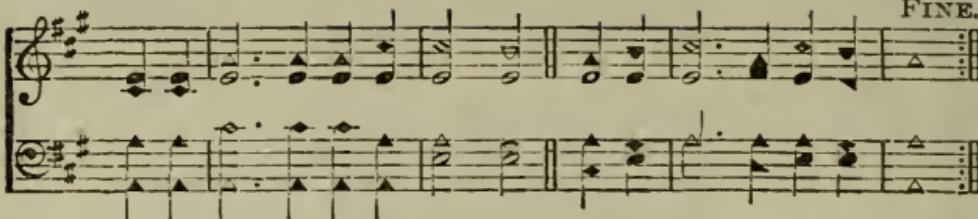
No. 102.



EVENING. M. 4.

P. S. GOOD.

FINE.

*I will fear no evil. Ps. 23: 4.*

M. 4.

218 **T**ARRY with me, O my Saviour!
 For the day is passing by;
 See! the shades of evening gather,
 And the night is drawing nigh.
 Deeper, deeper grow the shadows,
 Paler now the glowing west,
 Swift the night of death advances,
 Shall it be the night of rest?

2 Feeble, trembling, fainting, dying,
 Lord, I cast myself on Thee;
 Tarry with me thro' the darkness;
 While I sleep, still watch o'er me.
 Tarry with me, O my Saviour!
 Lay my head upon Thy breast
 Till the morning; then awake me—
 Morning of eternal rest.

Blessed are the meek. Matt. 5: 5.

M. 4.

219 **L**ET thy grace, Lord, make me lowly,
 Humble all my swelling pride;
 Fallen, guilty and unholy,
 Greatness from mine eyes I'll hide:
 I'll forbid my vain aspiring,
 Nor at earthly honors aim,
 No ambitious heights desiring,
 Far above my humble claim.

2 Weaned from earth's delusive pleasures,
 In thy love I'll seek for mine :
 Placed in heav'n my nobler treasures,
 Earth I quietly resign :
 Thus the transient world despising,
 On the Lord my hopes rely ;
 Thus my joys from him arising,
 Like himself shall never die.

He leadeth me. Psalm 23: 2.

M. 4.

220 **T**AKE my heart, O Father, take it,
 Make and keep it all thine own,
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it,
 This proud heart of sin and stone.

2 Father, make it pure and holy,
 Fond of peace and far from strife,
 Turning from the paths unholy,
 Of this vain and sinful life.

I will not let thee go except thou bless me. Gen. 32: 26.

M. 4.

221 **J**ESUS, grant us all a blessing,
 Send it down, Lord, from above ;
 Give us each a heart of prayer,
 Help us to rejoice in love !
 Farewell, brethren—farewell, sisters
 Till we all shall meet above.

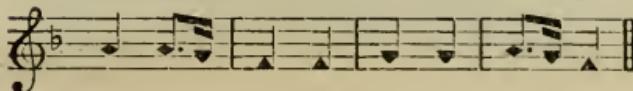
2 Jesus, pardon all our follies
 While together we have been ;
 Make us humble, make us holy,
 Cleanse us all from every sin :
 Farewell, brethren—farewell, sisters,
 Till we all shall meet again.

3 May thy blessings, Lord, go with us,
 To each one's respective home,
 And the presence of our Jesus
 Rest upon us every one !
 Farewell, brethren—farewell sisters,
 Till we all shall meet at home.

Atkins.

GREENVILLE.

No. 151.



GORTON. M. 7.

C. H. BRUNK.

Wilt thou not from this time cry unto me. My Father, thou art the guide of
my youth? Jer. 3: 4.

M. 7.

222 FATHER! in my life's young morning,
May thy word direct my way:
Let me heed each gracious warning,
Lest my feet should go astray;
Make me willing
All its precepts to obey.

2 Father! gentle is thy teaching;
Be a docile spirit mine:
Every day thy grace beseeching,
Let thy loving-kindness shine
Always on me,
And my heart be wholly thine.

3 Father! let me never covet
Things of vanity and pride:
Teach me truth, and may I love it
Better than all else beside:
Blessed Bible!
May it be my heavenward guide.

Thos. MacKellar, 1842.

"Our Guide unto death."

M. 7.

223 **G**UIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven!
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open thou the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through:
Strong Deliverer!
Be thou still my strength and shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death and hell's Destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
I will ever give to thee.

W. Williams.

The Lord is my Shepherd. Psalm 23: 1.

M. 7.

224 **S**AVIOUR, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need thy tenderest care;
In thy pleasant pastures feed us,
For our use thy folds prepare:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast bought us, thine we are.

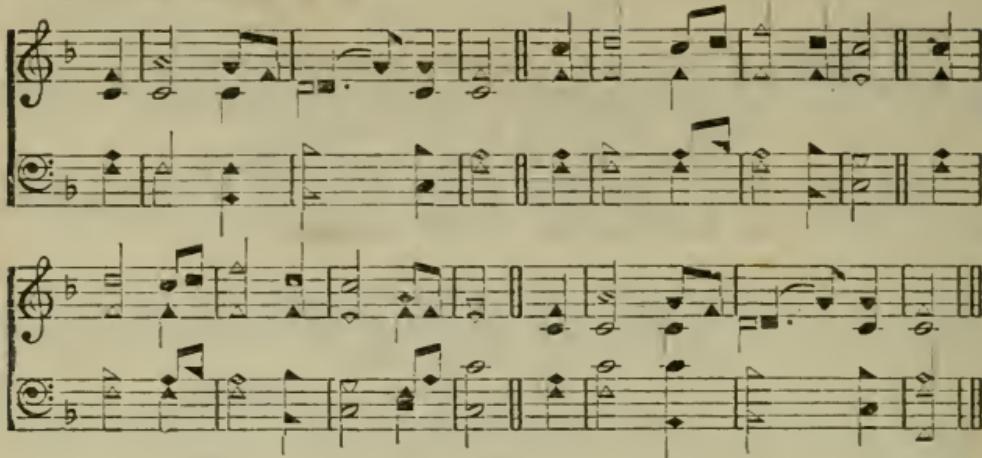
2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
Thou hast mercy to relieve us,
Grace to cleanse and power to free:
Blesséd Jesus,
We will early turn to thee.

3 Early let us seek thy favor,
Early let us do thy will;
Blessed Lord and only Saviour,
With thy love our bosoms fill:
Blesséd Jesus,
Thou hast loved us, love us still.

Dorothy Ann Thrupp.

GOLDEN HILL. S. M.

ANANIAS DAVISSON, 1811.

*The Lord is merciful and gracious. Ps. 103: 8.*

S. M.

225 **T**EACH me, my God and King,
 Thy will in all to see;
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee!

- 2 To scorn the senses' sway,
 While still to thee I tend;
 In all I do, be thou the way,
 In all, be thou the end.
- 3 All may of thee partake;
 Nothing so small can be
 But draws, when acted for thy sake,
 Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done beneath thy laws
 E'en servile labors shine;
 Hallow'd is toil, if this the cause;
 The meanest work, divine.

Pray without ceasing. 1 Thess. 5: 17.

S. M.

226 **T**HE Lord, who truly knows
 The heart of ev'ry saint,
 Invites us by His holy word
 To pray and never faint.

- 2 He bows His gracious ear;
 We never plead in vain;
 Yet we must wait till He appear,
 And pray, and pray again.

3 'Twas thus a widow poor,
 Without support or friend,
 Beset the unjust judge's door,
 And gain'd at last her end.

4 And shall not Jesus hear
 His children when they cry?
 Yes, though He may awhile forbear,
 He'll not their suit deny.

5 Then let us earnest be,
 And never faint in prayer;
 He loves our importunity,
 And makes our cause His care.

After this manner therefore pray ye. Matt. 6: 9.

S. M.

227 **O**UR heavenly Father, hear
 The prayer we offer now:—
 Thy name be hallowed far and near,
 To thee all nations bow.

2 Thy kingdom come; thy will
 On earth be done in love,
 As saints and seraphim fulfill
 Thy perfect law above.

3 Our daily bread supply,
 While by thy word we live;
 The guilt of our iniquity
 Forgive, as we forgive.

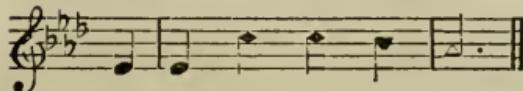
4 From dark temptation's power,
 From Satan's wiles, defend;
 Deliver in the evil hour,
 And guide us to the end.

5 Thine, then, forever be
 Glory and power divine;
 The sceptre, throne, and majesty,
 Of heaven and earth are thine.

James Montgomery, ab. 1825.

LAKE ENON.

No. 190.



SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER, L. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.
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The sweet Hour.

L. M.

228 SWEET hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 That calls me from a world of care,
 And bids me at my Father's throne
 Make all my wants and wishes known;
 In seasons of distress and grief,
 My soul has often found relief,
 And oft escaped the tempter's snare
 By thy return, sweet hour of prayer.

2 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 Thy wings shall my petition bear,
 To him whose truth and faithfulness
 Engage the waiting soul to bless;
 And, since he bids me seek his face,
 Believe his word, and trust his grace,
 I'll cast on him my every care,
 And wait for thee, sweet hour of prayer.

3 Sweet hour of prayer! sweet hour of prayer!
 May I thy consolation share;
 Till from Mount Pisgah's lofty height,
 I view my home and take my flight;
 This robe of flesh I'll drop, and rise
 To seize the everlasting prize;
 And shout, while passing through the air,
 Farewell, farewell, sweet hour of prayer!

Walford.

Brethren, pray for us. 2 Thess. 3: 1.

L. M.

229

FATHER of mercies, bow thine ear,
 Attentive to our earnest prayer;
 We plead for those who plead for thee;
 Successful pleaders may they be.
 Clothe Thou their words with power divine,
 And let those words be ever thine;
 To them thy sacred truth reveal;
 Suppress their fear, inflame their zeal.

2 Teach them to sow the precious seed;
 Teach them thy chosen flock to feed;
 Teach them thy wandering sheep to gain,
 Nor let them labor, Lord, in vain.
 Let thronging multitudes around
 Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
 In humble strains thy grace adore,
 And feel thy new creating power.

Benjamin Beddome, ab. 1787.

God giveth the increase. 1 Cor. 3: 7.

L. M.

230

FATHER in heaven, upon Thy word,
 Which thine assembled flock have heard;
 Cause thou the Spirit's dew to fall,—
 In bounteous blessing on us all.

2 May the good seed now sown take root,
 And grow, and bear abundant fruit;
 And may the souls assembled here,
 In peace before thy throne appear.

HEBRON.

No. 95.



PRAYER.

I AM PRAYING FOR YOU. 11s & 12s. Used by per. of IRA, D. SANKEY.

For you I am praying, For
you I am pray-ing, For you I am pray-ing, I'm pray - ing for you.

Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray. Ps. 55: 17. 11s & 12s.

231 **I** HAVE a Saviour, He's pleading in glory,
A dear, loving Saviour tho' earth-friends be few;
And now He is watching in tenderness o'er me,
And oh that my Saviour were your Saviour too!

2 I have a Father: to me He has given
A hope for eternity, blessed and true;
And soon will He call me to meet Him in heaven,
But oh that He'd let me bring you with me too!

3 I have a robe: 'tis resplendent in whiteness,
Awaiting in glory my wandering view;
Oh, when I receive it all shining in brightness,
Dear friend, could I see you receiving it too!

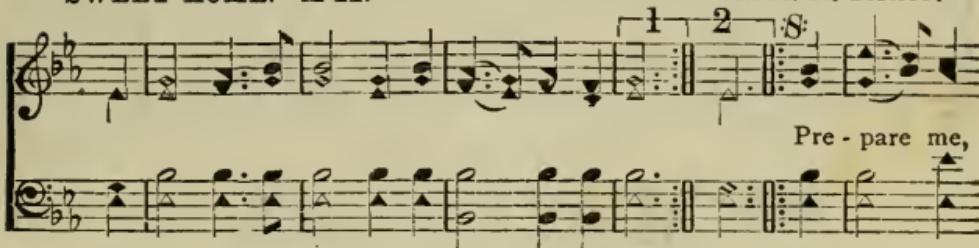
4 I have a peace, it is calm as a river—
 A peace that the friends of this world never knew;
 My Saviour alone is its Author and Giver,
 And oh, could I know it was given to you !

5 When Jesus has found you, tell others the story,
 That my loving Saviour is your Saviour too,
 Then pray that your Saviour may bring them to glory,
 And prayer will be answered—'twas answered for you.

S. O'Maley Cluff.

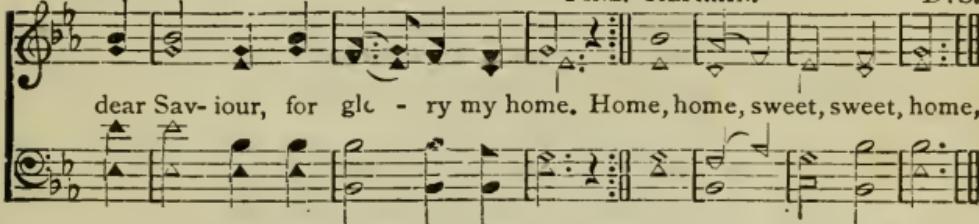
SWEET HOME. M 11.

SIR H. R. BISHOP.



FINE. REFRAIN.

D.S.



They desire a better country. Heb. 11: 16.

M. 11.

232 **M**ID scenes of confusion and creature complaints,
 How sweet to my soul is communion with saints:
 To find at the banquet of mercy there's room,
 And feel in the presence of Jesus at home.

2 Sweet bonds that unite all the children of peace !
 And thrice, precious Jesus, whose love cannot cease !
 Though oft from thy presence in sadness I roam,
 I long to behold thee, in glory at home.

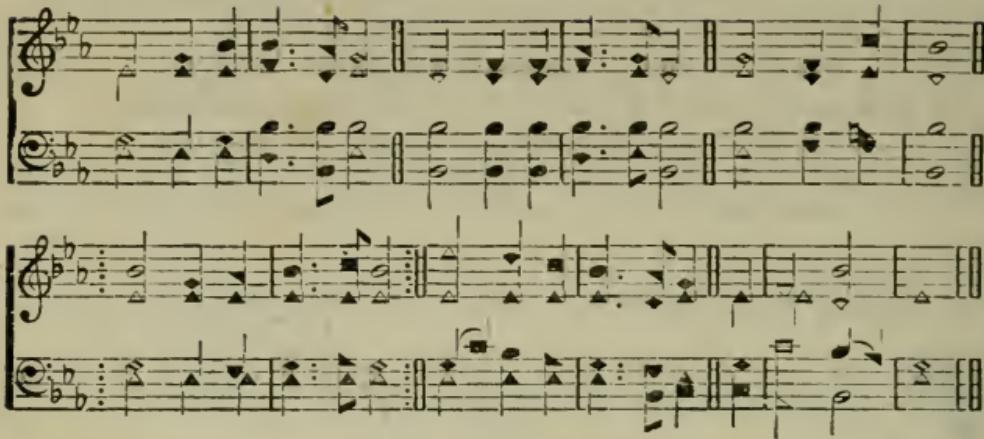
3 While here in the valley of conflict I stay,
 Oh, give me submission and strength as my day,
 In all my afflictions to thee would I come,
 Rejoicing in hope of my glorious home.

4 I long, dearest Lord ! in thy beauty to shine,
 No more as an exile in sorrow to pine,
 And in thy dear image arise from the tomb,
 With glorified millions to praise thee at home.

David Dedham, 1826.

NEW HAVEN. M. 26.

L. MASON, 1830.

*"Looking unto Jesus."*

M. 26.

233 My faith looks up to thee,
 Thou Lamb of Calvary,
 Saviour Divine!

Now hear me while I pray ;
 Take all my guilt away ;
 Oh, let me from this day,
 Be wholly thine !

2 May thy rich grace impart
 Strength to my fainting heart,—
 My zeal inspire !

As thou hast died for me,
 Oh, may my love to thee
 Pure, warm and changeless be—
 A living fire !

3 While life's dark maze I tread,
 And griefs around me spread,
 Be thou my guide ;
 Bid darkness turn to day,
 Wipe sorrow's tears away,
 Nor let me ever stray
 From thee aside.

4 When ends life's transient dream,
 When death's cold sullen stream
 Shall o'er me roll,
 Blest Saviour ! then, in love,
 Fear and distrust remove ;
 Oh, bear me safe above—
 A ransomed soul.

Ray Palmer.

EVEN ME. M. 4.

W. B. BRADBURY.

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E - ven me, F - ven me, Let thy bless - ing fall on me.

Bless me, even me also. Gen. 27: 34.

M. 4.

234

LORD, I hear of showers of blessing
 Thou art scattering, full and free;
 Showers the thirsty land refreshing;
 Let some droppings fall on me. Even me.

- 2 Pass me not, O gracious Father!
 Sinful though my heart may be;
 Thou might'st leave me, but the rather
 Let thy mercy light on me.
- 3 Pass me not, O tender Saviour!
 Let me love and cling to thee;
 I am longing for thy favor;
 When thou comest, call for me.
- 4 Pass me not, O mighty Spirit!
 Thou canst make the blind to see;
 Witnesser of Jesus' merit,
 Speak the word of power to me.
- 5 Love of God, so pure and changeless,
 Blood of Christ, so rich and free,
 Grace of God, so strong and boundless,
 Magnify them all in me.
- 6 Pass me not! Thy lost one bringing,
 Bind my heart, O Lord, to Thee;
 While the streams of life are springing,
 Blessing others, oh, bless me.

Elizabeth Codner, 1860.

JOSIE. M. 5.

A. S. KIEFFER, by per.

And he laid his hands on them, and departed thence. Matt. 19: 15. M. 5.

235 **H**EAR me, Saviour, while I pray
On this holy Sabbath day ;
Bless me as Thou didst of old
Bless the lambs of Israel's fold.

2 Hold my hand within Thine own,
That I may not walk alone ;
Guide my footsteps lest they stray
Into sin's dark desert way.

God is present every-where.

M. 5.

236 **T**HEY who seek the throne of grace,
Find that throne in ev'ry place ;
If we live a life of pray'r,
God is present ev'ry-where.

2 In our sickness and our health,
In our want, or in our wealth,
If we look to God in pray'r,
God is present ev'ry-where.

3 When our earthly comforts fail,
When the woes of life prevail,
'Tis the time for earnest pray'r ;
God is present ev'ry-where.

4 Then, my soul, in ev'ry strait,
To thy Father come, and wait,
He will answer ev'ry pray'r :
God is present ev'ry-where.

SYKES. L. M.

J. H. HALL, by per.

He shall testify of me. John 15: 26.

L. M.

237 COME, Holy Spirit, calm my mind,
 And fit me to approach my God ;
 Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
 And lead me to thy blest abode.

2 Hast thou imparted to my soul
 A living spark of holy fire ?
 Oh, kindle now the sacred flame,
 And make me burn with pure desire.

3 A brighter faith and hope impart,
 And let me now my Saviour see ;
 Oh, soothe and cheer my burdened heart,
 And bid my spirit rest in thee.

John Stewart, 1803.

Gathered together in my name. Matt. 18: 20.

L. M.

238 “**W**HERE two or three, with sweet accord,
 Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
 Meet to recount his acts of grace,
 And offer solemn prayer and praise :

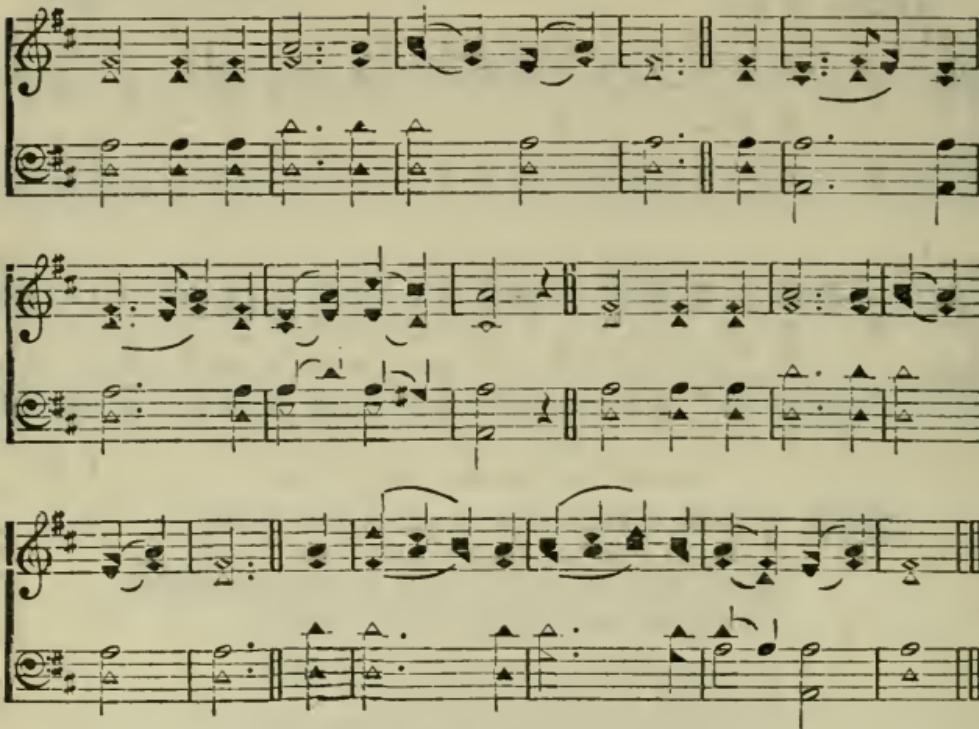
2 “There,” says the Saviour, “will I be,
 Amid this little company ;—
 To them unveil my smiling face,
 And shed my glories round the place.”

3 We meet at thy command, dear Lord,
 Relying on thy faithful word :
 Now send thy Spirit from above ;
 Now fill our hearts with heavenly love.

Samuel Stennett, 1787

OLIVET. L. M.

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*I will sing and give praise. Psalm 108: 1.*

L. M.

239 **A** WAKE my soul, awake my tongue;
 My God demands the grateful song;
 Let all my inmost powers record
 The wondrous mercy of the Lord.

2 Divinely free his mercy flows,
 Forgives my sins, allays my woes,
 And bids approaching death remove,
 And crowns me with indulgent love.

3 His mercy, with unchanging rays,
 Forever shines, while time decays;
 And children's children shall record
 The truth and goodness of the Lord.

4 While all his works his praise proclaim,
 And men and angels bless his name,
 Oh, let my heart, my life, my tongue
 Attend, and join the blissful song.

Anne Stelle, 1778.

Let us worship and bow down. Psalm 95: 6.

L. M.

240 **O**H, come, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King !
For we our voices high should raise,
When our salvation's Rock we praise.

2 Into his presence let us haste,
To thank him for his favors past ;
To him address in joyful songs
The praise that to his name belongs.

3 Oh, let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there !
Down on our knees, devoutly, all
Before the Lord, our Maker, fall.

Tate and Brady, ab. 1696.

Praise waiteth for thee O God, in Zion. Psalm 65: 1. L. M.

241 **M**Y soul, with humble fervor raise
To God the voice of grateful praise,
And all my ransomed powers combine,
To bless his attributes divine.

2 Deep on my heart let memory trace
His acts of mercy and of grace,
Who, with a Father's tender care,
Saved me when sinking in despair ;

3 Gave my repentant soul to prove
The joy of his forgiving love :
Poured balm into my bleeding breast,
And led my weary feet to rest.

Livingston, 1789.

Give unto the Lord glory and strength. Psalm 29: 1. L. M.

242 **T**HEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord ;
Thy saints, who here Thy goodness see,
Through all the world do worship Thee.

2 To Thee aloud all angels cry,
And ceaseless raise their songs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
The heavens and all the powers therein.

3 The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to Thy praise.

DUKE STREET. L. M.

J. HATTON.

How excellent is Thy loving kindness. Psalm 36: 7. L. M.

243 **A** WAKE, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise :
He justly claims a song from me :
His loving-kindness, Oh, how free !

- 2 He saw me ruined in the fall,
Yet loved me notwithstanding all ;
And saved me from my lost estate :
His loving-kindness is so great !
- 3 Through mighty hosts of cruel foes,
Where earth and hell my way oppose ;
He safely leads my soul along :
His loving-kindness, Oh, how strong !
- 4 When trouble, like a gloomy cloud,
Has gathered thick and thundered loud,
He near my soul has always stood :
His loving-kindness, Oh, how good !
- 5 So when I pass death's gloomy vale,
And life and mortal powers shall fail ;
Oh, may my last, expiring breath
His loving-kindness sing in death.
- 6 When conquered death shall yield its prey,
When Christ shall call us hence away ;
Then shall I sing, with sweet surprise
His loving-kindness in the skies.

Medley.

Bless the Lord, O my soul. Psalm 103: 1.

L. M.

244

BLESS, O my soul! the living God;
 Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad:
 Let all the powers within me join
 In work and worship so divine.

- 2 Bless, O my soul! the God of grace;
 His favors claim thy highest praise;
 Why should the wonders he hath wrought
 Be lost in silence, and forgot?
- 3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
 To die for crimes which thou hast done;
 He owns the ransom, and forgives
 The hourly follies of our lives.
- 4 Let every land his power confess;
 Let all the earth adore his grace:
 My heart and tongue with rapture join
 In work and worship so divine.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

Praise ye the Lord: it is good to sing praises unto our God. Psalm 147: 1.

L. M.

245

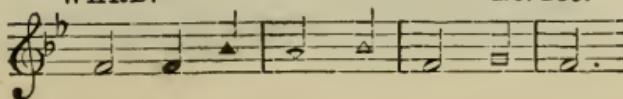
COME, O my soul! in sacred lays,
 Attempt thy great Creator's praise:
 But, oh, what tongue can speak his fame!
 What mortal verse can reach the theme!

- 2 Enthroned amid the radiant spheres,
 He glory, like a garment, wears;
 To form a robe of light divine,
 Ten thousand suns around him shine.
- 3 In all our Maker's grand designs,
 Almighty power, with wisdom, shines;
 His works, through all this wondrous frame,
 Declare the glory of his name.
- 4 Raised on devotion's lofty wing,
 Do thou, my soul, his glories sing:
 And let his praise employ thy tongue,
 Till listening worlds shall join the song!

Blacklock.

WARD.

No. 135.



OLD HUNDRED. L. M.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1543.

Serve the Lord with gladness. Psalm 100: 2.

L. M.

246 PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him, all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heavenly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

2 Ye nations round the earth rejoice
 Before the Lord your Sovereign King ;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice ;
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

3 The Lord is God : 'Tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give :
 We are his work, and not our own ;
 The sheep that on his pasture live.

4 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair ;
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honors there.

5 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind ;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure ;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

All thy works shall praise thee, O Lord. Psalm 145. 10. L. M.

247 ALL praise to Thee, the triune One,
 The Holy Father, Holy Son,
 And Holy Spirit ! Thou alone
 Art King on the eternal throne.

Thos. MacKellar.

O give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good: for his mercy endureth forever.
Psalm 107: 1. L. M.

248 **O** RENDER thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal love,
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

2 Who can his mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless!
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to his praise!

Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him. Psalm 85: 9. L. M.

249 **O** LOVE, beyond conception great,
That form'd the vast, stupendous plan,
Where all divine perfections meet
To reconcile rebellious man.

2 There wisdom shines in fullest blaze,
And justice all her right maintains—
Astonish'd angels stoop to gaze,
While mercy o'er the guilty reigns.

3 Yes, mercy reigns, and justice too;
In Christ they both harmonious meet;
He paid to justice all her due;
And now he fills the mercy-seat.

God incomprehensible. Job 11: 7.

L. M.

250 **G**REAT God, in vain man's narrow view
Attempts to look thy nature through:
Our lab'ring pow'rs with rev'rence own
Thy glories never can be known.

2 Not the high seraph's mighty thought,
Who countless years his God has sought,
Such wondrous height or depth can find,
Or fully trace thy boundless mind.

3 Yet, Lord, thy kindness deigns to show
All that we mortals need to know;
While wisdom, goodness, pow'r divine,
Through all thy works and conduct shine.

4 O, may our souls with rapture trace
Thy works of nature and of grace;
Adore thy sacred name, and still
Press on to know and do thy will.

WESTON. L. M.

L. O. EMERSON, 1847.

*Every thing that hath breath praise the Lord. Psalm 150: 6. L. M.*

251 **F**ROM all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise ;
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung,
 Through every land, by every tongue.

- 2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord,
 Eternal truth attends thy word ;
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.
- 3 Your lofty themes, ye mortals, bring,
 In songs of praise divinely sing ;
 The great salvation loud proclaim,
 And shout for joy the Saviour's name.
- 4 In every land begin the song,
 To every land the strains belong ;
 In cheerful sound all voices raise,
 And fill the world with loudest praise.

I. Watts.

It is good to sing praises. Psalm 147: 1.

L. M.

252 **O** PRAISE the Lord, 'tis sweet to raise
 The grateful heart to God in praise :
 When fallen raised, when lost restored,
 Oh ! it is sweet to praise the Lord !

- 2 Great is his power, divine his skill,
 His love diviner, greater still ;
 The sinner's friend, the mourner's stay,
 He sends no suppliant sad away.

O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.
Rom. 11: 33. L. M.

253

A WAKE, my tongue, the tribute bring
 To him, who gave thee power to sing;
 Praise him, who is all praise above,
 The source of wisdom and of love.

- 2 How vast his knowledge! how profound!
 A depth where all our thoughts are drowned!
 The stars he numbers, and their names
 He gives to all those heavenly flames.
- 3 Through each bright world above, behold
 Ten thousand thousand charms unfold:
 Earth, air, and mighty seas combine,
 To speak his wisdom all divine.
- 4 But in redemption, O what grace!
 Its wonders, O what thought can trace!
 Here wisdom shines for ever bright:
 Praise him, my soul, with sweet delight.

John Needham, 1768.

O give thanks unto the Lord; for he is good. Psalm 118: 1. L. M.

254

A LMIGHTY Sov'reign of the skies,
 To Thee let songs of gladness rise,
 Each grateful heart its tribute bring,
 And ev'ry voice Thy goodness sing.

- 2 From Thee our choicest blessings flow;
 Life, health and strength Thy hands bestow;
 The daily good Thy creatures share,
 Springs from Thy providential care.
- 3 The rich profusion nature yields,
 The harvest waving o'er the fields,
 The cheering light, refreshing shower,
 Are gifts from Thy exhaustless store.
- 4 At Thy command the vernal bloom
 Revives the world from winter's gloom;
 The summer's heat the fruit matures,
 And autumn all her treasures pours.
- 5 Let ev'ry power of heart and tongue
 Unite to swell the grateful song;
 While age and youth in chorus join,
 And praise the Majesty Divine.

Watts.

CORONATION. C. M.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1793.

On his head were many crowns. Rev. 19: 12.

C. M.

255 **A** LL, hail the power of Jesus' name,
 Let angels prostrate fall !
 Bring forth the royal diadem,
 And crown him Lord of all. Bring, etc.

2 Ye seed of Israel's chosen race,
 Ye ransomed from the fall ;
 Hail him who saves you by his grace,
 And crown him Lord of all. Hail, etc.

3 Let every kindred, every tribe,
 On this terrestrial ball,
 To him all majesty ascribe,
 And crown him Lord of all. To him, etc.

4 Oh, that with yonder sacred throng,
 We at his feet may fall !
 We'll join the everlasting song,
 And crown him Lord of all. We'll etc.

Edward Perronet, ab. 1779.

Who his own self bare our sins. 1 Pet. 2: 24.

C. M.

256 **A** WAKE, awake the sacred song,
To our incarnate Lord;
Let every heart and every tongue
Adore th' Eternal Word.

- 2 That mighty Word, that sovereign Power,
By whom the worlds were made,—
O happy morn ! illustrious hour !—
Was once in flesh arrayed.
- 3 To dwell with misery below,
The Saviour left the skies,
And sunk to wretchedness and woe,
That sinful man might rise.
- 4 Adoring angels tune their songs,
To hail the joyful day ;
With rapture then let mortal tongues,
Their grateful worship pay.

"Unto Him be glory."

C. M.

257 **O** FOR a thousand tongues to sing
My dear Redeemer's praise,
The glories of my God and King,
The triumphs of his grace !

- 2 My gracious Master and my God,
Assist me to proclaim,
To spread through all the earth abroad
The honors of thy name.
- 3 Jesus ! the name that calms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease—
'Tis music to my ravished ears,
'Tis life, and health, and peace.
- 4 He breaks the power of reigning sin,
He sets the prisoner free ;
His blood can make the foulest clean :
His blood availed for me !
- 5 Look unto him, ye nations; own
Your God, ye fallen race !
Look and be saved through faith alone ;
Be justified by grace.

C. Wesley.

ST. MARTIN'S. C. M.

W. TANSUR.

*A new song before the throne. Rev. 14: 3.*

C. M.

258 **B**EHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
 Amid the Father's throne ;
 Prepare new honors for his name,
 And songs before unknown.

- 2 Let elders worship at His feet,
 The church adore around,
 With vials full of odors sweet,
 And harps of sweeter sound.
- 3 Those are the prayers of all the saints,
 And these the hymns they raise ;
 Jesus is kind to our complaints,
 He loves to hear our praise.

- 4 Now, to the Lamb that once was slain
 Be endless blessings paid ;
 Salvation, glory, joy, remain
 Forever on thy head.

- 5 Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
 Hast set the prisoners free ;
 Hast made us kings and priests to God,
 And we shall reign with thee.

Isaac Watts, 1706.

Gratitude.

C. M.

259 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys,
 Transported with the view, I'm lost
 In wonder, love, and praise.

- 2 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 3 When in the slippery paths of youth,
 With heedless steps I ran,
 Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to man.
- 4 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 5 Through every period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

Addison.

God's goodness universal. Matt. 5: 45.

C. M.

260 SWEET is the mem'ry of thy grace,
 My God, my heav'nly King !
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

- 2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies :
 Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
 And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 How kind are thy compassions, Lord,
 How slow thine anger moves ;
 But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
 To cheer the soul he loves.
- 4 Creatures with all their endless race,
 Thy pow'r and praise proclaim ;
 But we who taste thy richer grace,
 Delight to bless thy name.

Watts.

ORTONVILLE. C. M.

THOMAS HASTINGS, 1837.

*The chiefest among ten thousand. Cant. 5: 19.*

C. M.

261 MAJESTIC sweetness sits enthroned
 Upon the Saviour's brow;
 His head with radiant glories crowned,
 His lips with grace o'erflow.

- 2 No mortal can with him compare,
 Among the sons of men;
 Fairer is he than all the fair
 That fill the heavenly train.
- 3 He saw me plunged in deep distress,
 He flew to my relief;
 For me he bore the shameful cross,
 And carried all my grief.
- 4 His hand a thousand blessings pours
 Upon my guilty head;
 His presence gilds my darkest hours,
 And guards my sleeping bed.
- 5 Since from his bounty I receive
 Such proofs of love divine,
 Had I a thousand hearts to give,
 Lord, they should all be thine.

Samuel Stennett, ab. 1787.

Thy name is as ointment poured fourth. Canticles 1: 3.

C. M.

262 HOW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear!
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.

2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

3 Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place;
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

4 Jesus! my shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King;
My Lord, my Life, my Way, my End,
Accept the praise I bring.

5 Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought
But when I see Thee as thou art,
I'll praise thee as I ought.

6 Till then I would thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of thy name
Refresh my soul in death!

John Newton, 1779.

Under the shadow of the Almighty. Psalm 91: 1.

C. M.

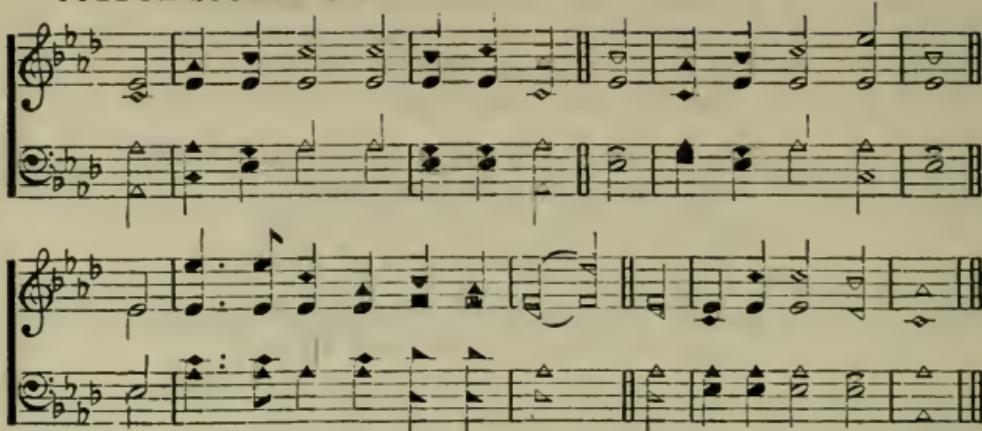
283 **W**HAT glory gilds the sacred page!
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to every age,
It gives, but borrows none.

2 His hand that gave it, still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise;
They rise, but never set.

3 Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine,
With beams of heavenly day.

4 My soul rejoices to pursue
The path of truth and love;
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

JOYFUL SOUND. C. M.

*Salvation to our God. Rev. 7: 10.*

C. M.

264 **S**ALVATION! oh, the joyful sound,
 What pleasure to our ears!
 A sovereign balm for every wound,
 A cordial for our fears.

2 Buried in sorrow and in sin,
 On death's dark way we stray;
 But we arise by grace divine,
 To see a heavenly day.

3 Salvation! let the echo fly
 The spacious earth around:
 While all the armies of the sky
 Conspire to raise the sound!

4 Salvation! O thou bleeding Lamb,
 To thee the praise belongs;
 Salvation shall inspire our hearts,
 And dwell upon our tongues.

Vs 1-3 Isaac Watts, 1709. Vs. 4 W. Shirley, 1725-1786.

Unto thee, O God, do we give thanks. Psalm 75: 1.

C. M.

265 **C**OME let us all unite to praise
 The Saviour of mankind;
 Our thankful hearts in solemn lays
 Be with our voices joined.

2 O Lord, we cannot silent be;
 By love we are constrained
 To offer our best thanks to thee,
 Our Saviour, and our Friend.

3 Though feeble are our best essays,
 Thy love will not despise
 Our grateful songs of humble praise,
 Our well-meant sacrifice.

4 Let every tongue thy goodness show,
 And spread abroad thy fame;
 Let every heart with praise o'erflow,
 And bless thy sacred name!

Unto him that loved us. Rev. 1: 5.

C. M.

266 **T**HREE is a name I love to hear;
 I love to sing its worth;
 It sounds like music in mine ear,
 The sweetest name on earth.

2 It tells me of a Saviour's love,
 Who died to set me free;
 It tells me of his precious blood
 The sinner's perfect plea.

3 It tells of One whose loving heart
 Can feel my smallest woe:
 Who in each sorrow bears a part
 That none can bear below.

4 Jesus! the name I love so well,
 The name I love to hear!
 No saint on earth its worth can tell,
 No heart conceive how dear.

Gathered together in my name. Matt. 18: 20.

C. M.

267 **I**N thy great name, O Lord, we come,
 To worship at thy feet;
 O, pour thy Holy Spirit down
 On all that now shall meet.

2 We come to hear Jehovah speak,
 To hear the Saviour's voice;
 Thy face and favor, Lord, we seek;
 Now make our hearts rejoice.

3 Teach us to pray and praise, and hear,
 And understand thy word;
 To feel thy blissful presence near,
 And trust our living Lord.

NETTLETON. M. 4.

JOHN WYETH, 1812.

FINE.

Hitherto hath the Lord helped us. 1 Sam. 7: 12.

M. 4.

268 COME thou Fount of every blessing,
 Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
 Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
 Call for songs of loudest praise.
 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
 Sung by flaming tongues above;
 Praise the mount—oh, fix me on it,
 Mount of God's unchanging love.

2 Here I raise my Ebenezer,
 Hither by thine help I'm come;
 And I hope, by thy good pleasure,
 Safely to arrive at home.
 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
 Wandering from the fold of God,
 He, to rescue me from danger,
 Interposed his precious blood.

3 Oh, to grace how great a debtor
 Daily I'm constrain'd to be!
 Let that grace, now, like a fetter,
 Bind my wandering heart to thee.
 Prone to wander, Lord, I feel it;
 Prone to leave the God I love—
 Here's my heart, oh, take and seal it,
 Seal it from thy courts above.

Robert Robinson, 1758.

Worthy the Lamb that was slain.. Rev. 5: 12.

M. 4.

260

HAIL! my ever blessed Jesus,
Only Thee I wish to sing;
To my soul Thy name is precious,
Thou my Prophet, Priest, and King.
Oh, what mercy flows from heaven,
Oh, what joy and happiness!
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

2 Once with Adam's race in ruin,
Unconcern'd in sin I lay;
Swift destruction still pursuing,
Till my Saviour pass'd this way.
Witness, all ye hosts of heaven,
My Redeemer's tenderness;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Sing, ye bright angelic choir,
Praise the Lamb enthroned above;
Whilst astonish'd, I admire
God's free grace and boundless love.
That blest moment I received Him,
Fill'd my soul with joy and peace;
Love I much? I've much forgiven;
I'm a miracle of grace.

Walk as children of light. Eph. 5: 8.

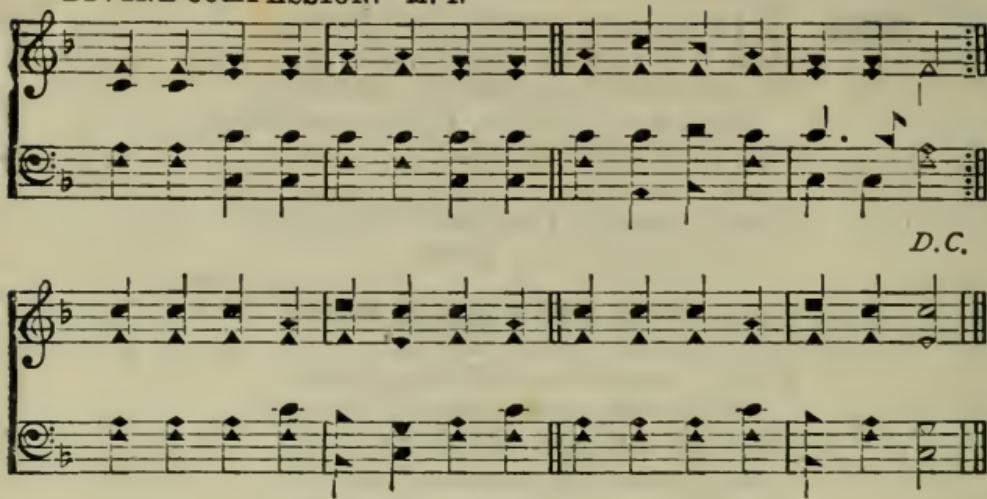
M. 4.

270

LORD, a little band, and lowly,
We are come to sing to thee;
Thou art great, and high, and holy—
O how solemn should we be!
Fill our hearts with thoughts of Jesus,
And of heav'n, where he is gone;
And let nothing ever please us
He would grieve to look upon.

2 For we know the Lord of glory
Always sees what children do,
And is writing now the story
Of our thoughts and actions, too.
Let our sins be all forgiven;
Make us fear whate'er is wrong;
Lead us on our way to heaven,
There to sing a nobler song.

DIVINE COMPASSION. M. 4.



Looking unto Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith. Heb. 12: 2. M. 4.

271 SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
 Which before the cross I spend,
 Life and health and peace possessing
 From the sinner's dying Friend ;
 Here I'll sit forever viewing,
 Mercy's streams in streams of blood,
 Precious drops my soul bedewing,
 Plead and claim my peace with God.

2 Truly blessed is this station,
 Low before his cross to lie ;
 While I see divine compassion
 Floating in his languid eye ;
 Here it is I find my heaven,
 While upon the Lamb I gaze,
 Love I much—I've much forgiven ;
 I'm a miracle of grace.

3 Love and grief my heart dividing,
 With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
 Constant still in faith abiding,
 Life deriving from his death ;
 May I still enjoy this feeling,
 In all need to Jesus go ;
 Prove his wounds each day more healing,
 And himself more deeply known.

Seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them. Heb. 7: 25. M. 4.

272 **J**ESUS, hail! enthroned in glory,
There forever to abide;
All the heavenly hosts adore thee,
Seated at thy Father's side:
There for sinners thou art pleading,
There thou dost our place prepare,
Ever for us interceding,
Till in glory we appear.

2 Worship, honor, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give.
Help, ye bright angelic spirits!
Bring your sweetest, noblest lays:
Help to sing our Saviour's merits;
Help to chant Immanuel's praise.

Bakewell.

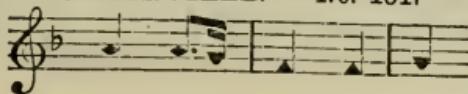
Praise ye the Lord. Psalm 148.

M. 4.

273 **P**RAISE the Lord; ye heavens, adore him;
Praise him, angels, in the height;
Sun and moon, rejoice before him;
Praise him, all ye stars of light.
Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken;
Worlds his mighty voice obeyed;
Laws, which never can be broken,
For their guidance he hath made.

2 Praise the Lord, for he is glorious;
Never shall his promise fail;
God hath made his saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high, his power proclaim;
Heaven, and earth, and all creation,
Praise and magnify his name.

GREENVILLE. No. 151.



WEBB. M. 14.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1830.

Our years are as a tale that is told. Ps. 90:9.

M. 14.

274 O GOD, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene :
 Before thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations,
 The Everlasting thou !

2 Our years are like the shadows
 On sunny hills that lie,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die :
 A sleep, a dream, a story,
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

Bickersteth.

Thou hast made the Lord thy habitation; There shall no evil befall thee.
Psalm 91: 9, 10. M. 14.

275 **I**N heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear,
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here:
 The storm may roar without me;
 My heart may low be laid,
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

2 Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack;
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim:
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

3 Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me,
 Where darkest clouds have been:
 My hope I can not measure;
 My path to life is free:
 My Saviour has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

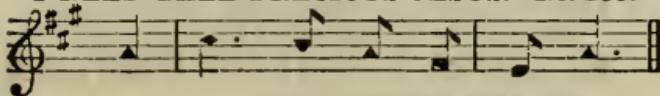
Anna L. Waring.

To Him be glory both now and forever. 2 Pet. 3: 18. M. 14.

276 **T**HY love, O Holy Father,
 Thy grace, O Holy Son,
 Thy peace, O Holy Spirit,
 Thy church abide upon:
 While she her voice upraises
 To thy eternal throne,
 And chants in endless praises
 Glory to God alone.

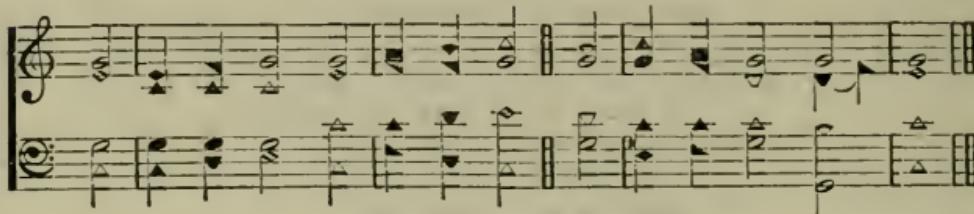
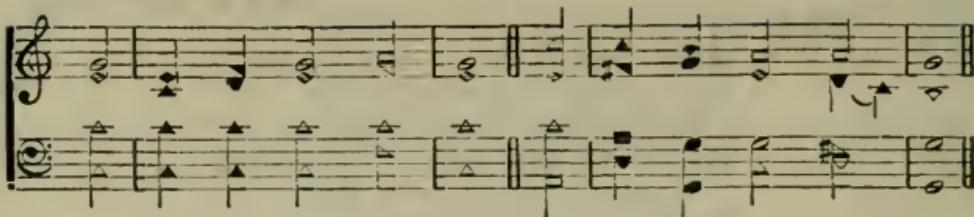
Thos. MacKellar.

I NEED THEE PRECIOUS JESUS. No. 189.



BOYLSTON. S. M.

L. MASON.



Bless the Lord O my soul, and forget not all his benefits. Ps. 103: 2. S. M.

277 **O** H, BLESS the Lord, my soul!
Let all within me join,
And aid my tongue to bless His name
Whose favors are divine.

- 2 Oh, bless the Lord, my soul!
Nor let his mercies lie
Forgotten in unthankfulness,
And without praises die.
- 3 'Tis He forgives thy sins;
'Tis He relieves thy pain;
'Tis He that heals thy sicknesses,
And gives thee strength again.
- 4 He crowns thy life with love,
When rescued from the grave,
He, that redeem'd our souls from death,
Hath boundless power to save.
- 5 He fills the poor with good;
He gives the suff'ers rest,
The Lord hath justice for the proud,
And mercy for the oppress'd.
- 6 His wondrous works and ways
He made by Moses known;
But sent the world His truth and grace
By His beloved Son.

I will sing a new song unto Thee. Psalm 144: 9.

S. M.

278 RAISE your triumphant songs
To an immortal tune;
Let the wide earth resound the deeds
Celestial grace has done.

- 2 Sing how eternal love
Its chief Beloved chose,
And bade Him raise our wretched race
From their abyss of woes.
- 3 'Twas mercy filled the throne,
And wrath stood silent by,
When Christ was sent with pardons down
To rebels doomed to die.
- 4 Now, sinners, dry your tears,
Let hopeless sorrows cease;
Bow to the sceptre of His love,
And take the offered peace.
- 5 Lord, we obey thy call:
We lay an humble claim
To the salvation thou hast brought,
And love and praise thy name.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

For as the heaven is high above the earth, so great is his mercy toward them that fear him. Ps. 103: 11.

S. M.

279 MY soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great:
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

- 2 God will not ever chide;
And when his strokes are felt,
They're always fewer than our crimes,
And lighter than our guilt.
- 3 His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love,
Far as the east is from the west,
Doth all our guilt remove.
- 4 High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace,
Our highest thoughts exceed.

Watts.

SALEM. S. M.

T. HASTINGS.

By grace are ye saved. Eph. 2: 5.

S. M.

280 GRACE! 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear:
Heaven with the echo shall resound,
And all the earth shall hear.

2 Grace first contrived a way
To save rebellious man;
And all the steps that grace display,
Which drew the wondrous plan.

3 Grace taught my wandering feet
To tread the heavenly road;
And new supplies each hour I meet
While pressing on to God.

Doddridge.

How amiable are Thy tabernacles. Ps. 84: 1.

S. M.

281 How charming is the place
Where my Redeemer, God,
Unvails the beauties of his face,
And sheds his love abroad!

2 To him our prayers and cries
Our humble souls present:
He listens to our broken sighs,
And grants us every want.

3 Give me, O Lord, a place
 Within thy blest abode,
 Among the children of thy grace,
 The servants of my God.

S. Stennett.

For ye know the grace of our Lord. 2 Cor. 8: 9.

S. M.

282 **T**o God the only wise,
 Our Saviour and our King,
 Let all the saints below the skies
 Their humble praises bring.

2 'Tis His almighty love,
 His counsel and His care,
 Preserves us safe from sin and death,
 And ev'ry hurtful snare.

3 He will present our souls
 Unblemish'd and complete,
 Before the glory of His face,
 With joys divinely great.

4 To our Redeemer, God,
 Wisdom and pow'r belongs,
 Immortal crowns of majesty,
 And everlasting songs.

Watts.

His delight is in the law of the Lord. Ps. 1: 2.

S. M.

283 **T**HY laws O God, are right,
 Thy throne shall ever stand,
 And thy victorious gospel prove
 A sceptre in thy hand.

2 Oh, let thy God and King
 Thy sweetest thoughts employ;
 Thy children shall his honors sing
 In palaces of joy.

3 Beside Thee, there is none :
 Eternal God and King,
 The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 Thy glorious praise we sing.

LAKE ENON.

No. 190.



CANA. C. M.

By Com.

My soul shall make her boast in the Lord. Ps. 34: 2.

C. M.

284 LONG as I live I'll bless thy name,
 My King, my God, my love;
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.

- 2 Great is the Lord; his power unknown;
 And let his praise be great;
 I'll sing the honors of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.
- 3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue,
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men who hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.
- 4 Fathers to sons, shall teach thy name,
 And children learn thy ways;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.
- 5 The world is governed by thy hand;
 Thy saints are ruled by love;
 And thine eternal kingdom stand,
 Though rocks, and hills remove.

And Jesus was called to the marriage. John 2: 2.

C. M.

285 SINCE Jesus freely did appear
 To grace a marriage feast;
 O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
 To be a wedding guest.

2 Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands ;
Their union with thy favor crown,
And bless the nuptial bands.

3 In purest love these souls unite,
That they with Christian care,
May make domestic burdens light
By taking mutual share.

4 And when that solemn hour shall come,
And life's short space be o'er,
May they in triumph reach that home,
Where they shall part no more.

Marriage is honorable. Heb. 13: 4.

C. M.

286 **W**E join to pray, with wishes kind,
A blessing, Lord, from Thee,
On those who now the bands have twined
Which ne'er may broken be.

2 We know that scenes not always bright
Must unto them be given ;
But over all give Thou the light
Of love, and truth, and heaven.

3 Still hand in hand, their journey through
Joint pilgrims may they go ;
Mingling their joys as helpers true,
And sharing every woe.

4 May each in each still feed the flame
Of pure and holy love ;
In faith, and trust, and heart the same,
The same their home above.

I will bless the Lord at all times. Psalm 34: 1.

C. M.

287 **T**HRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

2 The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

FREEDOM. L. M.

R. K. HIGGINS.

By per. of A. S. KIEFFER.

Know ye that the Lord he is God. Psalm 100: 3.

L. M.

288 SING to the Lord with joyful voice ;
 Let every land his name adore ;
 Let distant isles in him rejoice,
 And sound his praise from shore to shore.

- 2 Nations attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone,
 He can create, and he destroy.
- 3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay and formed us men ;
 And when, like wand'ring sheep we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 4 We are his people; we his care ;
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?
- 5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

Praise waiteth for thee, O God, in Zion. Psalm 65: 1. L. M.

289 PRAISE waits in Zion, Lord, for thee ;
 Thy saints adore thy holy name,
 Thy creatures bend th' obedient knee,
 And humbly thy protection claim.

2 Thy hand has raised us from the dust ;
 The breath of life thy spirit gave ;
 Where, but in thee, can mortals trust ?
 Who, but our God, has power to save ?

3 Eternal source of truth and light,
 To thee we look, on thee we call ;
 Lord, we are nothing in thy sight,
 But thou to us art all in all.

4 Still may thy children in thy word
 Their common trust and refuge see ;
 Oh, bind us to each other, Lord,
 By one great tie—the love of thee.

5 So shall our sun of hope arise,
 With brighter still and brighter ray,
 Till thou shalt bless our longing eyes
 With beams of everlasting day.

Sir James Edward Smith, 1814.

The heavens declare the glory of God. Psalm 19: 1.

L. M.

290 **T**HE heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines ;
 But when our eyes behold thy word,
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days, thy power confess ;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ,
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars, convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
 So when thy truth began its race,
 It touched and glanced on every land.

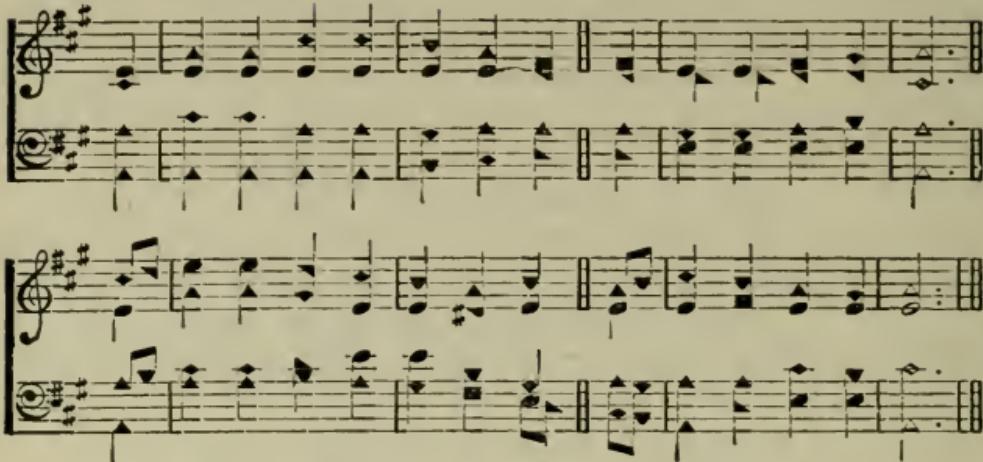
4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till through the world thy truth has run,
 Till Christ has all the nations blessed
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise !
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

I. Watts, 1719, a.t.

BRIDGEWATER. C. M.

J. H. HALL, by per.

*Daily shall he be praised. Psalm 72: 15.*

C. M.

291 COME, ye that love the Saviour's name,
 And joy to make it known ;
 The Sovereign of your heart proclaim,
 And bow before his throne.

2 Behold your King, your Saviour, crown'd
 With glories all divine ;
 And tell the wondering nations round
 How bright those glories shine.

3 Infinite power and boundless grace
 In him unite their rays :
 You that have e'er beheld his face,
 Can you forbear his praise ?

4 When in his earthly courts we view
 The glories of our King,
 We long to love as angels do,
 And wish like them to sing.

5 And shall we long and wish in vain ?
 Lord, teach our songs to rise !
 Thy love can animate the strain,
 And bid it reach the skies.

6 Oh, happy period ! glorious day !
 When heaven and earth shall raise,
 With all their powers, the raptured lay
 To celebrate thy praise.

Sing unto the Lord . . . with the voice of a psalm. Psalm 98: 5. C. M.

292 **I**'LL bless the Lord from day to day ;
How good are all his ways !
Ye humble souls that love to pray,
Come help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honor of his name,
How a poor suff'rer cried ;
Nor was his hope exposed to shame,
Nor was his suit denied.

3 When threat'ning sorrows round me stood,
And endless fears arose
Like the loud billows of a flood,
Redoubling all my woes ;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress,
With heavy groans and tears ;
He gave my sharpest torments ease,
And silenced all my fears.

5 O sinners, come and taste his love ;
Come, learn his pleasant ways ;
And let your own experience prove
The sweetness of his grace.

Watts.

Let us go into the house of the Lord. Psalm 122: 1.

C. M.

293 **H**ow did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear,
And keep the solemn day."

2 I love her gates, I love the road ;
The church, adorned with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God,
To show his milder face.

3 Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest ;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blessed !

4 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains ;
There my best friends, my kindred, dwell,
There God, my Saviour, reigns.

W

CHATHAM. M.5.



I laid me down and slept; I awaked: for the Lord sustained me.

Psalm 3: 5. M.5.

294 **D**AY is breaking in the sky;
Restful night has passed away:
Now I lift my early cry,
Lead thy servant, Lord, to-day.

2 Jesus, Master! forth I go,
Taking up my 'customed task:
Teach me what I need to know,—
Give me what I ought to ask.

3 I see not the way before,
But I go at thy command,
Entering gladly duty's door,
Led by thy directing hand.

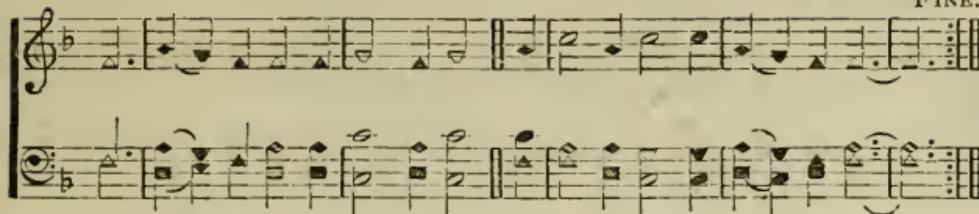
4 Take away my sin and guilt,
Make me whiter than the snow:
Be my will just what Thou wilt,
Asking not, why is it so?

5 May my soul, impell'd by love,
Do whate'er thy Spirit saith,
That my life this day may prove,
Through thy grace, the power of faith.

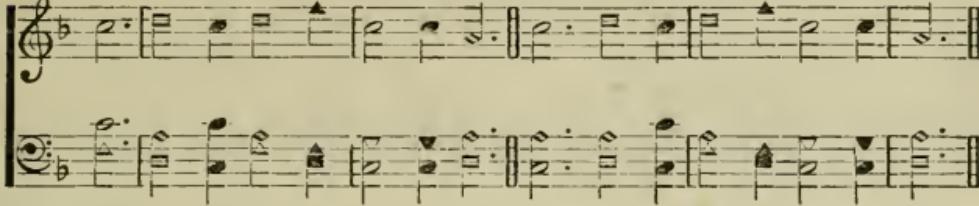
6 Glory to Thee evermore!
Glory to the uttermost!
Heaven and earth thy name adore,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PARTING HAND. L. M. D.

FINE.



D. C.



He that loveth his brother abideth in the light. 1 John 2: 10. L. M. D.

295 **M**y dearest friends, in bonds of love,
Our hearts in sweetest union prove,
Your friendship's like a drawing band,
Yet we must take the parting hand.
Your presence sweet, your union dear,
Your words delightful to my ear;
And when I see that we must part,
You draw like cords around my heart.

- 2 How sweet the hours have passed away,
Since we have met to sing and pray,
How loth I've been to leave the place
Where Jesus shows his smiling face !
O could I stay with friends so kind,
How would it cheer my struggling mind !
But duty makes me understand,
That we must take the parting hand.
- 3 And since it is God's holy will,
We must be parted for a while,
In sweet submission all as one,
We'll say our Father's will be done.
Dear fellow youth, in Christian ties,
Who seek for mansions in the skies,
Fight on you'll win the happy shore,
Where parting hands are known no more,

SWEET DAY. S. M.

Salvation belongeth to the Lord : thy blessing is upon thy people. Psalm 3: 8.
S. M.

296 **O**NCE more, before we part,
Oh, bless the Saviour's name !
Let every tongue and every heart
Adore and praise the same.

2 Lord, in thy grace we came,
That blessing still impart,
We met in Jesus' sacred name,
In Jesus' name we part.

3 Still on thy holy word
We'll live, and feed, and grow;
And still go on to know the Lord,
And practice what we know.

4 Now, Lord, before we part,
Help us to bless thy name ;
Let every tongue and every heart,
Adore and praise the same.

That their hearts might be comforted, being knit together in love. Col. 2: 2.
S. M.

297 **N**ow, brethren, though we part,
And to our homes repair—
May we be true, and join'd in heart,
Like friends of Jesus are.

2 Oh, let us still proceed
In Jesus' work below,
And following our triumphant Head,
To further conquests go.

3 Oh, let our hearts and mind
 With ev'ry day ascend,
 That haven of repose to find,
 Where all our labors end.

4 When all our toils are o'er,
 Our suff'ring and our pain :
 We'll meet on that celestial shore,
 And never part again.

EXPOSTULATION. 11. M.

JOSIAH HOPKINS, 1830.

Pray for one another. James 5: 16.

M. 11.

298 **F**AREWELL, my dear brethren, the time is at hand,
 That we must be parted from this social band ;
 Our sev'ral engagements now call us away ;
 Our parting is needful, and we must obey.

2 Farewell my dear brethren, farewell for a while,
 We'll soon meet again, if kind Providence smile ;
 And while we are parted and scattered abroad,
 We'll pray for each other, and trust in the Lord.

3 Farewell, faithful soldiers you'll soon be discharged,
 The war will be ended, your bounty enlarged ;
 With shouting and singing, though Jordan may roar,
 We'll enter fair Canaan, and rest on the shore.

4 Farewell, younger brethren, just listed for war,
 Sore trials await you, but Jesus is near :
 Although you must travel the dark wilderness,
 Your Captain's before you, he'll lead you in peace.

GOD BE WITH YOU.

W. G. TOMER, By per.

CHORUS.

Till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, Till we meet at Jesus' feet, Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

Till we meet, till we meet, till we meet, God be with you till we meet again.

The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you. Rom. 16: 20.

299 God be with you till we meet again,
By his counsels guide, uphold you,
With his sheep securely fold you,
God be with you till we meet again.

2 God be with you till we meet again,
'Neath his wings protecting hide you,
Daily manna still provide you,
God be with you till we meet again.

3 God be with you till we meet again,
When life's perils thick confound you,
Put his arms unfailing round you,
God be with you till we meet again.

4 God be with you till we meet again,
 Keep love's banner floating o'er you,
 Smite death's threat'ning wave before you,
 God be with you till we meet again.

J. E. Rankin, D. D.

HICK'S FAREWELL. C. M.

W.M. WALKER.

Who shall separate us from the love of Christ. Rom. 8: 35. C. M.

300 **B**lest be the dear uniting love,
 That will not let us part:
 Our bodies may far off remove;
 We still are one in heart.

2 Joined in one spirit to our Head,
 Where he appoints we go;
 And still in Jesus' footsteps tread,
 And show his praise below.

3 Partakers of the Saviour's grace,
 The same in mind and heart,
 Not joy, nor grief, nor time, nor place,
 Nor life, nor death can part.

C. Wesley.

It is good to be here. Matt. 17: 4.

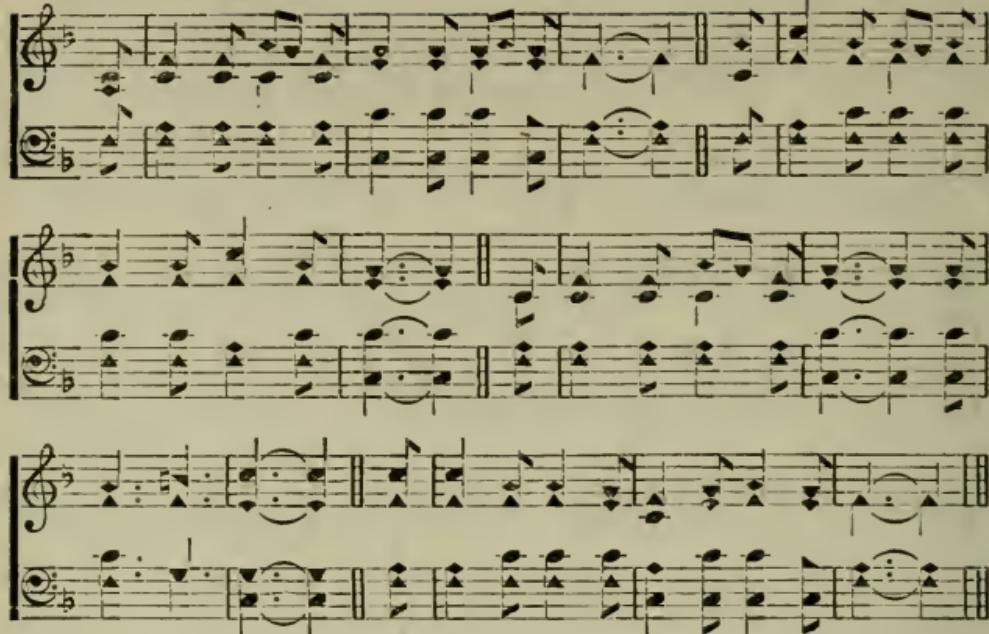
C. M.

301 **L**ORD, when together here we meet,
 And taste thy heav'nly grace,
 Thy smiles are so divinely sweet,
 We're loth to leave the place.

2 But, Father, since it is thy will
 That we must part again,
 Oh, may thy special presence still
 With ev'ry one remain.

42 PSALM. M. 55.

H. S. RUPP.



God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Psalm 46: 1.
M. 55.

302 “**A**s pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,”
That sinks exhausted in the summer’s chase;
So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings!
So thirsts to reach thy sacred resting-place.

- 2 On briny tears my famished soul has fed,
While taunting foes deride my deep despair;
“Say, where is now thy great Deliverer fled?
Thy mighty God—Deserted wanderer, where?”
- 3 Oft dwell my thoughts on those thrice happy days,
When to thy fane I lead the jocund throng;
Our mirth was worship, all our pleasure praise,
And festal joys still closed with sacred song.
- 4 Why throb, my heart? Why sink, my saddening soul?
Why droop to earth with various woes oppressed?
My years shall yet in blissful circles roll,
And joy be yet an inmate of this breast.
- 5 By Jordan’s banks with devious steps I stray,
O’er Hermon’s rugged rocks, and deserts drear;
E’en there thy hand shall guide my lonely way,
There, thy remembrance shall my spirit cheer.

6 In rapid floods the vernal torrents roll,
 Harsh-sounding cataracts responsive roar;
 Thine angry billows overwhelm my soul,
 And dash my shattered bark from shore to shore.

7 Yet thy soft mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To thee I'll fondly tune the grateful lay.

Hebrew Elegy. From Cottage Bible.

CLINTON. S. M.

J. H. HALL, by per.

Ye are not your own, for ye were bought with a price. 1 Cor. 6: 19. 20.
 S. M.

303 I GIVE myself to God,
 My life, my soul, my all ;
 He knows the devious paths I've trod,
 In mercy's hand I fall.

2 My sins I cannot count,
 Nor sum his favours up :
 I humbly kneel at mercy's fount
 And take salvation's cup.

3 I proffer but his own ;
 And may the Master take
 The gift I lay before his throne,
 For my Redeemer's sake.

4 I give myself to God,
 For evermore to hold :
 I pass beneath the Shepherd's rod
 To bide within his fold.

ALLEN. M. 5.

A. L. LANDIS.

The Lord is my refuge. Psalm 91: 2.

M. 5.

304

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the raging billows roll,
 While the tempest still is high !
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life be past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last !

2 Other refuge have I none ;
 Hangs my helpless soul on Thee ;
 Leave, oh, leave me not alone !
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my TRUST on Thee is stayed,
 All my HELP from Thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenseless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

3 Thou, O Christ, art all I want ;
 All I need in Thee I find ;
 Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
 Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Just and holy is thy name,
 I am all unrighteousness;
 False and full of sin I am,
 Thou art full of truth and grace.

4 Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to pardon all my sins:
 Let the healing streams abound;
 Make and keep me pure within.
 Thou of life the Fountain art,
 Freely let me take of thee;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity.

C. Wesley, 1740.

TOPLADY. M. 17.

That Rock was Christ. 1 Cor. 10: 4.

M. 17.

T. HASTINGS.

FINE.

D.C.

305 **R**OCK of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee,
 Let the water and the blood,
 From thy riven side that flowed,
 Be of sin the double cure;
 Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

2 Could my zeal no respite know,
 Could my tears forever flow—
 All for sin could not atone:
 Thou must save, and thou alone !
 Nothing in my hand I bring;
 Simply to thy cross I cling.

3 While I draw this fleeting breath,
 When my eyelids close in death,
 When I soar to worlds unknown,
 See thee on thy judgment throne,—
 Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
 Let me hide myself in thee.

Toplady.

ARTHUR. M. 7.

H. S. RUPP, 1888.

Fear not—I will give unto him that is athirst of the water of life freely.
Rev. 21: 6. M. 7.

306 JESUS! when my soul is parting
 From this body frail and weak,
 And the deathly dew is starting
 Down this pale and wasted cheek,—
 Thine, my Saviour,
 Be the name I last shall speak.

2 Jesus! when my memory wanders
 Far from loved ones at my side,
 And in fitful dreaming ponders
 Who are they that near me glide,—
 Last, my Saviour,
 Let my thoughts on thee abide.

3 When the morn in all its glory
 Charms no more mine ear nor eye,
 And the shadows closing o'er me
 Warn me of the time to die,—
 Last, my Saviour,
 Let me see thee standing by.

4 When my feet shall pass the river,
 And upon the further shore
 I shall walk, redeem'd forever,
 Ne'er to sin—to die no more,—
 First, Lord Jesus!
 Let me see thee, and adore.

Thos. MacKellar, 1848.

God the defense of the church. Psalm 125: 2.

M. 7.

307 **Z**ION stands with hills surrounded—
 Zion, kept by pow'r divine;
 All her foes shall be confounded,
 Though the world in arms combine :
 Happy Zion,
 What a favor'd lot is thine !

2 Every human tie may perish ;
 Friend to friend unfaithful prove ;
 Mothers cease their own to cherish ;
 Heaven and earth at last remove ;
 But no changes
 Can attend Jehovah's love.

3 In the furnace God may prove thee,
 Thence to bring thee forth more bright,
 But can never cease to love thee ;
 Thou art precious in his sight ;
 God is with thee—
 God, thine everlasting light.

Son, go work to-day in my vineyard. Matt. 21: 28.

M. 7.

308 **I**N the vineyard of our Father
 Daily work we find to do ;
 Scatter'd fruit our hands may gather,
 Though we are but weak and few :
 Little clusters
 Help to fill the basket too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
 Catching moments through the day,
 Nothing small or lowly scorning,—
 So we work, and watch and pray ;
 Gathering gladly
 Free-will offerings by the way.

Thos. MacKellar, 1845.

MAGRUDER. L. M.

J. H. HALL.

God is our refuge and strength. Ps. 46: 1.

L. M.

309

GOD is our refuge and defense;
 In trouble our unfailing aid:
 Secure in his omnipotence,
 What foe can make our souls afraid?

- 2 Yea, though the earth's foundations rock,
 And mountains down the gulf be hurled,
 His people shine amid the shock;
 They look beyond this transient world.
- 3 There is a river pure and bright,
 Whose streams make glad the heavenly plains;
 Where, in eternity of light,
 The City of our God remains.
- 4 Built by the word of his command,
 With his unclouded presence blest,
 Firm as his throne the bulwarks stand:
 There is our home, our hope, our rest.

James Montgomery, 1771—1854.

The winds and the sea obey Him. Matt. 8: 27.

L. M.

310

THE billows swell, the winds are high,
 Clouds overcast my wintry sky;
 Out of the depths to Thee I call,
 My fears are great, my strength is small.

- 2 O Lord, the pilot's part perform,
 And guide and guard me through the storm;
 Defend me from each threatening ill,
 Control the waves, say, "Peace, be still!"

3 Amidst the roaring of the sea
 My soul still hangs her hopes on Thee ;
 Thy constant love, Thy faithful care
 Is all that saves me from despair.

4 Dangers of every shape and name
 Attend the followers of the Lamb,
 Who leave the world's deceitful shore,
 And leave it to return no more.

5 Though tempest-tost and half a wreck,
 My Saviour through the floods I seek :
 Let neither winds nor storiny main
 Force back my shattered bark again !

Wm. Cowper, 1779.

Thou art my hiding-place. Psalm 32: 7.

L. M.

311 **H**AIL, sovereign Love ! that formed the plan
 To save rebellious, ruined man ;
 Hail ! matchless, free, eternal Grace,
 That gave my soul a hiding-place.

2 Against the God who rules the sky
 I fought, with hand uplifted high ;
 I madly ran the sinful race,
 Regardless of a hiding-place.

3 Indignant Justice stood in view ;
 To Sinai's burning mount I flew :
 But Justice cried, with frowning face,
 " This mountain is no hiding-place."

4 Ere long a heavenly voice I heard ;
 A bleeding Saviour then appeared ;
 Led by the Spirit of his grace,
 I found in him a hiding-place.

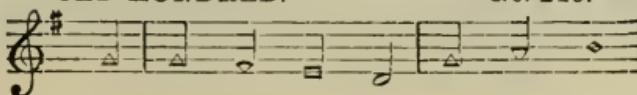
J. Brewer.

To Him be glory, both now and forever. 2 Pet. 3: 18. L. M.

312 **G**LORY and thanks to God in heaven !
 Praise to his blessed Son be given :—
 Thee, Holy Spirit, we implore,
 Be with us now and evermore.

OLD HUNDRED.

No. 246.



TAMPICO. C. M.

He laid his hands on them. Matt. 19: 15.

C. M.

313 DEAR Jesus, ever at my side,
 How loving must thou be,
 To leave thy home in heaven to guard
 A little child like me!

- 2 I cannot feel thee touch my hand
 With pressure light and mild,
 To check me as my mother did,
 When I was but a child.
- 3 But I have felt thee in my thoughts,
 Rebuking sin for me;
 And, when my heart loves God, I know
 The sweetness is from thee.
- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
 Morning and night, to prayer,
 Something there is within my heart
 Which tells me thou art there.
- 5 Yes! when I pray, thou prayest too—
 Thy prayer is all for me;
 But when I sleep, thou sleepest not,
 But watchest patiently.

Faber.

Fear not, little flock. Luke 12: 32.

C. M.

314 THERE is a little lonely fold,
 Whose flock One Shepherd keeps,
 Through summer's heat and winter's cold,
 With eye that never sleeps.

2 By evil beast, or burning sky,
Or damp of midnight air,
Not one in all that flock shall die
Beneath that Shepherd's care.

3 For if, unheeding or beguiled,
In danger's path they roam,
His pity follows through the wild,
And guards them safely home.

4 O gentle Shepherd, still behold
Thy helpless charge in me,
And take a wanderer to Thy fold,
That trembling turns to Thee.

Maria Grace Saffery, 1834.

The good Shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. John 10: 11. C. M.

315 **V**e little flock whom Jesus feeds,
Y Dismiss your anxious cares ;
Look to the Shepherd of your souls,
And smile away your fears.

2 Though wolves and lions prowl around,
His staff is your defense ;
'Midst sands and rocks, your Shepherd's voice
Calls streams and pastures thence.

3 Your Father will a kingdom give,
And give it with delight ;
His feeblest child his love shall call
To triumph in his sight.

4 Ten thousand praises, Lord, we bring
For sure supports like these ;
And o'er the pious dead we sing
Thy living promises.

5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,
We bless a Saviour's name ;
Nor shall that stroke disturb the song
Which breaks this mortal frame.

DUNDEE

No. 84.



BROADWAY. C. M.

H. S. RUPP.

Iesus said therefore unto the twelve, Will ye also go away? John 6:67. C. M.

316 **W**HERE could I go but unto thee,
O man of Nazareth?
Thy blood was shed on Calvary
To give me life for death!

- 2 To whom, my Lord, but unto thee,
O Son of God most high,
When angels bend with reverent knee
Before thy Majesty?
- 3 Where could I go but unto thee,
The only refuge-tower
Impregnable, where I can flee
In sore temptation's hour?
- 4 To whom need I go but to thee?
Thou art the utmost sum
Of every Soul's necessity;—
And therefore, Lord, I come.
- 5 O Lamb of God, who cam'st to take
The sin of man away,
Fast hold me for thy mercy's sake,
And I shall never stray.

Thos. MacKellar, 1882.

Lord, to whom shall we go? John 6:68.

C. M.

317 **T**O WHOM, my Saviour, shall I go,
If I depart from thee?
My guide through all this vale of woe,
And more than all to me.

2 The world reject thy gentle reign,
And pay thy death with scorn ;
Oh, they could plait thy crown again,
And sharpen every thorn !

3 But I have felt thy dying love
Breathe gently through my heart,
To whisper hope of joys above—
And can we ever part ?

4 Ah, no ! with thee I'll walk below,
Through conflict, toil, and strife ;
To whom, my Saviour, shall I go ?
Thy words are endless life.

"Carus," 1815.

The full assurance of hope. Heb. 6: 11.

C. M.

318 **W**HEN floating on life's troubled sea,
By storms and tempests driv'n,
Hope, with her radiant finger, points
To brighter scenes in heav'n.

2 She bids the storms of life to cease,
The troubled breast be calm ;
And in the wounded heart she pours
Religion's healing balm.

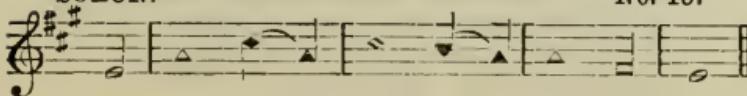
3 Her hallow'd influence cheers life's hours
Of sadness and of gloom ;
She guides us through this vale of tears
To joys beyond the tomb.

4 And when our fleeting days are o'er,
And life's last hour draws near,
With still unweari'd wing she hastens
To wipe the falling tear.

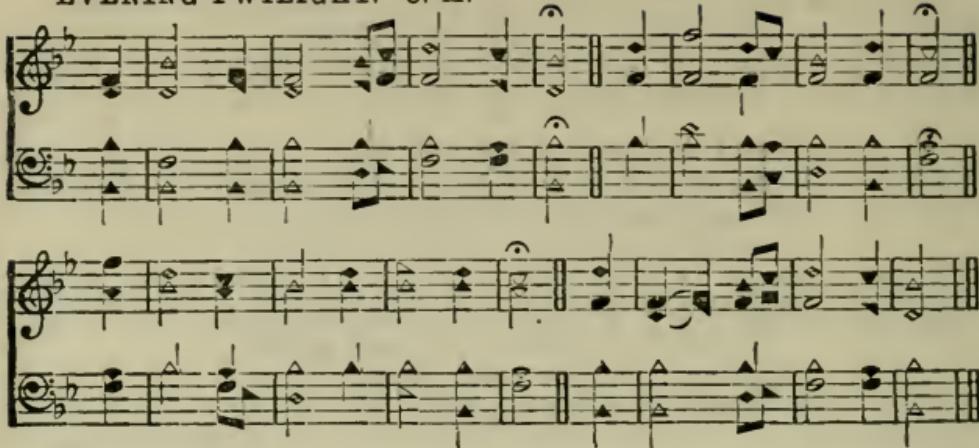
5 She bids the anguish'd heart rejoice :
Though earthly ties are riv'n,
We still may hope to meet again
In yonder peaceful heav'n.

SOLON.

No. 49.



EVENING TWILIGHT. C. M.

*The sure foundation. Isaiah 28: 16.*

C. M.

319 **B**EHOLD the sure foundation stone,
Which God in Zion lays,
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,
And his eternal praise.

- 2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
Let saints adore the name ;
They trust their whole salvation here,
Nor shall they suffer shame.
- 3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
Reject it with disdain ;
Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
And envy rage in vain.
- 4 What though the gates of hell withstood,
Yet must this building rise ;
'Tis thine own work, almighty God,
And wondrous in our eyes.

Watts.

Looking for that blessed hope. Titus 2: 13.

C. M.

320 **O**H, HAPPY soul that lives on high,
While men live grov'ling here,
His hopes are fix'd above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

- 2 His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life whose holy springs
Are hidden, and divine.

3 He waits in secret on his God ;
 His God in secret sees :
 Let earth be all in arms abroad,
 He dwells in heavenly peace.

4 His pleasures rise from things unseen,
 Beyond this world and time,
 Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
 Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

Her ways are ways of pleasantness. Prov. 3: 17.

C. M.

321 **O** HAPPY is the man who hears
 Religion's warning voice,
 And who celestial wisdom makes
 His early, only choice.

2 For she hath treasures greater far
 Than east and west unfold ;
 And her rewards more precious are
 Than all their stores of gold.

3 In her right hand is length of days
 For those who heed her voice ;
 Her left hand offers wealth and praise
 To make her sons rejoice.

4 She guides the young with innocence
 In pleasure's paths to tread ;
 A crown of glory she bestows
 Upon the hoary head.

5 According as her labors rise,
 So her rewards increase ;
 Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
 And all her paths are peace.

Michael Bruce, ab. 1746. v. 3, Hastings, 1883.

What is the chaff to the wheat? Jer. 23: 28.

C. M.

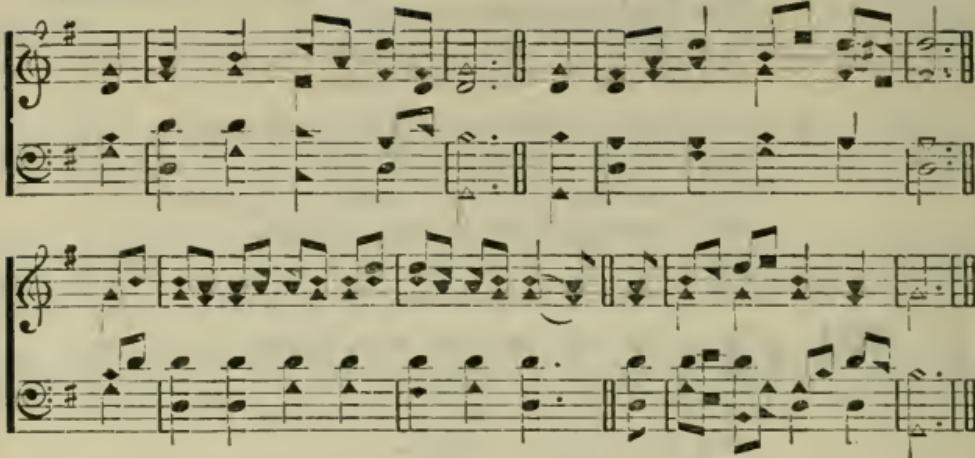
322 **W**HAT is the chaff, the word of man,
 When set against the wheat ?
 Can it a dying soul sustain,
 Like that immortal meat ?

2 Thy word, O God, with heavenly bread
 Thy children doth supply ;
 And those who by thy word are fed
 Their souls shall never die.

Charles Wesley, 1762.

SHIRLAND. S. M.

SAMUEL STANLEY, 1800.



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Ps. 23: 1 S. M.

323 THE Lord my Shepherd is;
 I shall be well suppli'd;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

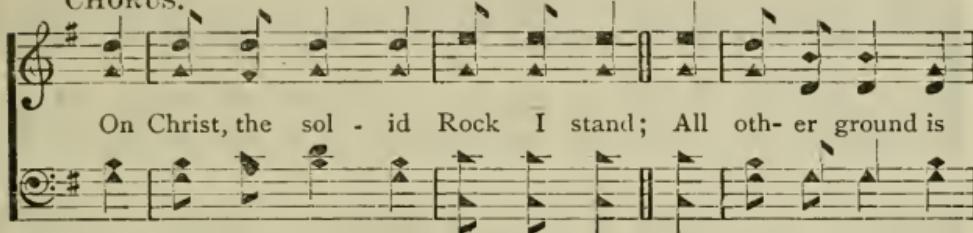
- 2 He leads me to the place
 Where heav'nly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.
- 3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.
- 4 While he affords his aid,
 I can not yield to fear;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My Shepherd's with me there.
- 5 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.
- 6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my future days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

THE SOLID ROCK. L. M.

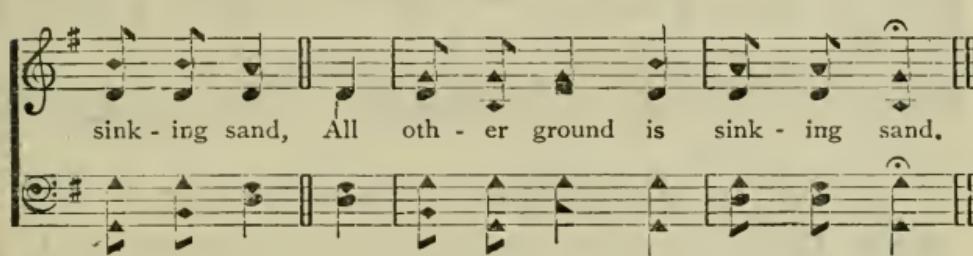
W. B. BRADBURY.

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CHORUS.



On Christ, the sol - id Rock I stand; All oth - er ground is



sink - ing sand, All oth - er ground is sink - ing sand.

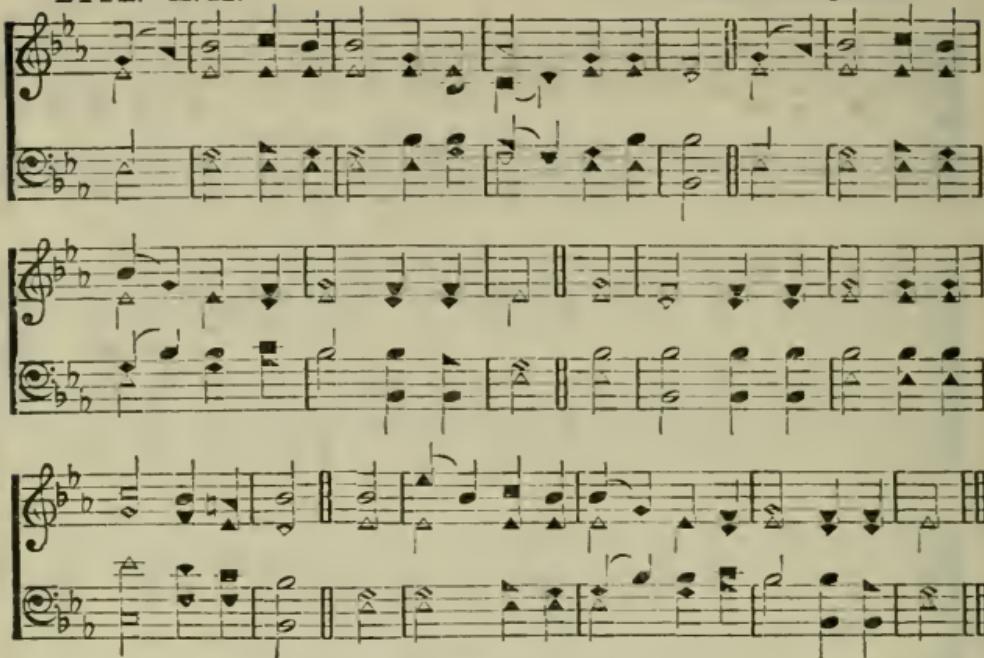
The Lord is my defense, and rock of my refuge. Ps. 94: 22. L. M.

324 MY HOPE is built on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
I dare not trust the sweetest frame;
But wholly lean on Jesus' name.

- 2 When darkness veils his lovely face,
I rest on his unchanging grace;
In every high and stormy gale,
My anchor holds within the veil.
- 3 His oath, His covenant, His blood,
Support me in the whelming flood;
When all around my soul gives way,
He then is all my hope and stay.
- 4 When He shall come with trumpet's sound,
Oh, may I then in him be found,
Dressed in his righteousness alone,
Faultless to stand before the throne.

LYTE. M. 11.

From Temple Star.

*Faint, yet pursuing. Judges 8: 4.*

M. 11.

325 **T**HOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
 Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
 The Lord is our refuge and whom can we fear?

- 2 He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
 The weak and oppress'd, he will hear their complaint;
 The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
 But how can we falter? our help is in God.
- 3 Into his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
 His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
 The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
 And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.
- 4 Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
 So faint, yet pursuing, still onward we come;
 The Lord is our Leader, his kingdom our home.
- 5 And there all his people eternally dwell,
 With him who hath led them so safely and well;
 The toilsome way over, the wilderness past;
 And Canaan, the blessed, is theirs at the last.

John N. Darby, 1861.

ALASKA. 11s, 12s & 4.

By Com.

The Rock higher than I. Psalm 61: 2.

11s, 12s & 4.

326 IN seasons of grief to my God I'll repair,
 When my heart's overwhelmed with sorrow and care;
 From the end of the earth unto thee will I cry,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I—
 Higher than I—higher than I—
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.

2 When Satan, my foe, cometh in like a flood,
 To direct my poor soul from the fountain of God,
 I will pray to the Saviour who kindly did die,
 Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I.
 Higher than I, etc.

3 O Saviour of sinners, when faint and depress'd,
 With my manifold trials and sorrows oppress'd,
 I will bow at thy feet, and with confidence cry
 "Lead me to the Rock that is higher than I."
 Higher than I, etc.

WE ARE TRAVELING ON OUR WAY. M. 5.

C. E. LESLIE, by per. owner of copyright.

I am a stranger and a sojourner. Psalm 39: 12.

M. 5.

327 **W**E are traveling on our way,
 Clouds and darkness fill the day,
 Every path is rough and steep,
 And the streams are wide and deep.

2 Though the path be rough and steep,
 Though the streams be dark and deep,
 Though the tempest cloud the sky,
 Call on Him, He will be nigh.

3 He will guide your weary feet,
 To the pastures green and sweet,
 By the waters calm and still,
 He will save from every ill.

Let not your hearts faint. Duet. 20: 3.

M. 5.

328 **F**AINT not, Christian ! though the road,
 Leading to the blest abode,
 Darksome be, and dangerous too :
 Christ, thy guide, will bring thee through.

2 Faint not, Christian ! though the world
 Hath its hostile flag unfurled :
 Hold the cross of Jesus fast ;
 Thou shalt overcome at last.

3 Faint not, Christian ! though within
 There's a heart so prone to sin ;
 Christ the Lord, is over all,
 He'll not suffer thee to fall.

DELAWARE. M. 5.

By Com.

Casting all your anxiety upon him, because he careth for you. 1 Pet 5: 7.
M. 5.

329 **C**AST thy burden on the Lord!
Is this message meant for me?
May I take him at his word,
And will he my helper be?

- 2 In my daily household care,
In the business of the day,
Will the Lord the burden bear
Or his strength upon me lay?
- 3 When the evil one shall cast
Tempting baits to snare my soul,
Or shall taunt me with the past,
Will the Lord his power control?
- 4 When the bitterness of grief
Shall upon my bosom prey,
Will he give me swift relief?
Will he take the pain away?
- 5 When the parting hour is near,
Will his everlasting love
Conquer every doubt and fear
And the sting of death remove?
- 6 'Tis the promise of the Lord,
Meant for me on every day:
Heaven and earth may fail,—his word
Never once shall pass away.

Thos. MacKellar, 1882.

AUTUMN. M. 4.

Spanish Melody

We have left all, and followed thee. Mark 10: 28.

M. 4.

330 **J**ESUS, I my cross have taken,
 All to leave and follow thee ;
 Destitute, despised, forsaken,
 Thou from hence my all shalt be ;
 Perish every fond ambition,
 All I've sought, and hoped, and known,
 Yet how rich is my condition !
 God and heaven are still my own.

2 Let the world despise and leave me ;
 They have left my Saviour too ;
 Human hearts and looks deceive me ;
 Thou art not, like men, untrue ;
 And while thou shalt smile upon me,
 God of wisdom, love, and might,
 Foes may hate, and friends may shun me,
 Show thy face and all is bright.

3 Haste thee on from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith and winged by prayer ;
 Heaven's eternal day's before thee—
 God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thine earthly mission,
 Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days ;
 Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Henry Francis Lyte, 1824.

New heavens and a new earth. 2 Pet. 3: 13.

M. 4.

331 **W**EARY pilgrim, why this sadness?
 Why 'mid sorrow's scenes decline?
 Trials strange bring joy and gladness,
 For all things shall yet be thine.
 Earth anew, with robe of glory,
 Shall rejoice in hill and vale ;
 There glad harps shall tell the story
 Of the love that could not fail.

2 Thou shalt range the fields of pleasure,
 Where joy's gushing songs arise ;
 Thou shalt have thy well-stored treasure,
 In the New Earth's Paradise.
 Weary pilgrim, leave thy sadness,
 To Mount Zion thou art come !
 Swell thy songs of joy and gladness,
 And rejoice in thy blest home.

Emily Clemens Pearson, cir. 1844.

It is a good land. Deut. 1: 25.

M. 4.

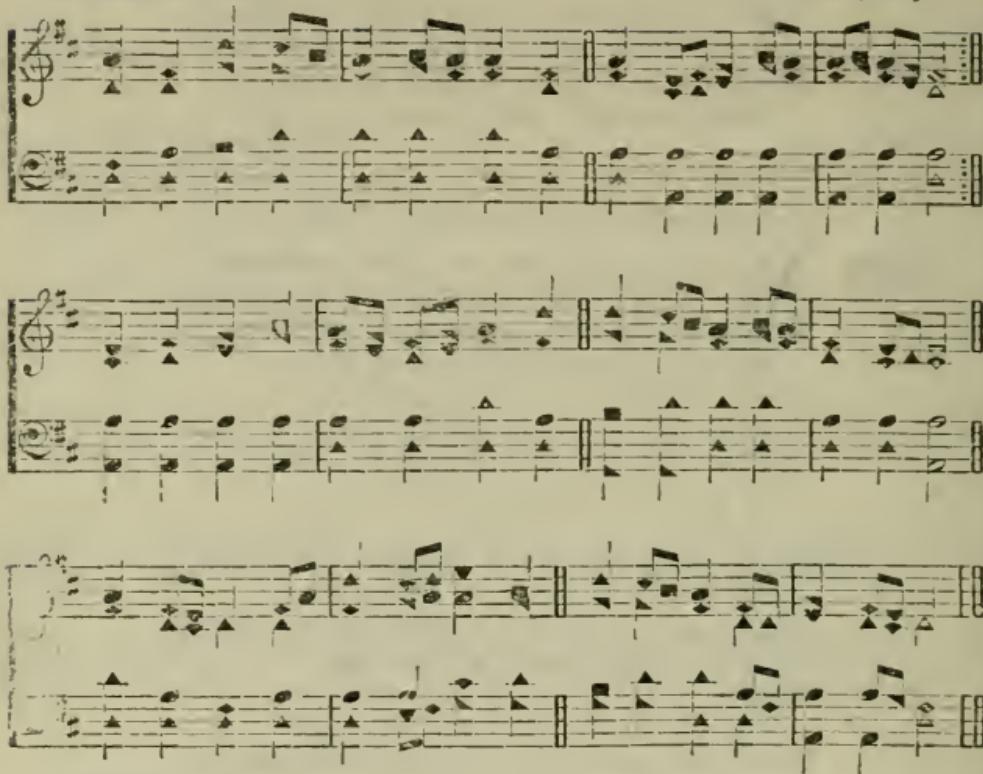
332 **S**EE, above time's clouds and shadows,
 See, my soul, the land of light !
 Where the breeze is ever balmy,
 Where the sky is ever bright.
 In it spring life's crystal fountains,
 Through it peaceful rivers flow
 And renew its glorious landscapes,
 Which with life eternal glow.

2 Storms that rage in death's dark valleys
 Die this side its golden strand ;
 Sighs are lost in songs of triumph
 On its shining border land.
 Now at length a mighty rapture
 Thrills this troubled heart of mine,
 In the prospect of possessing
 This inheritance divine.

Welsh of W. Thomas. Tr. W. Edwards, ab. cir. 1880.

FOUNT OF GLORY. M. 4.

A. L. LANDIS, 1889.

*O how love I thy law! Psalm 119: 97.*

M. 4.

333 **B**LESSED Bible, how I love it!
 How it doth my bosom cheer!
 What hath earth like this to covet?
 Oh, what stores of wealth are here!
 Man was lost and doomed to sorrow,
 Not one ray of light or bliss
 Could he from earth's treasures borrow,
 Till his way was cheered by this.

Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee,
 Precious word! I'll hide thee here!
 Sure my very heart will bless thee,
 For thou ever say'st, "Good cheer!"
 Speak, my heart, and tell thy pond'ring,
 Tell how far thy rovings led,
 When this book bro't back thy wand'rings,
 Speaking life as from the dead.

3 Yes, sweet Bible ! I will hide thee
 Deep, yes, deeper in this heart ;
 Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
 And in death we will not part !
 Part in death ! no, never, never !
 Thro' death's vale I'll lean on thee ;
 And in brighter worlds, forever,
 Sweeter far thy truths shall be.

Phœbe Palmer, cir. 1860.

There am I in the midst. Matt. 18: 20.

M. 4.

334 **F**AR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and vain desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the Fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.

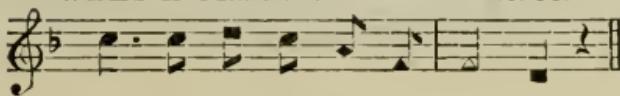
2 Who may share this great salvation ?
 Every pure and humble mind,
 Every kindred, tongue and nation,
 From the dross of guilt refined.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none,
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.

3 Every stain of guilt abhorring,
 Firm and bold in virtue's cause,
 Still thy providence adoring,
 Faithful subjects to thy laws ;
 Lord, with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou our Sun and Shield defend us,
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor, 1760.

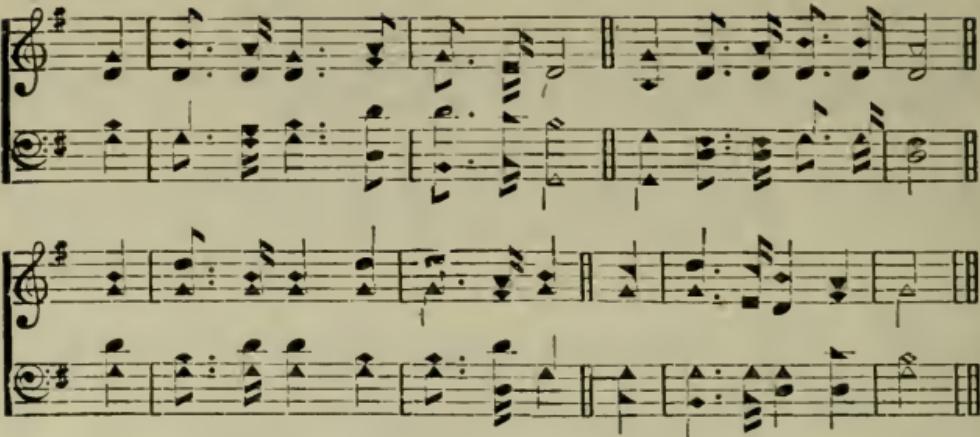
WHAT A FRIEND.

No. 38.



SAFETY. C. M.

H. S. RUPP.



The way of man is not in himself; it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps. Jer. 10: 23.

C. M.

335 **I** WOULD I were content to be
Just as my Lord shall will,
So I with cheerful constancy
His purpose may fulfil.

- 2 O may I be content to lay
My hourly griefs and cares
Upon His arm that every day
His children's burden bears:
- 3 Nor proudly strive to carry part
And leave to Him the rest,
So losing comfort of the heart
And healing of the breast.
- 4 Though I should ask the Lord to show
Some greater things to do,
May I be ever quick to go
On humble errands too:
- 5 To run in haste, or waiting stand,
Content to go or stay,
While watching for his guiding hand
To point the fitting way.
- 6 Whatever work the day shall bring,
May I set Thee before,
And give to Thee, O Christ, my King,
The glory evermore.

Thos. MacKellar, 1881.

Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God. Matt. 5: 8. C. M.

336 **B**y cool Siloam's shady rill,
How fair the lily grows!
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

- 2 Lo! such the child, whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod,
Whose secret heart with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.
- 3 By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away.
- 4 And soon, too soon the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's pow'r,
And stormy passion's rage.
- 5 O thou, who givest life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Heber.

Increase our faith. Luke 17: 5.

C. M.

337 **O**H, for a faith that will not shrink,
Though pressed by every foe,
That will not tremble on the brink
Of any earthly woe!

- 2 That will not murmur nor complain
Beneath the chastening rod,
But, in the hour of grief or pain,
Will lean upon its God.
- 3 A faith that shines more bright and clear
When tempests rage without;
That, when in danger, knows no fear,
In darkness, feels no doubt.
- 4 Lord, give us such a faith as this,
And then, whate'er may come,
We'll taste, ev'n here, the hallowed bliss
Of an eternal home.

W. H. Bathurst, 1831.

LAWRENCE. C. M.

A. L. LANDIS, 1883.

As many as touched him were made whole. Mark 6: 56. C. M.

338 AT JESUS' feet I take my place:
 I touch his garment's hem:
 A helpless child in need of grace
 My Lord will not condemn.

2 I have no hope but in his love;
 His promise is my plea:
 I give myself to Him who strove
 E'en unto death for me.

3 I only ask that I may know
 What he would have me do,
 That my obedient life may show
 The grace that bears me through.

4 I've nothing, Lord, to offer thee
 But this weak heart of mine:
 O take it, Lord, and let it be
 Thine own, for ever thine.

MacKellar, 1882.

Our dwelling-place in all generations. Ps. 90: 1.

C. M.

339 OUR God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home!

2 Under the shadow of thy throne,
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defense is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth received her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men;"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

5 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away:
 They fly, forgotten, as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

6 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts, ab 1709.

"Thy will be done."

C. M.

340 **M**y God, my Father, blissful name!
 Oh, may I call thee mine?
 May I with sweet assurance claim
 A portion so divine?

2 This only can my fears control,
 And bid my sorrows fly;
 What real harm can reach my soul
 Beneath my Father's eye?

3 Whate'er thy providence denies
 I calmly would resign;
 For thou art good, and just, and wise:
 Oh, bend my will to thine!

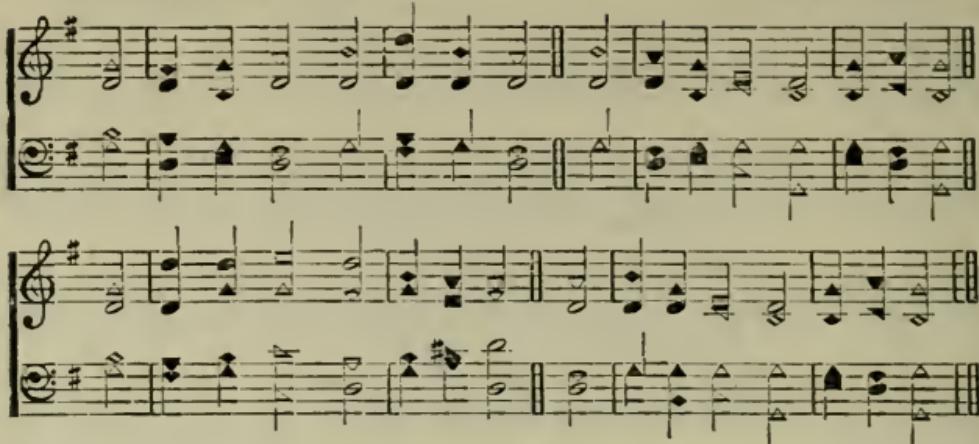
4 Whate'er thy sacred will ordains,
 Oh, give me strength to bear!
 And let me know my Father reigns,
 And trust his tender care.

5 Thy sovereign ways are all unknown
 To my weak, erring sight:
 Yet let my soul adoring own
 That all thy ways are right.

Mrs. Steele.

ROCKINGHAM. L. M.

L. MASON, 1832.



Ye have not yet resisted unto blood, striving against sin. Heb. 12: 4. L. M.

341 **W**HY should I murmur or repine,
O Lamb of God, who bled for me?
What are my griefs compared with thine,
Thy tears, thy groans, thine agony!

- 2 If thou the furnace dost employ,
Thou sittest as refiner near
To purge away the base alloy,
Till thine own image bright appear.
- 3 Though oft thy way is in the sea,
Thy footsteps in the wingéd storm ;
Though crested billows threaten me,
Love slumbers in their frowning foam.
- 4 Submissive would I kiss the rod,
Needful each stroke, I humbly own ;
Help me to trust thee, O my God,
If now thy wisdom be unknown.

Which also sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word. Luke 10: 39. L. M.

342 **O**H, that I could forever dwell,
Delighted at the Saviour's feet ;
Behold the form I love so well,
And all his tender words repeat !

- 2 The world shut out from all my soul,
And heaven brought in with all its bliss,—
Oh ! is there aught, from pole to pole,
One moment to compare with this ?

3 This is the hidden life I prize—
 A life of penitential love!
 When most my follies I despise,
 And raise my highest thoughts above.

4 Thus would I live till nature fail,
 And all my former sins forsake;
 Then rise to God within the vail,
 And of eternal joys partake.

The communion of the Holy Ghost. 2 Cor. 13: 14.

L. M.

343 **O** THOU who camest from above,
 The pure celestial fire to impart,
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 On the mean altar of my heart.

2 There let it for thy glory burn,
 With inextinguishable blaze;
 And trembling to its source return,
 In humble prayer and fervent praise.

3 Jesus, confirm my heart's desire,
 To work, and speak, and think for thee;
 Still let me guard the holy fire,
 And still stir up thy gift in me.

4 Ready for all thy perfect will,
 My acts of faith and love repeat,
 Till death thy endless mercies seal,
 And make the sacrifice complete.

C. Wesley.

As thy days, so shall thy strength be. Deut. 33: 25.

L. M.

344 **L**ET me but hear my Saviour say,
 "Strength shall be equal to thy day,"—
 Then I rejoice in deep distress,
 Upheld by all-sufficient grace.

2 I can do all things, or can bear
 All suffering, if my Lord be there;
 Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
 While he my sinking head sustains.

3 I glory in infirmity,
 That Christ's own power may rest on me;
 When I am weak, then am I strong;
 Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1709.

RUTH. S. M.

*It is not of him that willeth, nor of him that runneth, but of God
that sheweth mercy. Rom. 9: 16.*

S. M.

345 “**M**y times are in thy hand,”
My God, I wish them there;
My life, my friends, my soul I leave
Entirely to thy care.

2 “My times are in thy hand,”
Whatever they may be;
Pleasing or painful, dark or bright,
As best may seem to thee.

3 “My times are in thy hand,”
Why should I doubt or fear?
My Father’s hand will never cause
His child a needless tear.

4 “My times are in thy hand,”
I’ll always trust in thee;
And after death, at thy right hand
I shall forever be.

*And we know that all things work together for good to them that
love God. Rom. 8: 28.*

S. M.

346 **I**f through unruffled seas
Toward heaven we calmly sail,
With grateful hearts, O God, to thee,
We’ll own the fostering gale.

2 But should the surges rise,
And rest delay to come,
Blest be the sorrow, kind the storm,
Which drives us nearer home.

- 3 Soon shall our doubts and fears
All yield to thy control;
Thy tender mercies shall illumine
The midnight of the soul.
- 4 Teach us, in every state,
To make thy will our own;
And, when the joys of sense depart,
To live by faith alone.

He careth for you. 1 Pet. 5: 7.

S. M.

347 **D**EAR Saviour, we are thine
By everlasting bonds;
Our names, our hearts, we would resign,
Our souls are in thy hands.

- 2 To thee we still would cleave,
With ever growing zeal;
If millions tempt us Christ to leave,
Oh let them ne'er prevail.
- 3 Thy Spirit shall unite
Our souls to thee our Head;
Shall form us to thy image bright,
That we thy paths may tread.

Thanks be to God, which causeth us to triumph in Christ. 2 Cor. 2: 14.

S. M.

348 **W**HEN on the brink of death
My trembling soul shall stand,
Waiting to pass that awful flood,
Great God, at thy command!—

- 2 When every scene of life
Stands ready to depart,
And the last sigh that shakes the frame
Shall rend this bursting heart.
- 3 Thou source of joy supreme,
Whose arm alone can save—
Dispel the darkness that surrounds
The entrance to the grave.
- 4 Leaning on Jesus' breast,
May I resign my breath;
And in his kind embraces lose
The bitterness of death.

ROLLING BILLOWS. C. M. D.

C. H. BRUNK, 1889.

What time I am afraid, I will trust in thee. Ps. 56:3. C. M. D.

349 **T**HE billows round me rise and roll,
 The storms of worldly care
 Beat heavily upon my soul,
 And shroud me in despair:
 Forsaken, comfortless, betray'd,
 With none to succour me,—
 Father, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in Thee!

2 As feeble as the bruised reed,
 Infirm to will or do;
 Oft working out the ungrateful deed
 'Twere better to eschew;
 How were the sinking soul dismay'd
 But for this refuge-plea,—
 Father, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in Thee!

3 When hope is faint, and faith is weak,
 And fears the bosom fill,
 And I a strong assurance seek
 That thou art gracious still;
 I rest upon thy promise-word,
 To thine own truth I flee:
 Father, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in Thee!

4 When saintly paleness marks my face,
 And dimness fills mine eye,
 And, hoping only in thy grace,
 I bow my head to die;
 If, entering in the vale of shade,
 Nor sun nor star I see,
 Father, what time I am afraid,
 Then will I trust in Thee!

Thos. MacKellar, 1853.

How I love thy law. Psalm 119: 97.

C. M. 

350 **O**H, how I love Thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight:
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.
 My waking eyes prevent the day,
 To meditate Thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away,
 To hear Thy gospel, Lord.

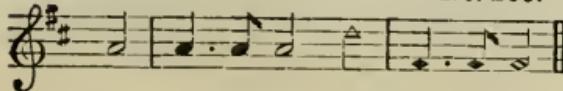
2 How doth Thy word my heart engage,
 How well employ my tongue,
 And in my tiresome pilgrimage
 Yields me a heavenly song.
 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast:
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.

3 No treasures so enrich the mind,
 Nor shall Thy word be sold
 For loads of silver, well refined,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.
 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write Thy praise.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

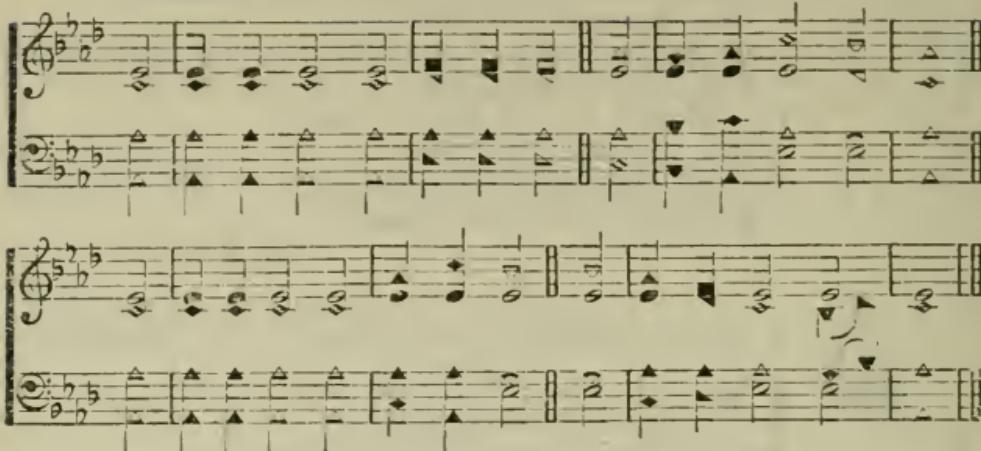
VARINA.

No. 105.



URBANA. C. M.

J. H. HALL, by per.

*The God of all grace. 1 Peter 5: 10.*

C. M.

351 **T**HE God of love, the God of peace,
 On whom our souls depend,
 Shall guide us through the wilderness,
 Until our journey's end:

2 The God of power shall still be near
 To strengthen and to save,
 To bring us off victorious there,
 Triumphant o'er the grave.

3 The God of hope shall comfort us,
 Through troubles yet to come;
 The God of truth shall be our trust,
 When lying lips are dumb.

4 The God of Abraham and his seed
 Shall be our guide and guard,
 Our help in every time of need,
 Our shield and great reward.

It is I; be not afraid. Matt. 14: 27.

C. M.

352 **W**HEN waves of trouble round me swell,
 My soul is not dismayed:
 I hear a voice I know full well—
 “‘Tis I—be not afraid.”

2 When black the threatening clouds appear,
 And storms my path invade,
 Those accents tranquilize each fear—
 “‘Tis I—be not afraid.”

3 There is a gulf that must be crossed ;
 Saviour, be near to aid !
 Whisper when my frail bark is tossed,
 " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

4 There is a dark and fearful vale,
 Death hides within its shade :
 Oh, say, when flesh and heart shall fail,
 " 'Tis I—be not afraid."

Charlotte Elliott, 1834.

That Christ may dwell in your hearts. Eph. 3: 17.

C. M.

353 **O** SAVIOUR, welcome to my heart ;
 Possess thy humble throne ;
 Bid every rival hence depart,
 And claim me for thine own.

2 The world and Satan I forsake ;
 To thee I all resign ;
 My longing heart, O Saviour, take,
 And fill with love divine.

3 Oh, may I never turn aside,
 Nor from thy bosom flee ;
 Let nothing here my heart divide ;
 I give it all to thee.

H. Bourne and W. Sanders, 1825.

Thou art with me. Psalm 23: 4.

C. M.

354 **T**HAT solemn hour will come for me,
 When, though their charms I own,
 All human ties resigned must be ,
 For I must die alone.

2 All earthly pleasures will be o'er,
 All earthly labors done,
 And I shall tread the eternal shore,
 And I must die alone.

3 But O, I will not view with dread
 That shadowy vale unknown ;
 I see a light within it shed ;
 I shall not die alone !

4 One will be with me there, whose voice
 I long have loved and known ;
 In Him my spirit shall rejoice,
 I shall not die alone.

ALBION. S. M.



Wherein he had made us accepted in the Beloved. Eph. 1: 6. S. M.

355 **M**y soul, with joy attend,
While Jesus silence breaks ;
No angel's harp such music yields,
As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 "I know my sheep," he cries,
"My soul approves them well :
Vain is the treach'rous world's disguise,
And vain the rage of hell.

3 I freely feed them now
With tokens of my love ;
But richer pastures I prepare,
And sweeter streams above.

4 Unnumbered years of bliss
I to my sheep will give ;
And while my throne unshaken stands,
Shall all my chosen live.

5 This tried Almighty Hand,
Is raised for their defense :
Where is the power shall reach them there ?
Or what shall force them thence ?

6 Enough, my gracious Lord,
Let faith triumphant cry ;
My heart can on this promise live,
Can on this promise die.

For the same cause also do ye joy. Phil. 2: 18.

S. M.

356 COME, we that love the Lord,
And let our joys be known ;
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

2 The sorrows of the mind,
Be banished from the place !
Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less.

3 Let those refuse to sing
Who never knew their God,
But favorites of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

4 The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

5 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear be dry ;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

Watts.

To every man his work. Mark 13: 34.

S. M.

357 LABORERS of Christ, arise,
And gird you for the toil !
The dew of promise from the skies,
Already cheers the soil.

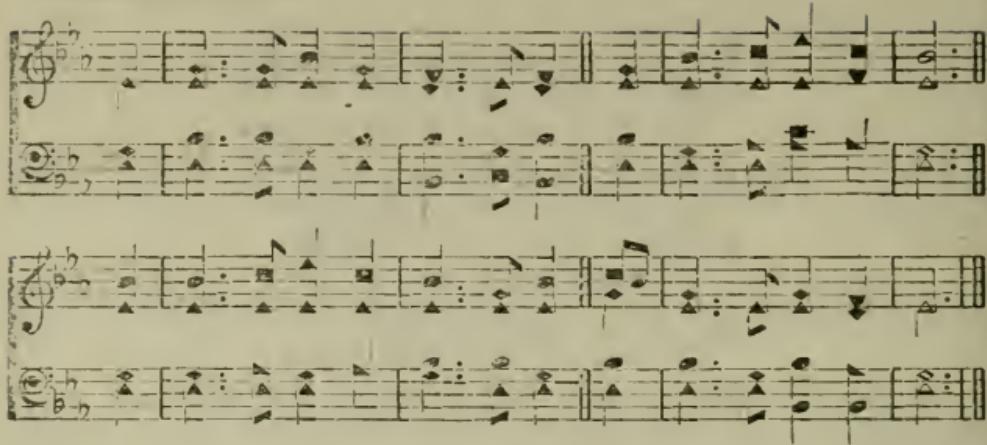
2 Go where the sick recline,
Where mourning hearts deplore ;
And where the sons of sorrow pine,
Dispense your hallowed store.

3 Be faith, which looks above,
With prayer, your constant guest ;
And wrap the Saviour's changeless love
A mantle round your breast.

4 So shall you share the wealth,
That earth may ne'er despoil ;
And the blest gospel's saving health
Repay your arduous toil.

Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney, 1841.

ELKHART. C. M.



Rejoice in the Lord always. Phil. 4: 4.

C. M.

358 **J**ESUS! the very thought of thee
With gladness fills my breast;
But dearer far thy face to see,
And in thy presence rest.

2 Nor voice can sing, nor heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than thy blest name,
O Saviour of mankind!

3 O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek!
To those who fall, how kind thou art,
How good to those who seek!

4 And those who find thee, find a bliss
Nor tongue nor pen can show:
The love of Jesus, what it is,
None but his loved ones know!

E. Caswall, Tr.

Grateful acknowledgments. Psalm 116: 12.

C. M.

359 **W**HAT shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode,
My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house
My off'ring shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

3 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life, which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

4 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand has loosed my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

5 Here, in thy courts, I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts.

By the grace of God, I am what I am. 1 Cor. 15: 10.

C. M.

360 **A**MAZING grace! how sweet the sound,
 That saved a wretch like me;
 I once was lost, but now am found;
 Was blind, but now I see.

2 'Twas grace that taught my heart to fear,
 And grace my fears relieved;
 How precious did that grace appear,
 The hour I first believed.

3 Thro' many dangers, toils, and snares,
 I have already come;
 'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far,
 And grace will lead me home.

4 The Lord has promised good to me,
 His word my hope secures;
 He will my shield and comfort be,
 As long as life endures.

5 Yes, when this flesh and heart shall fail,
 And mortal life shall cease;
 I shall possess, within the veil,
 A life of joy and peace.

Newton.

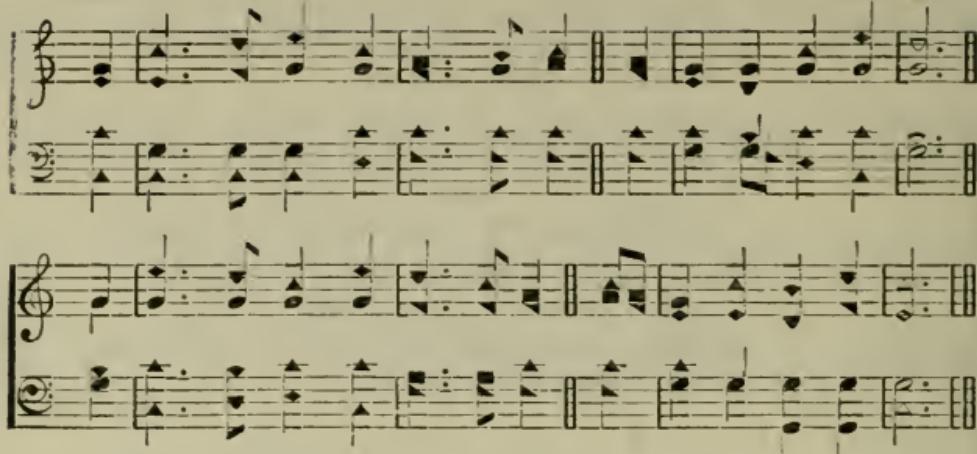
NAOMI.

No. 196.



BROWN, C. M.

W. B. BRADBURY.



A High-Priest, that hath been in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. Heb. 4: 15.

C. M.

381 **W**AS Jesus tempted like as we,
The Holy One of God?
Were paths of pain and poverty
By him, our Master, trod?

- 2 Was there no place in all the earth
To lay his head upon,
A King of more than royal birth,
Yea, God's eternal Son?
- 3 If thus the sinless Saviour fared,
Can I, dare I repine,
When sorrow, want, and death he shared
To make salvation mine!
- 4 O child redeem'd by his own blood,
Why yield to anxious care?
Thou canst not sink beneath the flood
When Christ is walking there.
- 5 Think not thy Saviour does not see
When Satan casts a dart:
No arrow ever wounded thee
That did not pierce his heart.
- 6 The great High-Priest is touch'd by all
Thy weaknesses and woes;
And He, when grievous sorrows fall,
Sufficient grace bestows.

All my springs are in thee. Psalm 87: 7.

C. M.

362 **M**y God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
The comfort of my nights!

- 2 In darkest shades, if thou appear,
My dawning is begun;
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.
- 3 The op'ning heav'ns around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows his mercy mine,
And whispers I am his.
- 4 My soul would leave this heavy clay
At that transporting word,
And run with joy the shining way
To meet my dearest Lord.

Watts.

My refuge and my fortress. Psalm 91: 2.

C. M.

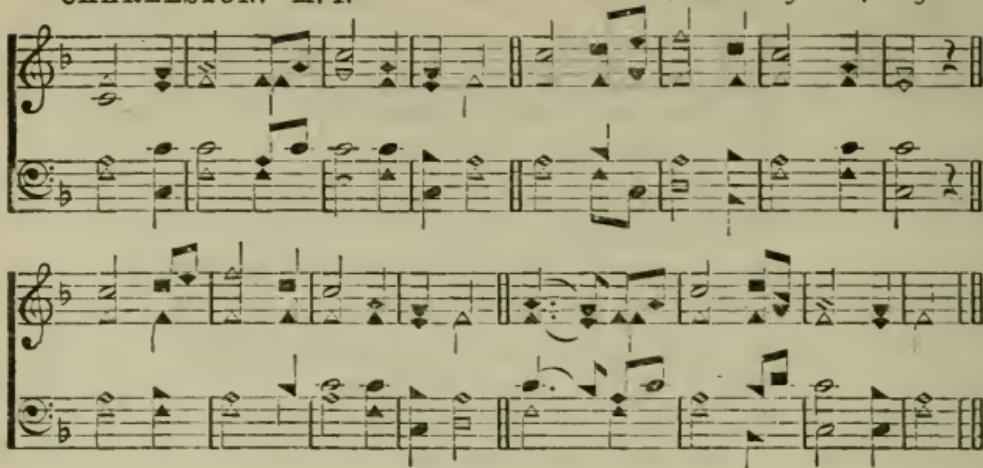
363 **B**E strong, my soul, in God most High,
And trust his mighty arm;
The hand that holds the starry sky
Preserves thee safe from harm.

- 2 He who hath spread the heavens above,
And earth's foundations laid,
Walks by thy side, a guide and God,
And says, "Be not afraid."
- 3 O rest, my soul, in God most High,
Beneath his sheltering wing;
While tempests wild go sweeping by
Rejoice, my soul, and sing.
- 4 He is thy buckler and defense,
Thy Rock, thy strength, and tower;
And he will be thy confidence,
In each distressing hour.
- 5 Be strong, my soul, in God most High,
Though helpless, poor, and low;
The gleaming worlds that stud the sky
His power and glory show.

Hastings. From Songs of Pilgrimage.

CHARLESTON. M. 4.

STEPHEN JENKS, 1803.

*We glory in tribulation. Rom. 5: 3.*

M. 4.

364 **I**n the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

- 2 When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me:
Lo! it glows with peace and joy.
- 3 When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming,
Adds more luster to the day.
- 4 Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified;
Peace is there, that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.
- 5 In the cross of Christ I glory,
Tow'ring o'er the wrecks of time;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

John Bowring, 1825.

Bring ye all the tithes. Mal. 3: 10.

M. 4.

365 **W**ITH my substance I will honor
My Redeemer and my Lord;
Were ten thousand worlds my manor,
All were nothing to his word.

2 While the heralds of salvation
 His unbounding grace proclaim,
 Let his friends in every station
 Gladly join to spread his fame.

3 Be his kingdom now promoted ;
 Let the earth her Monarch know ;
 Be my all to him devoted ;
 To my Lord my all I owe.

4 Praise the Saviour, all ye nations !
 Praise him, all ye hosts above !
 Shout, with joyful acclamations,
 His divine, victorious love.

Rev. B. Francis.

The salvation of the righteous is of the Lord. Psalm 37: 39. M. 4.

365 CALL the Lord thy sure salvation,
 Rest beneath th' Almighty's shade ;
 In his secret habitation
 Dwell, and never be dismayed !

2 There no tumult can alarm thee,
 Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;
 Guile nor violence can harm thee,
 In eternal safeguard there.

3 Thee, though winds and waves are swelling,
 God, thy Hope, shall bear through all ;
 Plague shall not come nigh thy dwelling,
 Thee no evil shall befall.

4 He shall charge his angel legions,
 Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,
 Though thou walk through hostile regions,
 Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

5 Since, with firm and pure affection,
 Thou on God hast set thy love,
 With the wings of his protection
 He shall shield thee from above.

Montgomery.

NETTLETON.

No. 268.



PEORIA. C. M.

Wm. B. BRADBURY.

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I will be glad and rejoice in thy mercies. Ps. 31: 7.

C. M.

367 SWEET was the time when first I felt
 The Saviour's pard'ning blood
 Applied to cleanse my soul from guilt,
 And bring me home to God.

- 2 Soon as the morn the light reveal'd,
 His praises tuned my tongue ;
 And when the evening shades prevail'd,
 His love was all my song.
- 3 In prayer, my soul drew near the Lord,
 And saw His glory shine ;
 And when I read His holy word,
 I call'd each promise mine.
- 4 Now when the evening shade prevails,
 My soul in darkness mourns ;
 And when the morn the light reveals,
 No light to me returns.
- 5 Now Satan threatens to prevail,
 And make my soul his prey ;
 Yet, Lord, Thy mercies cannot fail,
 Oh, come without delay !

Whereby we cry, Abba, Father. Rom. 8: 15.

C. M.

368 My Father, God ! how sweet the sound !
 How tender, and how dear !
 Not all the melody of heaven
 Could so delight the ear.

- 2 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the name
On my expanding heart,
And show, that in Jehovah's grace
I share a filial part.
- 3 Cheered by a signal so divine,
Unwavering I believe ;
My spirit, "Abba, Father," cries,
Nor can the sign deceive.
- 4 On wings of everlasting love
The Comforter is come ;
All terrors at his voice disperse,
And endless pleasures bloom.

Philip Doddridge, d. 1751.

How precious also are Thy thoughts. Ps. 139: 17.

C. M.

369 **L**ORD, when I count thy mercies o'er,
They strike me with surprise ;
Not all the sands that spread the shore
To equal numbers rise.

- 2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
The product of thy skill ;
And hourly blessings from thy hands
Thy thoughts of love reveal.
- 3 These on my heart by night I keep :
How kind, how dear to me !
Oh may the hour that ends my sleep
Still find my thoughts with thee !

Isaac Watts, 1718.

God is love. 1 John 4: 8.

C. M.

370 **A**MID the splendors of thy state,
My God, thy love appears,
Soft as the radiance of the moon
Among a thousand stars.

- 2 In all thy doctrines and commands,
Thy counsels and designs,
In every work thy hands have framed,
Thy love supremely shines.
- 3 Angels and men the news proclaim
Through earth and heaven above ;
And all with holy transport sing
That God, the Lord, is love.

Rippon's Collection. ab. 1800.

LINCOLNSHIRE M. 5.



We are journeying. Numb. 10: 29.

M. 5.

371 CHILDREN of the heavenly King !
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Saviour's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

- 2 Ye are traveling home to God,
In the way your fathers trod ;
They are blessed now ; and we
Soon their blessedness shall see.
- 3 Glory be to Jesus' name,
Glory be to Christ, the Lamb,
Through thy blood were we redeemed,
When we justly were condemned.
- 4 O ye banished seed, be glad !
Christ our Advocate is made ;
Us to save, our flesh assumes,
Brother to our soul becomes.
- 5 Shout, ye little flock, and blest !
You on Jesus' throne shall rest,
There your seat is now prepared,
There your kingdom and reward.
- 6 Lift your eyes, ye sons of light,
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be ;
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Rev. John Cennick, ab. 1719

Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Psalm 29: 2.

M. 5.

372 **T**o thy temple we repair;
Lord, we love to worship there;
There within the veil we meet
Christ upon the mercy seat.

2 While thy glorious name is sung,
Tune our lips, inspire our tongue;
Then our joyful souls shall bless
Christ, the Lord, our Righteousness.

3 While to thee our prayers ascend,
Let thine ear in love attend;
Hear us, for thy Spirit pleads;
Hear, for Jesus intercedes.

4 While thy word is heard with awe,
While we tremble at thy law,
Let thy gospel's wondrous love
Ev'ry doubt and fear remove.

5 From thy house when we return,
Let our hearts within us burn;
Then, at evening, we may say,
"We have walked with God to-day."

Montgomery.

The Lord shall reign forever. Psalm 146: 10.

M. 5.

373 **W**AKE the song of Jubilee;
Let it echo o'er the sea:
Now is come the promised hour,
Jesus reigns with glorious power.

2 All ye nations, join and sing,
Praise your Saviour, praise your King;
Let it sound from shore to shore,
"Jesus reigns for evermore!"

3 Hark! the desert lands rejoice;
And the islands join their voice:
Joy! the whole creation sings,
"Jesus is the King of kings!"

Leonard Bacon, 1873.

YARBROUGH.

No. 184.



MARTYN. M.5.

SIMEON BUTLER MARSH, 1834.
FINE.

Woman, why weepest thou? John 20: 13.

M. 5.

374 MARY to the Saviour's tomb
 Hasted at the early dawn;
 Spice she brought and rich perfume,
 But the Lord she loved was gone.
 For a while she lingering stood,
 Filled with sorrow and surprise,
 Trembling, while a crystal flood
 Issued from her weeping eyes.

2 But her sorrows quickly fled
 When she heard her Saviour's voice;
 Christ has risen from the dead,
 Now he bids her heart rejoice.
 What a change his word can make,
 Turning darkness into day!
 You who weep for Jesus' sake,
 He will wipe your tears away.

3 He who came to comfort her,
 When she thought her all was lost,
 Will for your relief appear,
 Though you now are tempest-tossed.
 On his word your burden cast;
 On his love your thoughts employ;
 Weeping for a night may last,
 But the morning brings the joy.

John Newton, ab. 1779.

MONMOUTH. P. M.

JOSEPH KLUG's Gesangbuch.

FINE.

When the Son of man shall come in his glory.

P. M.

375 **G**REAT God, what do I see and hear?—

The end of things created;

Behold the Judge of man appear,

On clouds of glory seated!

The trumpet sounds; the graves restore

The dead which they contained before;

Prepare, my soul, to meet him.

2 The dead in Christ shall first arise,

At the last trumpet's sounding,—

Caught up to meet him in the skies,

With joy their Lord surrounding;

No gloomy fears their souls dismay;

His presence sheds eternal day

On those prepared to meet him.

3 But sinners, filled with guilty fears,

Behold his wrath prevailing;

For they shall rise, and find their tears

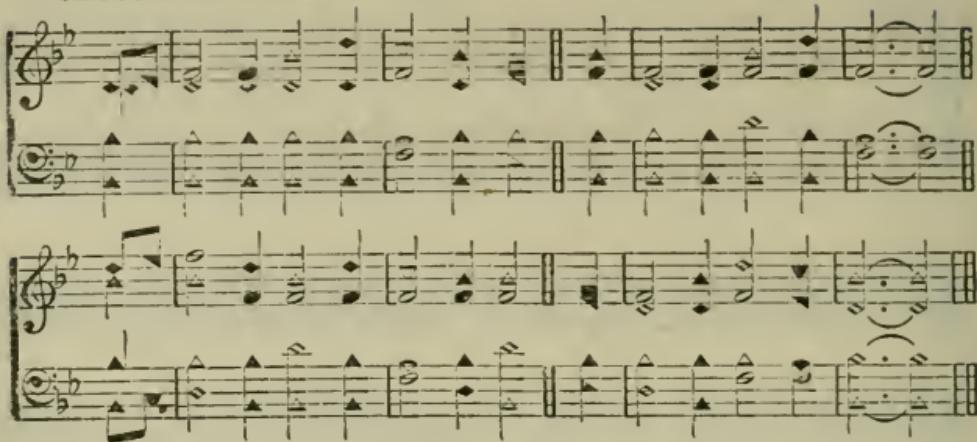
And sighs are unavailing:

Beneath his cross I view the day,

When heaven and earth shall pass away,

And thus prepare to meet him.

CROSS AND CROWN. C. M.



They desire a better country. Heb. 11: 16.

C. M.

376 **H**ow happy every child of grace,
Who knows his sins forgiven!
This earth, he cries, is not my place,
I seek my place in heaven.

- 2 A country far from mortal sight,
Yet, oh! by faith I see
The land of rest, the saints' delight,
The heaven prepared for me.
- 3 Its evils in a moment end,
Its joys as soon are past;
But oh! the bliss to which I tend
Eternally shall last.
- 4 To that Jerusalem above
With singing I repair;
While in the flesh my hope and love,
My heart and soul, are there.
- 5 We feel the resurrection near,
Our life in Christ concealed,
And with his glorious presence here
Our earthen vessels filled.
- 6 In rapturous awe on Him to gaze,
Who bought the bliss for me,
And shout and wonder at his grace
Through all eternity.

Charles Wesley, ab. 1759.

The Lord is risen indeed. Luke 24: 34.

C. M.

377 **T**HIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours his own :
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

- 2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell ;
To-day the saints his triumph spread,
And all his wonders tell.
- 3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
To David's holy Son ;
Help us, O Lord ; descend and bring
Salvation from thy throne.
- 4 Bless'd is the Lord, who comes to men
With messages of grace ;
Who comes in God his Father's name,
To save our sinful race.
- 5 Hosanna in the highest strains,
The church on earth can raise ;
The highest heavens in which he reigns,
Shall give him nobler praise.

Them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him. 1 Thess. 4: 14. C. M.

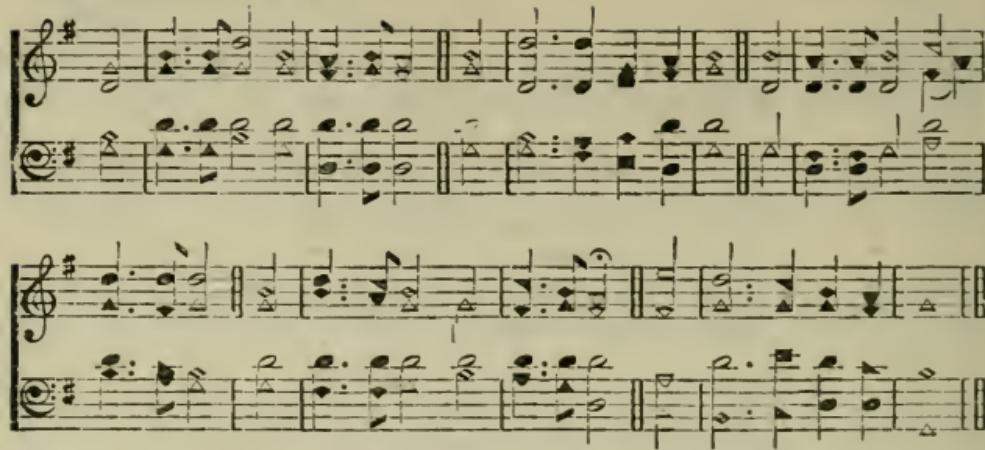
378 **A**s Jesus died, and rose again,
Victorious, from the dead ;
So his disciples rise and reign
With their triumphant Head.

- 2 The saints of God, from death set free,
With joy shall mount on high ;
The heavenly host with praises loud,
Shall meet them in the sky.
- 3 Together to their Father's house
With joyful hearts they go,
And dwell forever with the Lord,
Beyond the reach of woe.
- 4 A few short days of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
Where death-divided friends, at last
Shall meet, to part no more.

Michael Bruce, 1744-1767.

WOODLAND. C. M.

N. D. GOULD, 1832.

*There remaineth therefore a rest. Heb. 4:9.*

C. M.

379 THERE is an hour of peaceful rest,
 To mourning wanderers given;
 There is a joy for souls distressed,
 A balm for every wounded breast,
 'Tis found alone—in heaven.

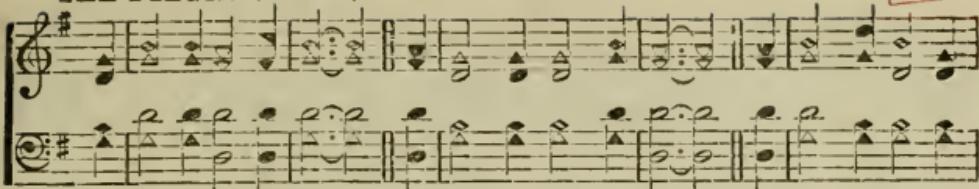
2 There is a soft and downy bed,
 'Tis fair as breath of even,
 A couch for weary mortals spread,
 Where they may rest the aching head,
 And find repose in heaven. •

3 There is a home for weary souls,
 By sin and sorrow driven,—
 When toss'd on life's tempestuous shoals,
 Where storms arise, and ocean rolls,
 And all is drear but heaven.

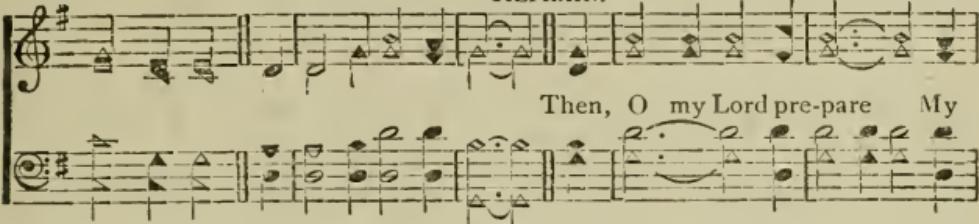
4 There faith lifts up her cheerful eve
 To brighter prospects given;
 And views the tempest passing by,
 The evening shadows quickly fly,
 And all serene in heaven.

5 There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
 And joys supreme are given;
 There rays divine disperse the gloom;
 Beyond the confines of the tomb
 Appears the dawn of heaven.

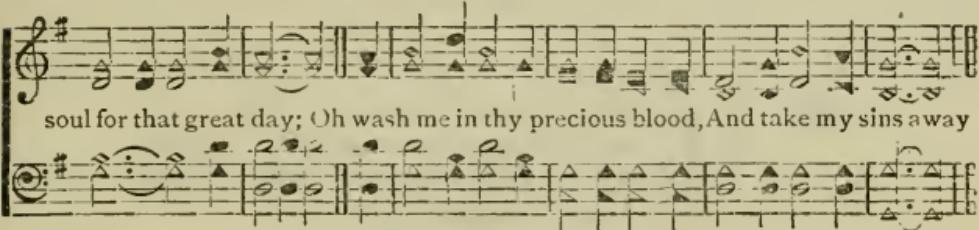
THE PILGRIM. S. M.



REFRAIN.



Then, O my Lord pre-pare My



soul for that great day; Oh wash me in thy precious blood, And take my sins away

A little while. John 16: 16.

S. M.

380 *A* FEW more years shall roll,
A few more seasons come ;
 And we shall lie with them that rest,
 Asleep within the tomb.

2 *A* few more suns shall set
 O'er these dark hilis cf time ;
 And we shall be where suns are not,
 A far serener clime.

3 *A* few more stormis shall beat
 On this wild,rocky shore ;
 And we shall be where tempests cease,
 And surges swell no more.

4 *A* few more struggles here,
 A few more partings o'er,
 A few more toils, a few more tears,
 And we shall weep no more.

5 *A* few more meetings here
 Shall cheer us on our way ;
 And we shall reach the endless rest,
 Th' eternal Sabbath day.

EUGENE. S. M.

By Com.

S. M.

There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God. Heb. 4: 9. S. M.

381 O H, where shall rest be found,
 Rest for the weary soul?
 'Twere vain the ocean depths to sound,
 Or pierce to either pole.

- 2 The world can never give
 The bliss for which we sigh ;
 'Tis not the whole of life to live,
 Nor all of death to die.
- 3 Beyond this vale of tears
 There is a life above,
 Unmeasur'd by the flight of years ;
 And all that life is love.
- 4 There is a death whose pang
 Outlasts the fleeting breath :
 Oh, what eternal horrors hang
 Around the second death !
- 5 Lord God of truth and grace,
 Teach us that death to shun,
 Lest we be banish'd from thy face,
 And evermore undone.

Let us labor therefore to enter into that rest. Heb. 4: 11. S. M.

382 O H cease, my wandering soul,
 On restless wings to roam ;
 All the wide world, to either pole,
 Has not for thee a home.

2 Behold the ark of God,
Behold the open door;
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more.

3 There, safe thou shalt abide,
There, sweet shall be thy rest,
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blessed.

4 And when the waves of ire
Again the earth shall fill,
The ark shall ride the sea of fire;
Then rest on Zion's hill.

William Augustus Muhlenberg, ab. 1826.

My flesh also shall rest in hope. Ps. 16: 9.

S. M.

383 REST for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow,
Rest for the weary, way-worn feet,
Rest from all labor now;—

2 Rest for the fevered brain,
Rest for the throbbing eye;
Through these parched lips of thine no more
Shall pass the moan or sigh.

3 Soon shall the trump of God
Give out the welcome sound
That shakes thy silent chamber-walls,
And breaks the turf-sealed ground.

4 Ye dwellers in the dust,
Awake! come forth and sing;
Sharp has your frost of winter been,
But bright shall be your spring.

5 'Twas sown in weakness here;
'Twill then be raised in power:
That which was sown an earthly seed,
Shall rise a heavenly flower.

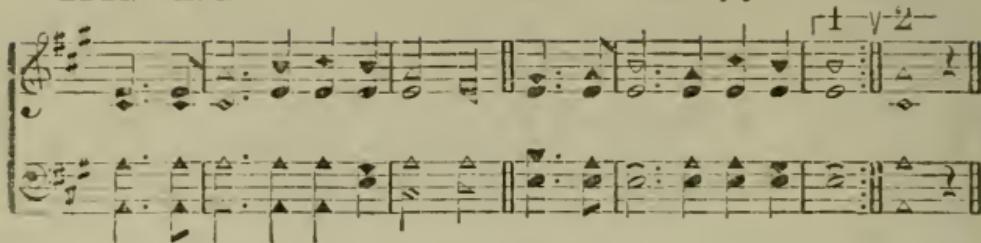
SHIRLAND.

No. 323.

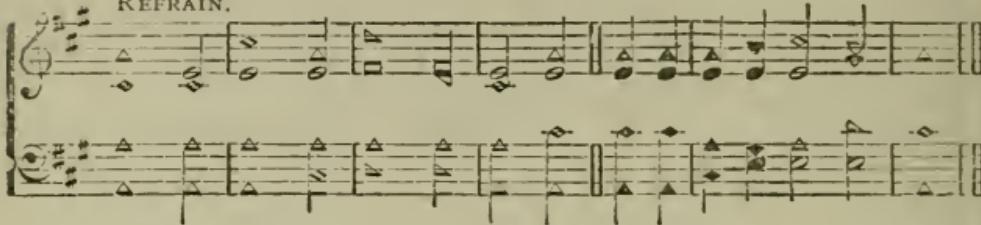


EDEN. M. 4.

Arr. by J. S. COFFMAN.



REFRAIN.



For we which have believed do enter into rest. Heb. 4: 3. M. 4.

384 O H, the bliss of loved ones, resting
 By the crystal river bright ;
 'Neath the shade of trees immortal,
 Where no shadows dim the light ;
 Resting, resting, sweetly resting,
 Where no shadows dim the light.

2 For this rest they longed and waited,
 Heaven's glory was their song ;
 Living FAITH now bids us hear them
 Singing with the blood-washed throng ;
 Resting, resting, sweetly resting,
 Singing with the blood-washed throng.

3 May we not on earth sing with them,
 Echoing back their notes of praise ?
 Yes, but blessed HOPE inspires us
 Heaven's eternal songs to raise ;
 Resting, resting, sweetly resting,
 Heaven's eternal songs to raise.

4 Oh, the peace and rest in heaven !
 Oh, the bliss of loved ones there !
 LOVE divine now bears us upward
 All their blessedness to share ;
 Resting, resting, sweetly resting,
 All their blessedness to share.

BRINGING HOME OUR SHEAVES. 10s. & 6s. H. S. RUPP, 1888.

He that goeth forth weeping, bearing precious seed, shall come again rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him. Psalm 126: 6.

10s. & 6s.

385 **T**HE time for toil is past, and night has come,
The last and saddest of the harvest eves ;
Worn out with labor long and wearisome,
Drooping and faint, the reapers hasten home, :||
Each laden with his sheaves. :||

- 2 Few, light, and worthless—yet their trifling weight
Through all my frame a weary aching leaves ;
For long I struggled with my hapless fate,
And staid and toiled till it was dark and late, :||
Yet these are all my sheaves. :||
- 3 Full well I know I have more tares than wheat,
Brambles and flowers, dry stalks and withered leaves ;
Wherefore I blush and weep, as at Thy feet
I kneel down reverently, and repeat, :||
Master, behold my sheaves. :||
- 4 So do I gather hope and strength anew ;
For well I know Thy patient love perceives
Not what I did, but what I strove to do—
And though the full ripe ears be sadly few, :||
Thou wilt accept my sheaves. :||

Elizabeth Akers.

HURSLEY. L. M.

FRANCIS JOSEPH HAYDN, 1798.
Arr. WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1861.

For the Lord God is a sun and shield. Psalm 84: 11. L. M.

386 **S**UN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
 It is not night if Thou be near;
 Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
 To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

- 2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep
 My wearied eye-lids gently steep,
 Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
 Forever on my Saviour's breast.
- 3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
 For without Thee I cannot live;
 Abide with me when night is nigh,
 For without Thee I dare not die.
- 4 If some poor wandering child of Thine
 Have spurned to-day the voice divine—
 Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
 Let him no more lie down in sin.
- 5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
 With blessings from Thy boundless store;
 Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
 Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.
- 6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
 Ere through the world our way we take;
 Till in the ocean of Thy love
 We lose ourselves in heaven above.

John Keble, 1827.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom. Prov. 3: 13.

L. M.

387 HAPPY the man that finds the grace,
The blessing of God's chosen race,
The wisdom coming from above,
The faith that sweetly works by love.

- 2 Happy, beyond description, he
Who knows, "the Saviour died for me!"
The gift unspeakable obtains,
And heavenly understanding gains.
- 3 Wisdom divine! Who tells the price
Of Wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her.
- 4 Her hands are filled with length of days,
True riches, and immortal praise;
Riches of Christ on all bestowed,
And honor that descends from God.
- 5 To purest joys she all invites,
Chaste, holy, spiritual delights;
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her flowery paths are peace.
- 6 Happy the man who Wisdom gains;
Thrice happy, who his guest retains!
He owns, and shall for ever own,
Wisdom, and Christ, and Heaven are one.

Wesley, 1747.

Blessed are they that mourn. Matt. 5: 4.

L. M.

388 DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep;
The anointed Son of God makes known
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

- 2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.
- 3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

William Cullen Bryant, 1794-1879.

SHINING SHORE. Pec. 8, 7.

GEO. F. ROOT, 1856.

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Thou art to pass over Jordan. Deut. 9: 1.

Pec. 8, 7.

389 **M**y days are gliding swiftly by,
And I, a pilgrim stranger,
Would not detain them as they fly,
Those hours of toil and danger.

CHO.—For oh! we stand on Jordan's strand,
And soon we'll all pass over,
And just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover.

2 We'll gird our loins, my brethren dear,
Our distant home discerning;
Our absent Lord has left us word,
Let every lamp be burning.

3 Should coming days be cold and dark,
We need not cease our singing;
That perfect rest nought can molest,
Where golden harps are ringing.

4 Let sorrow's rudest tempest blow,
Each chord on earth to sever;
Our King says Come, and there's our home
Forever, oh, forever!

HOLY SPIRIT, FAITHFUL GUIDE. M. 5.

M. M. WELLS.

FINE.

D. C.

I will guide thee with mine eye. Ps. 32: 8.

M. 5.

390 **H**OLY Spirit, faithful guide,
Ever near the Christian's side ;
Gently lead us by the hand,
Pilgrims in a desert land ;
Weary souls for e'er rejoice,
While they hear that sweetest voice
Whisp'ring softly, wanderer come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

2 Ever present, truest Friend,
Ever near Thine aid to lend,
Leave us not to doubt and fear,
Groping on in darkness drear ;
When the storms are raging sore,
Hearts grow faint, and hopes give o'er,
Whispering softly, wanderer come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

3 When our days of toil shall cease,
Waiting still for sweet release,
Nothing left but heaven and prayer,
Wond'ring if our names were there ;
Wading deep the dismal flood,
Pleading nought but Jesus' blood ;
Whispering softly, wanderer come !
Follow me, I'll guide thee home.

REPOSE. L. M.



To whom shall we go? John 6:68.

L. M.

391 **T**HOU only Sovereign of my heart,
My refuge, my almighty friend,
And can my soul from thee depart,
On whom alone my hopes depend?

2 Whither, ah, whither shall I go,
A wretched wanderer from my Lord?
Could this dark world of sin and woe,
One glimpse of happiness afford?

3 Eternal life thy words impart,
On these my fainting spirit lives,
Here sweeter comforts cheer my heart,
Than all the round of nature gives.

4 Let earth's alluring joys combine,
While thou art near, in vain they call;
One smile, one blissful smile of thine,
My gracious Lord, outweighs them all.

5 Low at thy feet my soul would lie,
Here safety dwells, and peace divine;
Still let me live beneath thine eye,
For life, eternal life is thine.

Anne Steele, ab. 1760.

I count all things but loss. Phil. 3: 8.

L. M.

392 **N**o more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
To trust the merits of Thy Son.

2 Now for the love I bear his name,
What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I call my shaine,
And nail my glory to his cross.

3 Yes, and I must and will esteem
All things but loss for Jesus' sake;
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
And of his righteousness partake!

4 The best obedience of my hands
Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts, 1709.

His ways past finding out. Rom. 11: 33.

L. M.

393 **T**HY ways, O Lord, with wise design,
Are framed upon Thy throne above,
And every dark and bending line
Meets in the centre of Thy love.

2 With feeble light and half obscure,
Poor mortals Thy arrangements view;
Not knowing that the least are sure,
And the mysterious just and true.

3 Thy flock, thine own peculiar care,
Though now they seem to roam uneyed,
Are led or driven only where
They best and safest may abide.

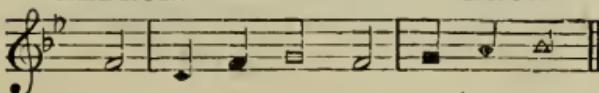
4 They neither know nor trace the way,
But, trusting to thy piercing eye,
None of their feet to ruin stray,
Nor shall the weakest fail or die.

5 My favored soul shall meekly learn
To lay her reason at thy throne;
Too weak thy secrets to discern,
I'll trust Thee for my guide alone.

Ambrose Serle, 1787.

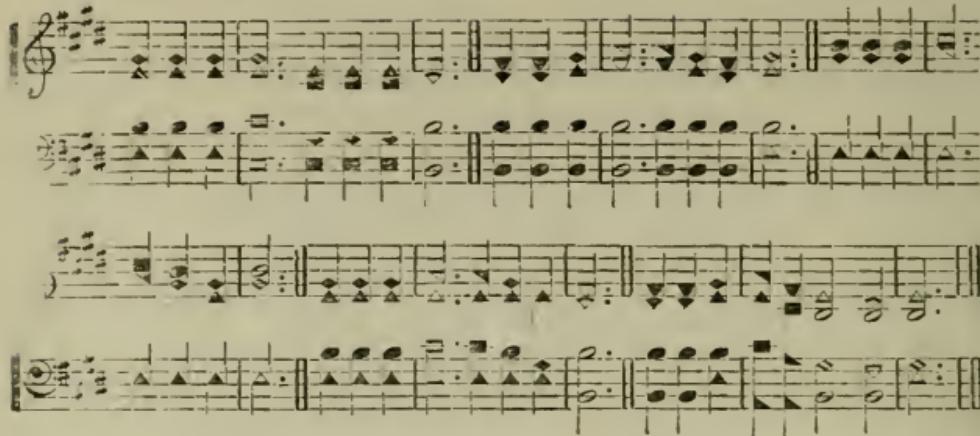
HEBRON.

No. 95.



BACA. L. M.

WM. B. BRADBURY.

*Consider the lilies, how they grow. Luke 12: 27.*

L. M.

394 **B**EHOULD the lilies of the field
That bloom around the Master's feet;
Their drooping leaves new fragrance yield,
By Hermon's dew and grateful heat.

2 Behold the sparrows as they fly;
They come at his command and call;
They seem but specks upon the sky;
And yet he notes them when they fall.

3 Our very hairs he counts with care;
He knows our daily hopes and fears;
When griefs assail and tempests scare,
He notes the mourner's secret tears.

4 Oh, look upon the Lord so near!
Repose beneath the sheltered rock;
The cross he lightens by his cheer,
The wind he tempers to his flock.

God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Ps. 46: 1. L. M.

395 **G**OD is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

2 There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God,—
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

3 That sacred stream, thy holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls ;
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

4 Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,
Secure against a threatening hour ;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
Built on his truth and armed with power.

Watts.

Ye are complete in Him. Col. 2: 10.

L. M.

396 **F**OUNTAIN of grace, rich, full, and free,
What need I, that is not in thee?
Full pardon, strength to meet the day,
And peace which none can take away.

2 Doth sickness fill my heart with fear?
'Tis sweet to know that thou art near;
Am I with dread of justice tried?
'Tis sweet to know that Christ hath died.

3 In life, thy promises of aid
Forbid my heart to be afraid ;
In death, peace gently veils the eyes ;
Christ rose, and I shall surely rise.

4 O all-sufficient Saviour, be
This all-sufficiency to me ;
Nor pain, nor sin, nor death can harm
The weakest, shielded by thine arm.

James Edmeston, 1844.

Behold, all things are become new. 2 Cor. 5: 17

L. M.

397 **T**HOU strong and loving Son of Man,
Redeemer from the bonds of sin,
'Tis thou the living spark dost fan,
That sets my heart on fire within.

2 In thee I find a nobler birth ;
A glory o'er the world I see ;
And Paradise returns to earth,
And blooms again for us in thee.

3 Thou openest heaven once more to men,
The soul's true home, thy kingdom, Lord,
And I can trust and hope again,
And feel myself akin to God.

German, Fred. von Hardenberg, 1752.

HENDON. M. 5.

H. A. MALAN.



The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want. Ps. 23: 1. M. 5.

398 **T**o thy pastures fair and large,
Heavenly Shepherd, lead thy charge;
And my couch, with tenderest care,
'Mid the springing grass prepare.

2 When I faint with summer's heat,
Thou shalt guide my weary feet
To the streams that, still and slow,
Through the verdant meadows flow.

3 Safe the dreary vale I tread,
By the shades of death o'erspread,
With thy rod and staff supplied—
This my guard, and that my guide.

4 Constant to my latest end,
Thou my footsteps shalt attend;
Thou shalt bid thy hallowed dome
Yield me an eternal home.

James Merrick, 1765.

Even the sure mercies of David. Is. 55: 3.

M. 5.

399 **A**s the sun doth daily rise,
Bright'ning all the morning skies,
So to thee with one accord,
Lift we up our hearts, O Lord.

2 Day by day provide us food,
For from thee come all things good;
Strength unto our souls afford
From thy living bread, O Lord.

- 3 Be our guide 'mid sin and strife,
Be the leader of our life,
Lest like sheep we go abroad;
Stay our wayward feet, O Lord.
- 4 Quickened by thy Spirit's grace,
All thy holy will to trace,
While we daily search thy word,
Wisdom true impart, O Lord.
- 5 When the hours are dark and drear,
When the tempter lurketh near,
By thy strengthening grace outpoured,
Save the tempted ones, O Lord.

King Alfred, 848-901. Tr. Earl Nelson, 1864.

Come unto me, all ye that labor. Matt. 11: 28.

M. 5.

400 **C**OME, said Jesus' sacred voice,
Come, and make my paths your choice;
I will guide you to your home,
Weary pilgrim, hither come!

- 2 Thou who, houseless, sole forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary wanderer, hither haste.
- 3 Ye who tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn:
- 4 Hither come! for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld, ab. 1825.

He sendeth out his word. Psalm 147: 18.

M. 5.

401 **S**AVIOUR, bless thy word to all;
Quick and powerful let it prove;
Oh, may sinners hear thy call;
Let thy people grow in love.

- 2 Thine own gracious message bless;
Follow it with power divine;
Give the gospel great success;
Thine the work, the glory thine.

T. Kelly.

DAYTON, C. M.

A. J. SHOWALTER.



O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God.

Rom. 11:33.

C. M.

402 GOD moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

- 2 Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.
- 3 Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.
- 4 Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.
- 5 His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.
- 6 Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

God our portion. Psalm 119: 57.

C. M.

403 **W**HOM have we, Lord, in heav'n, but thee,
And whom on earth beside?
Where else for succor can we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

- 2 Thou art our portion here below,
Our promis'd bliss above ;
Ne'er may our souls an object know
So precious as thy love.
- 3 When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer,
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.
- 4 Yes, thou shalt be our guide through life,
And help and strength supply ;
Sustain us in death's fearful strife,
And welcome us on high.

As an anchor of the soul. Heb. 6: 19.

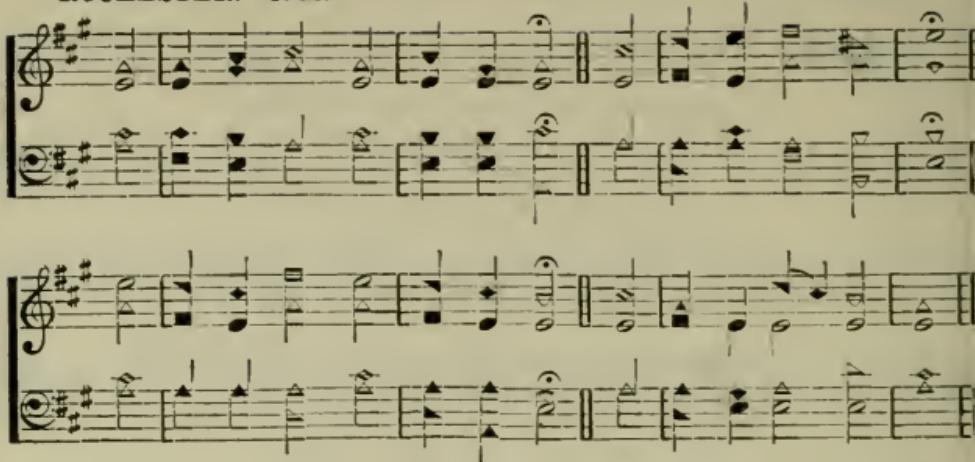
C. M.

404 **T**HE Lord of glory is my light,
And my salvation, too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

- 2 One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.
- 3 There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still,
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.
- 4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.
- 5 Now shall my head be lifted high
Above my foes around ;
And songs of joy and victory
Within thy temple sound.

ROCHESTER. C. M.

WATTS.

*"They shall talk of thy power."*

C. M.

405 WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power !
 Be my vain wishes stilled ;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.

- 2 Thy love the power of thought bestowed ;
 To thee my thoughts would soar ;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flown ;
 That mercy I adore.
- 3 In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see !
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
- 4 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.
- 5 When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill ;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
- 6 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The gathering storm shall see ;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear ;
 That heart will rest on thee.

"Filled with all the fullness of God."

C. M.

406 O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To Thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

2 When all created streams are dried,
Thy fullness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

3 He who has made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide:
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

4 O Lord, I cast my care on thee;
I triumph and adore:
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

Ryland.

When my spirit was overwhelmed within me, then thou knewest my path.
Psalm 142: 3. C. M.

407 THOUGH darkness turn the skies to night,
Though sorrows fill the air,
Nor moon nor stars my pathway light,
Yet thou art with me there.

2 I cannot see thee, but I know
A stronger arm than mine
Upholds me in the time of woe,—
Jesus! that arm is thine.

3 Though words may fail when I would pray,
And mute I lift my hands,
Thou hearest what I cannot say,
And Gabriel near me stands.

4 A just God and a Saviour, thou
Art full of love and grace:
Before thy majesty I bow
With glad and trustful face.

5 Thy sovereign grace gives sweet relief,
Dispelling faithless gloom,
And the dark chamber of my grief
Becomes a sunny room.

Thos. MacKellar, 1881.

IS MY NAME WRITTEN THERE? M. 14. Pec. FRANK M. DAVIS, by per.

CHORUS.

Is my name written there,

On the page white and fair, In the book of thy kingdom, Is my name written there

Rejoice, because your names are written in heaven. Luke 10: 20. M. 14. Pec

408 **L**ORD, I care not for riches,
 Neither silver nor gold;
 I would make sure of heaven,
 I would enter the fold.
 In the book of thy kingdom,
 With its pages so fair,
 Tell me, Jesus, my Saviour,
 Is my name written there?

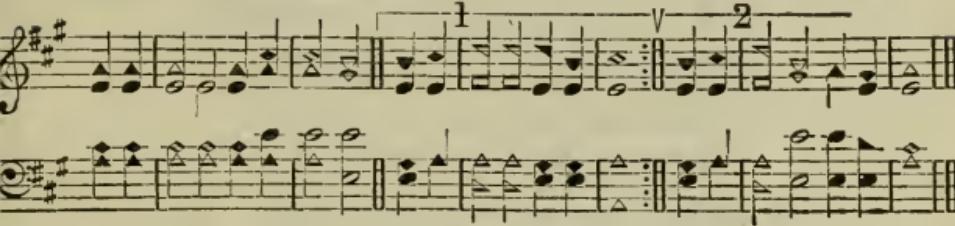
2 Lord, my sins they are many,
 Like the sands of the sea,
 But thy blood, O my Saviour!
 Is sufficient for me;

For thy promise is written,
 In bright letters that glow,
 "Though your sins be as scarlet,
 I will make them like snow."

3 Oh! that beautiful city,
 With its mansions of light,
 With its glorified beings,
 In pure garments of white;
 Where no evil thing cometh,
 To despoil what is fair;
 Where the angels are watching,—
 Is my name written there?

Mrs. Mary A. Kidder.

I WOULD LOVE THEE. M. 4.



"I will love thee, O Lord, my strength."

M. 4.

409 **I** WOULD love thee, God and Father!
 My Redeemer, and my King!
 I would love thee; for without thee
 Life is but a bitter thing.

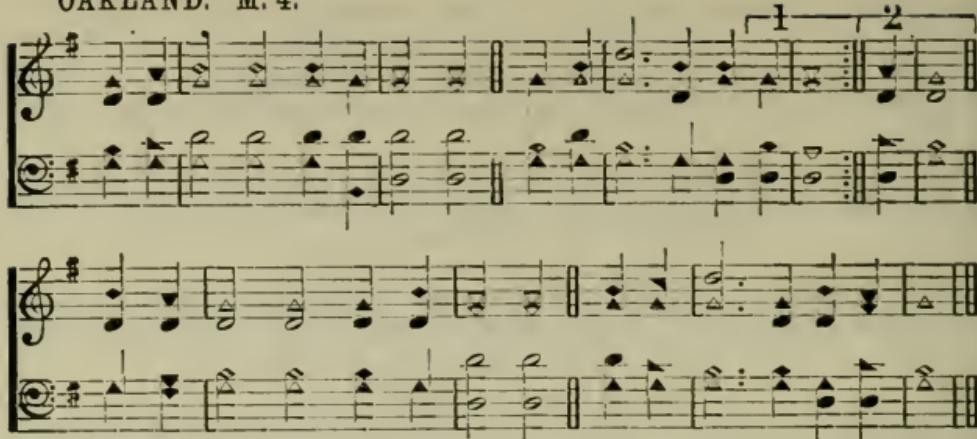
2 I would love thee; every blessing
 Flows to me from out thy throne;
 I would love thee—he who loves thee
 Never feels himself alone.

3 I would love thee; look upon me,
 Ever guide me with thine eye:
 I would love thee; if not nourished
 By thy love, my soul would die.

4 I would love thee, I have vowed it;
 On thy love my heart is set;
 While I love thee, I will never
 My Redeemer's blood forget.

Madame Guyon.

OAKLAND. M. 4.



Be not therefore anxious for the morrow. Matt. 6: 28.

M. 4.

410 **B**E not anxious for the morrow,
Let the morrow have its cares:
Soul, be not forecasting sorrow;
Grace is giv'n to him who bears
Crosses that he does not borrow:
God controls the unawares.

2 Neither sowing, neither reaping,
Gathering not to store away,
Birds are in the Father's keeping,—
Cares he not when children pray?
Why then, faithless, sighing, weeping,
Doubt him for the coming day?

3 Lilies, toiling not nor spinning,
Gleam in robes beyond compare:
Never king from time's beginning
Had such glorious dress to wear:
Souls that cost his life in winning
Christ will keep with loving care.

Thos. MacKellar, 1881.

Cast thy burden on the Lord, and he shall sustain thee. Ps. 55: 22. M. 4.

411 **O**H, the blessedness of leaning
On a strength beyond thine own!
Oh, the fullness of the meaning—
Oh, the sweetness of the tone—
Cast thy burden, cast thy burden
On thy loving Lord alone.

2 Often weary, yet contending,—
 Beaten down, again to rise,—
 On his help alone depending,
 Looking up with trustful eyes,—
 Cast thy burden :||
 On the arm that built the skies.

3 Take his easy yoke upon thee,
 Lowly be like him in heart :
 Child, it was his love that won thee,
 Will he bid thee now depart
 With thy burden, :||
 When thy soul is full of smart?

4 Long ago the word was written,—
 Word to generations blest,—
 Hear it, children sorely smitten,
 Hear it, ye of troubled breast,—
 Cast thy burden :||
 On the Lord : he'll give thee rest.

Thos. MacKellar, 1881.

Of such is the kingdom. Matt. 19: 14.

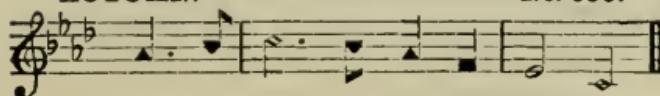
M. 4.

412 **J**ESUS Christ, our Lord and Saviour,
 Who hath bid us come to thee,
 Now extend to us thy favor,
 Little children though we be ;
 Low we humbly bend before thee,
 All unworthy of thy love ;
 Lord of life, and light, and glory,
 Hear us from thy throne above.

2 Thou who holdest high dominion
 Over air, and earth, and sea,
 Yet didst bless the little children
 That of old were brought to thee :
 Lord, this day we ask thy blessing,
 Send thy Holy Spirit down ;
 May we all, our sins confessing,
 Thee our Lord and Saviour own.

AUTUMN.

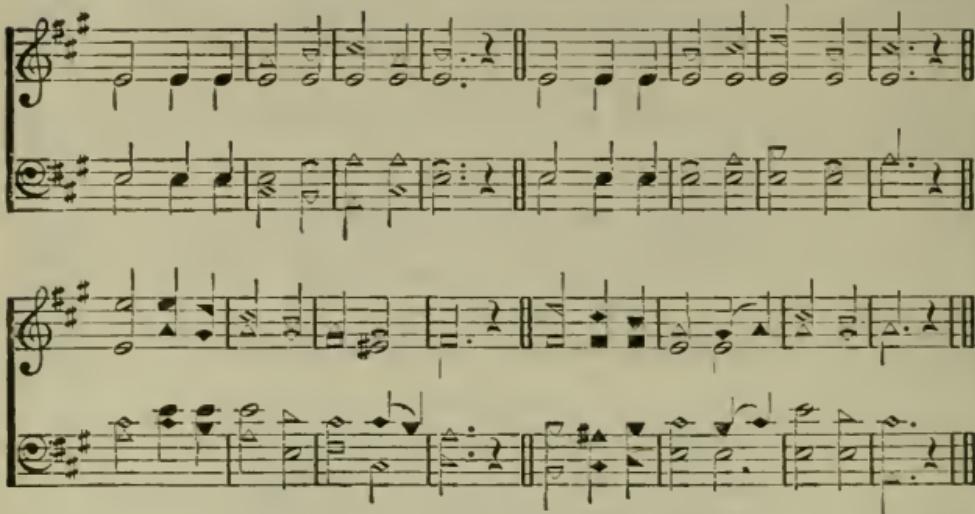
No. 330.



WAVERLY. L. M.

CHESTER G. ALLEN.

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*Faith looking into the future. Heb. 11:13.*

L. M.

413 'TIS by the faith of joys to come
 We walk through deserts dark as night;
 Till we arrive at heav'n, our home,
 Faith is our guide, and faith our light.

2 The want of sight she well supplies;
 She makes the pearly gates appear;
 Far into distant worlds she pries,
 And brings eternal glories near.

3 Cheerful we tread the desert through,
 While faith inspires a heav'nly ray;
 Though lions roar, and tempests blow,
 And rocks and daugers fill the way.

4 So Abra'am, by divine command
 Left his own house to walk with God,
 His faith beheld the promis'd land,
 And cheer'd him on his toilsome road.

Watts.

My meditation of him shall be sweet. Ps. 104: 34.

L. M.

414 SWEET meditation on the Lord
 Brings purest joy and boundless bliss;
 This world no comfort can afford,
 Compared with Jesus' love and peace.

2 No sweeter name my tongue shall sing,
No other sound so sweet shall be,
My heart shall know no dearer thing
Than Christ who bled and died for me.

3 O Christ, my peace, my joy, my bliss,
The wellspring of my life, my sun ;
Earth hath no blessedness like this,
That I my Saviour's love have known.

4 O Christ, within my deepest soul
Thy sacred flame of love I hide,
There streams of endless comfort roll,
There thousand thousand joys abide.

5 On Thee my heart delights to rest,
Thy faithfulness to me is known,
I glory in Thee, and am blessed,
For Thou, O Christ, art Lord alone.

Old German Hymn, Tr by Hastings, 1879.

Your sorrow shall be turned into joy. John 16: 20.

L. M.

415 O H, deem not they are blest alone,
Whose lives a peaceful tenor keep ;
For God, who pities man, hath shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

2 The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears ;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

3 There is a day of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide an evening guest,
But joy shall come with early light.

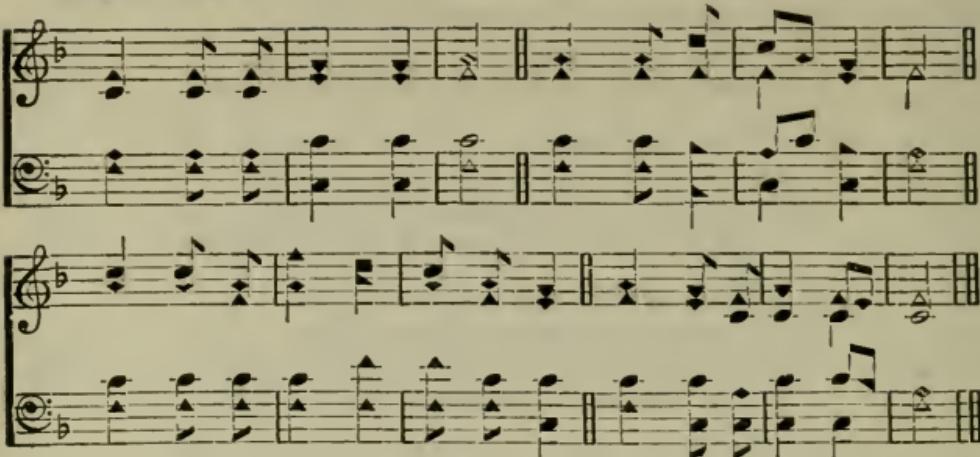
4 Nor let the good man's trust depart,
Though life its common gifts deny ;
Though with a pierced and broken heart,
And spurn'd of men he goes to die.

5 For God has mark'd each sorrowing day,
And number'd every secret tear,
And heaven's long age of bliss shall pay
For all His children suffer here.

W. C. Bryant. ;

HOME. S. M.

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*"His commandments are not grievous."*

S. M.

416 **H**ow gentle God's commands!
 How kind his precepts are!
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

- 2 Beneath his watchful eye
 His saints securely dwell,
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guard his children well.
- 3 Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind?
 Haste to your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.
- 4 His goodness stands approved,
 Unchanged from day to day:
 Come, drop your burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

Doddridge.

Commit thy way unto the Lord. Psalm 37: 5.

S. M.

417 **C**OMMIT thou all thy griefs
 And ways into His hands;
 To His sure truth and tender care,
 Who earth and heaven commands:

- 2 Who points the clouds their course.
 Whom winds and seas obey;
 He shall direct thy wand'ring feet;
 He shall prepare thy wav

3 Put thou thy trust in God;
 In duty's path go on;
 Fix on His word thy steadfast eye;
 So shall thy work be done.

4 No profit canst thou gain
 By self-consuming care;
 To Him commend thy cause; His ear
 Attends thy softest prayer.

5 Leave to his sovereign sway
 To choose and to command;
 So shalt thou wondering own, His sway
 How wise, how strong His hand.

Gerhardt. Tr. J. Wesley.

If I forget thee, O Jerusalem! Psalm 137: 5.

S. M.

418 **F**AR from my heavenly home,
 Far from my Father's breast,
 Fainting, I cry, "Blest Spirit, come,
 And speed me to my rest!"

2 Upon the willows long
 My harp has silent hung;
 How should I sing a cheerful song,
 'Till thou inspire my tongue?

3 My spirit homeward turns,
 And fain would thither flee;
 My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns
 When I remember thee.

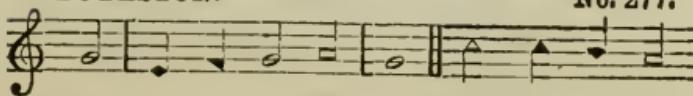
4 To thee, to thee I press—
 A dark and toilsome road:
 When shall I pass the wilderness,
 And reach the saints' abode!

5 God of my life, be near!
 On Thee my hopes are cast;
 Oh, guide me through the desert here,
 And bring me home at last!

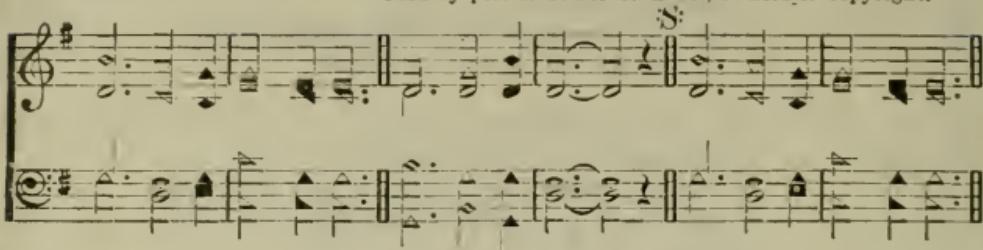
Henry Francis Lyte, 1834.

BOYLSTON.

No. 277.



BETHANY. 6s & 4s.

L. MASON, 1856.
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FINE.

D.S.

*Draw nigh to God. James 4: 8.*

6s & 4s.

419

NEARER, my God, to thee,
Nearer to thee!
E'en tho' it be a cross
That raiseth me;
Still all my song shall be,
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee!

2 Tho' like a wanderer,
The sun gone down,
Darkness comes over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet in my dreams I'd be
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee!

3 There let my way appear
Steps unto heaven;
All that thou sendeth me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
Nearer to thee!

4 Then with my waking thoughts
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 ||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
 Nearer to thee !

5 Or if on joyful wing,
 Cleaving the sky,
 Caught up to meet my King,
 Swiftly I fly ;
 Still all my song shall be—
 ||: Nearer, my God, to thee, :||
 Nearer to thee !

Sarah Flower Adams, 1840.

Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity. Psalm 51: 2. 6s & 4s.

420 **W**ASH me, O Lamb of God,
 Wash me from sin ;
 By thy atoning blood
 Oh, make me clean ;
 Purge me from every stain,
 Let me thine image gain,
 In love and mercy reign
 O'er all within.

2 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
 Wash me from sin ;
 By faith thy cleansing blood
 Now makes me clean.
 So near Thou art to me,
 So sweet my rest in thee,
 O, blessed purity,
 Saved, saved from sin.

3 Wash me, O Lamb of God,
 Wash me from sin ;
 Thou, while I trust in thee,
 Wilt keep me clean ;
 Each day to Thee I bring
 Heart, life, yea, everything ;
 Saved, while to thee I cling,
 Saved from all sin.

NUREMBURG. M. 5.

J. R. AHLE.

I will praise the Lord with my whole heart. Psalm 131: 1. M. 5.

421 PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ !

- 2 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield,
 For the joy which harvests bring,
 Grateful praises now we sing.
- 3 Clouds that drop refreshing dews ;
 Suns that genial heat diffuse ;
 Flocks that whiten all the plain ;
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain ;
- 4 All that Spring, with bounteous hand,
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her overflowing stores ;
- 5 These, great God, to thee we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And, for these our souls shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Mrs. Barbauld.

Give thanks unto the Lord, for he is good. Psalm 136: 1. M. 5.

422 PRAISE, oh, praise our God and King ;
 Hymns of adoration sing ;
 For his mercies still endure,
 Ever faithful, ever sure.

2 Praise him for our harvest store,
He hath filled the garner-floor;
And for richer food than this,
Pledge of everlasting bliss.

3 Glory to our bounteous King;
Glory let Creation sing;
Glory to the Father, Son,
And blest Spirit, Three in One.

H. W. Baker, ab. 1821.

The field is the world. Matt. 13: 38

M. 5.

423 COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home;
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin.

2 God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own temple, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home.

All the world is God's own field,
Fruit unto his praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:

4 First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear;
Lord of harvest, grant that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be.

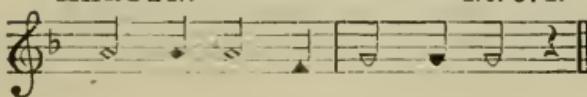
5 Soon the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take his harvest home:
From his field shall in that day
All offences purge away;

6 Give his angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast;
But the fruitful ears to store
In his garner evermore.

Henry Alford, ab. 1821.

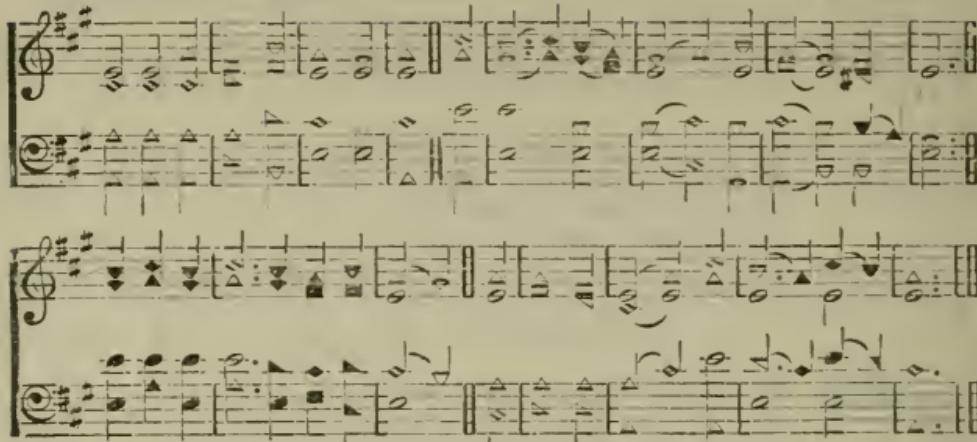
MARTYN.

No. 374.



MIGDOL. L. M.

LOWELL MASON, 1840.

*The Lord reigneth; let the earth rejoice. Ps. 97: 1.*

L. M.

424 **O**h, hallowed is the land and blest,
Where Christ, the Ruler, is confessed!
Oh, happy hearts and happy homes,
To whom the great Redeemer comes!

- 2 Lift up your heads, ye mighty gates!
Behold, the King of glory waits:
The King of kings is drawing near;
The Saviour of the world is here.
- 3 Fling wide the portals of your heart,
Make it a temple set apart
From earthly use for heaven's employ,
Adorned with prayer, and love, and joy.
- 4 Redeemer, come! I open wide
My soul to thee; here, Lord, abide!
Thankful and glad my song I raise,
And give to thee a life of praise.

GEO. WEISSEL.
MISS WINKWORTH, TR.

Give thanks unto the Lord. Ps. 107: 1.

L. M.

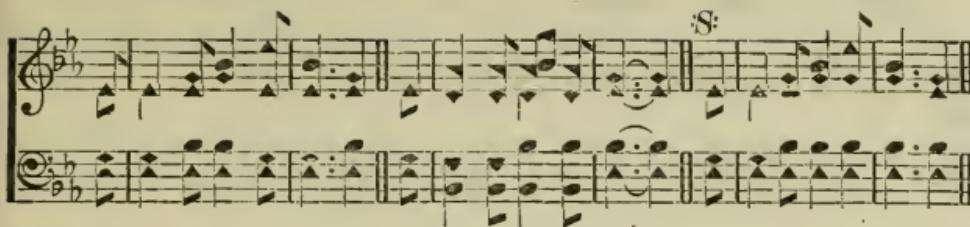
425 **G**IVE thanks to God, He reigns above;
Kind are His thoughts, His name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

- 2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of His grace record;
How great His works! how kind His ways!
Let every tongue pronounce His praise.

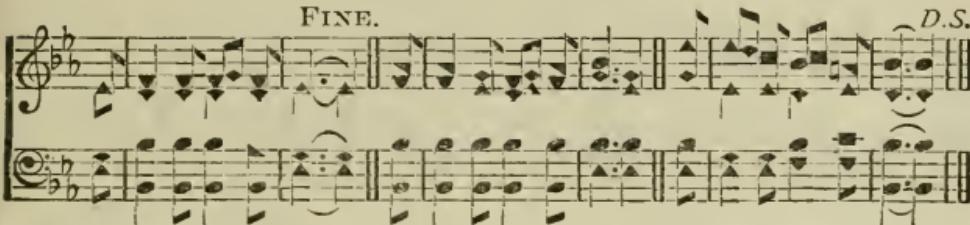
Isaac Watts, ab. 1710.

SALVATION. M. 14.

MOZART.



FINE.

*Giving thanks always for all things. Eph. 5: 20.*

M. 14.

426 **I** THANK the Lord my Maker
 For all his gifts to me:
 For making me partaker
 Of bounties rich and free:
 For father and for mother,
 Who give me clothes and food,
 For sister and for brother,
 And all the kind and good.

2 I thank the Lord my Saviour
 Who came for me to die,
 And bless me with his favor,
 And fit me for the sky,—
 That, all my sins out-blotted,
 By Jesus wash'd away,
 I may be found unspotted
 When comes the final day.

3 I thank the Lord for giving
 The Spirit of his grace,
 That I may serve him living,
 And dying, reach the place
 Where Jesus in his glory
 I shall forever see,
 And tell the wondrous story
 Of all his love for me.

LAND OF REST. C. M.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness. Psalm 65: 11. C. M.

427 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

- 2 Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.
- 3 Seasons, and times, and moons, and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The Author is divine.

- 4 Thy showers the thirsty furrows fill,
And ranks of corn appear;
Thy ways abound with blessings still,
Thy goodness crowns the year.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1719.

Seed-time and harvest. Gen. 8. 22.

C. M.

428 FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich thy bounties are!
The changing seasons as they move,
Proclaim thy constant care.

- 2 When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

3 The Spring's sweet influence, Lord, was thine;
 The plants in beauty grew;
 Thou gav'st resplendent suns to shine,
 And soft, refreshing dew.

4 These varied mercies, from above,
 Matur'd the swelling grain :
 A kindly harvest crowns thy love,
 And plenty fills the plain.

5 We own and bless thy gracious sway,
 Thy hand all nature hails :
 Seed-time nor harvest, night nor day,
 Summer nor winter fails.

Needham.

HARVEST. M. 26.

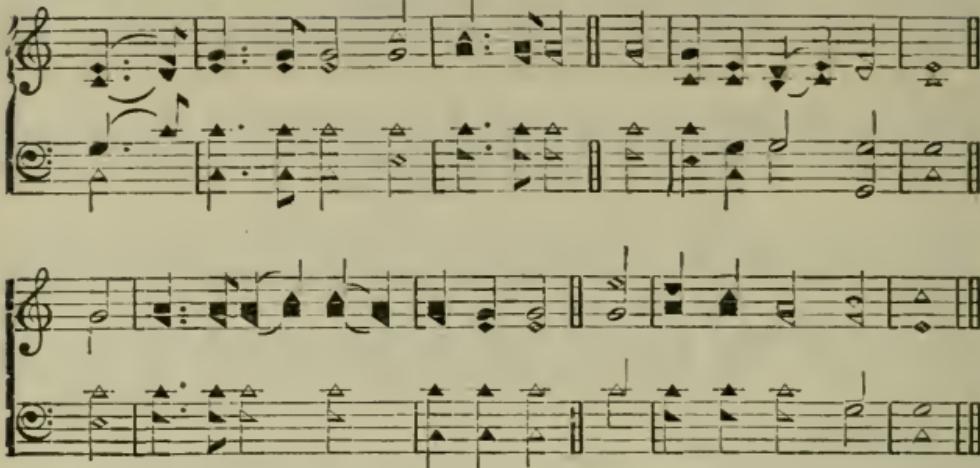
The valleys also are covered over with corn: they shout for joy, they also sing.
Psalm 65: 13. M. 26.

429 **T**HE God of harvest praise;
 In loud thanksgiving raise,
 Hand, heart, and voice ;
 The valleys smile and sing,
 Forests and mountains ring,
 The plains their tribute bring
 The streams rejoice.

2 The God of harvest praise ;
 Hearts, hands, and voices raise,
 With sweet accord ;
 From field to garner throng,
 Bearing your sheaves along,
 And in your harvest song,
 Praise ye the Lord.

TAMAR. C. M.

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*The saints but one family. Eph. 1: 10.*

C. M.

430 COME let us join our friends above,
 Who have obtained the prize,
 And on the eagle wings of love
 To joys celestial rise.

2 Let saints below in concert sing
 With those to glory gone,
 For all the servants of our King
 In heaven and earth are one.

3 One family,—we dwell in him ;
 One church, above, beneath ;
 Though now divided by the stream,
 — The narrow stream of death.

4 The saints on earth, and those above,
 But one communion make ;
 Join'd to their Lord, in bonds of love,
 All of his grace partake.

5 One army of the living God,
 To his commands we bow ;
 Part of the host have crossed the flood,
 And part are crossing now.

6 Lo thousands to their endless home
 Are swiftly born away ;
 And we are to the margin come,
 And soon must launch as they.

Meeting for council. Acts 15: 6.

C. M.

431 **L**ORD, in thy presence here we meet ;
 May we in thee be found !
 Oh, make the place divinely sweet,
 And let thy grace abound.

2 With harmony thy servants bless,
 That we may own to thee
 How good, how sweet, how pleasant 'tis
 When brethren all agree.

3 May Zion's good be kept in view,
 And bless our feeble aim,
 That all we undertake to do,
 May glorify thy name.

Love as brethren. 1 Pet. 3: 8.

C. M.

432 **H**ow sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
 When those who love the Lord
 In one another's peace delight,
 And so fulfill his word.

2 When each can feel his brother's sigh,
 And with him bear a part ;
 When sorrow flows from eye to eye,
 And joy from heart to heart.

3 When, free from envy, scorn, and pride,
 Our wishes all above,
 Each can his brother's failings hide,
 And show a brother's love.

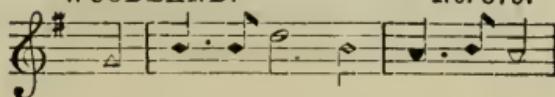
4 Let love, in one delightful stream,
 Through every bosom flow,
 And union sweet, and dear esteem,
 In every action glow.

5 Love is the golden chain that binds
 The happy souls above ;
 And he's an heir of heaven who finds
 His bosom glow with love.

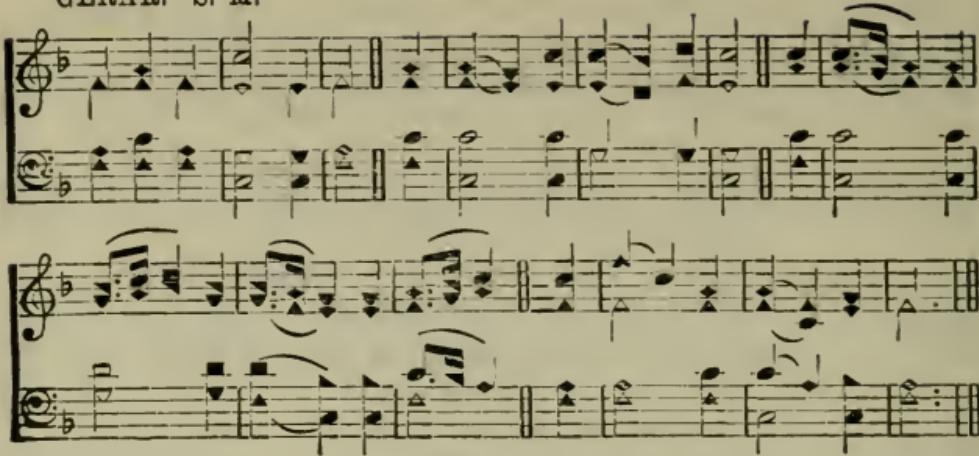
J. Swain.

WOODLAND.

No. 379.



GERAE. S. M.

*Being knit together in love. Col. 2: 2.*

S. M.

433 **B**LEST be the tie that binds
 Our hearts in Christian love;
 The fellowship of kindred minds
 Is like to that above.

- 2 Before our Father's throne
 We pour our ardent prayers;
 Our fears, our hopes, our aims are one,
 Our comforts, and our cares.
- 3 We share our mutual woes,
 Our mutual burdens bear;
 And often for each other flows
 The sympathizing tear.
- 4 When we asunder part,
 It gives us inward pain;
 But we shall still be joined in heart,
 And hope to meet again.
- 5 This glorious hope revives
 Our courage by the way;
 While each in expectation lives,
 And longs to see the day.
- 6 From sorrow, toil, and pain,
 And sin, we shall be free;
 And perfect love and friendship reign
 Through all eternity.

How good, and how pleasant *Psalm 133: 1.*

S. M.

434 **B**LEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

- 2 Blest is the pious house,
Where zeal and friendship meet;
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows,
Make their communion sweet.
- 3 Thus on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.
- 4 From those celestial springs
Such streams of pleasure flow,
As no increase of riches brings,
Nor honors can bestow.

Isaac Watts, ab. 1718.

One body in Christ. *Rom. 12: 5.*

S. M.

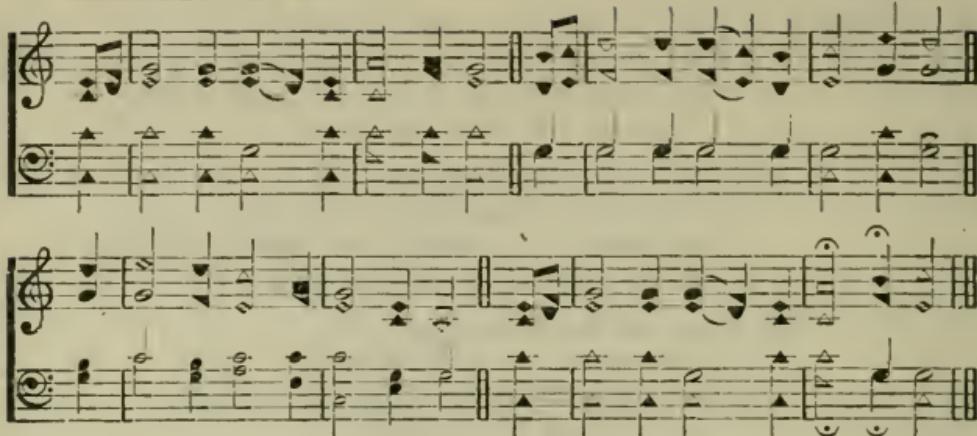
435 **A**ND let our-bodies part,
To different climes repair,—
Inseparably joined in heart
The friends of Jesus are.

- 2 Jesus, the Corner-stone,
Did first our hearts unite,
And still he keeps our spirits one,
Who walk with him in white.
- 3 The vineyard of their Lord
Before his laborers lies;
And lo! we see the vast reward
Reserved in paradise.
- 4 There all our toils are o'er,
Our suffering and our pain :—
Who meet on that eternal shore,
Shall never part again.
- 5 To gather home his own
God shall his angels send,
And bid our bliss on earth begun,
In deathless triumph end.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

RETREAT. L. M.

T. HASTINGS.

*A prayer for a church newly organized.*

L. M.

436 **L**ORD, bless thy saints assembled here,
 In solemn cov'nant now to join ;
 Unite them in thy holy fear,
 And in thy love their hearts combine.

- 2 Oh, give this church a large increase
 Of such as thou wilt own and bless ;
 Lord, fill their hearts with joy and peace,
 And clothe them with thy right'ousness.
- 3 Make her a garden wall'd with grace,
 A temple built for God below,
 Where thy blest saints may see thy face ;
 And fruits of thy bless'd Spirit grow.

The God of love and peace shall be with you. 2 Cor. 13: 11.

L. M.

437 **I**NDULGENT God of love and pow'r,
 Be with us at this place and hour !
 Smile on our souls ; our plans approve,
 By which we seek to spread thy love.

- 2 Let each discordant thought be gone,
 And love unite our hearts in one :
 Let all we have and all combine
 To forward objects so divine.
- 3 Oh, may we feel the worth of souls,
 Be men of God, whom grace controls,
 Fight the good fight, and win the crown ,
 And by our Father's side sit down.

Heavenly places in Christ. Eph. 1: 3.

L. M.

438 **L**ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray;
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like the dawn of heaven below;
Not all that careless sinners say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 O write upon my mem'ry, Lord,
The truths and precepts of thy word,
That I may break thy laws no more,
But love thee better than before.

Watts.

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. Matt. 22: 39.

L. M.

439 **B**LESSED Redeemer, how divine—
How righteous is this rule of thine,
“Never to deal with others worse
Than we would have them deal with us.”

2 This golden lesson, short and plain,
Gives not the mind nor memory pain;
And every conscience must approve
This universal law of love.

3 Is reason ever at a loss?
Call in self-love to judge the cause;
Let our own fondest passions show
How we should treat our neighbor too.

4 How bless'd would every nation prove,
Thus ruled by equity and love!
All would be friends without a foe,
And form a paradise below.

Where two or three are gathered. Matt. 18: 20.

L. M.

440 **W**HERE two or three with faithful heart
Unite to plead the promise given,
As truly in the midst thou art,
As with the countless hosts of heaven.

2 Can we believe this precious word,
And not assemble in thy name?
Sure if we meet to meet our Lord,
And catch thy whisper, “Here I am?”

Charles Wesley, 1762.

ENNIUS. M. 5.

FINE.

Thy people shall be my people. Ruth 1: 16.

M. 5.

441 **P** EOPLE of the living God,
 I have sought the world around ;
 Paths of sin and sorrow trod,
 Peace and comfort nowhere found :
 Now to you my spirit turns,—
 Turns a fugitive unblest ;
 Brethren, where your altar burns,
 Oh, receive me to your rest.

2 Lonely I no longer roam
 Like the cloud, the wind, the wave ;
 Where you dwell shall be my home,
 Where you die shall be my grave ;
 Mine the God whom you adore ;
 Your Redeemer shall be mine ;
 Earth can fill my soul no more,—
 Every idol I resign.

3 Tell me not of gain and loss,
 Ease, enjoyment, pomp, and power ;
 Welcome poverty and cross,
 Shame, reproach, affliction's hour.
 "Follow me"—I know thy voice ;
 Jesus, Lord, thy steps I see ;
 Now I take thy yoke by choice ;
 Light thy burden now to me.

DEAREST TIE. C. M.

CHORUS.

It is the hope the bliss ful hope, Which
Jesus grace has giv'n, The hope when days and years are past, We all shall meet in heav'n.
Which hope we have as an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast.

Heb. 6: 19. C. M.

442 **H**AIL, sweetest, dearest tie, that binds
Our glowing hearts in one ;
Hail, sacred hope, that tunes our minds
To harmony divine.

- 2 What though the northern wintry blast
Shall howl around our cot ;
What though beneath an eastern sun
Be cast our distant lot.
- 3 From eastern shores, from northern lands,
From western hill and plain,
From southern climes, the brother-bands
May hope to meet again.
- 4 From Burmah's shores, from Afric's strand,
From India's burning plain,
From Europe, from Columbia's land,
We hope to meet again.
- 5 No ling'ring look, nor parting sigh ,
Our future meeting knows ;
There friendship beams from every eye,
And love immortal glows.

UNITY 6s & 5s.

L. MASON.

In the unity of faith. Eph. 4: 13.

6s & 5s.

443 **W**HEN shall we meet again?—
 Meet ne'er to sever?
 When will peace wreath her chain
 Round us forever?
 Our hearts will ne'er repose
 Safe from each blast that blows,
 In this dark vale of woes—
 Never—no, never!

2 When shall love freely flow
 Pure as life's river?
 When shall sweet friendship glow
 Changeless forever?
 Where joys celestial thrill,
 Where bliss each heart shall fill,
 And fears of parting chill—
 Never—no, never!

3 Up to that world of light,
 Take us, dear Saviour;
 May we all there unite,
 Happy forever;
 Where kindred spirits dwell,
 There may our music swell,
 And time our joys dispel
 Never—no, never!

NINETY-THIRD. S. M.

WATTS.

*Peace be unto you. Luke 24: 36*

S. M.

444 L ORD, at this closing hour,
 Establish every heart
 Upon thy word of truth and power,
 To keep us when we part.

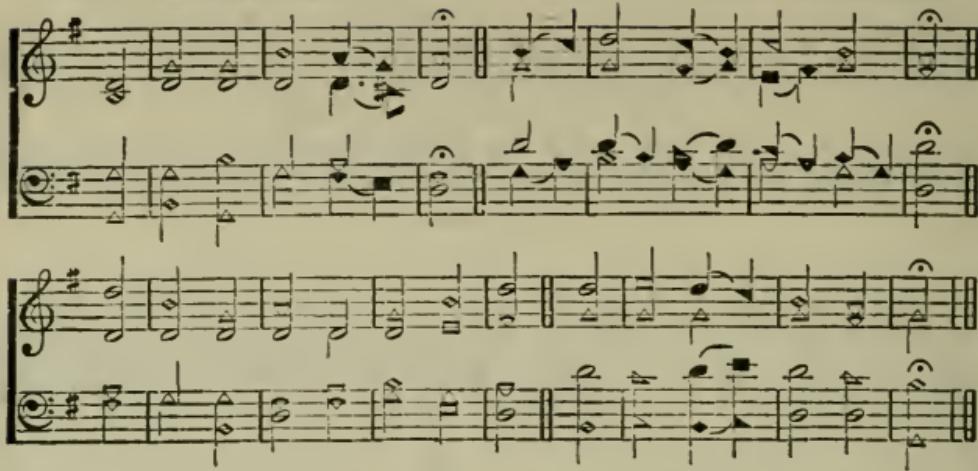
2 Peace to our brethren give;
 Fill all our hearts with grace;
 In faith and patience may we live,
 Till we shall see thy face.

3 Through changes bright or drear,
 We would thy will pursue;
 And toil to spread thy gospel here
 Till we thy glory view.

4 To God, the only Wise,
 In every age adored,
 Let glory from the church arise
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord!

ST. THOMAS. S. M.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1743.

*Be at peace among yourselves. 1 Thess. 5: 13.*

S. M.

445 Lo, what a pleasing sight
 Are brethren that agree!
 How blest are all whose hearts unite
 In bonds of piety.

2 From those celestial springs,
 Such streams of comfort flow,
 As no increase of riches brings
 Nor honors can bestow.

3 All in their stations move,
 And each performs his part,
 In all the cares of life and love,
 With sympathizing heart.

4 Form'd for the purest joys,
 By one desire possessed,
 One aim the zeal of all employs,
 To make each other blessed.

5 No bliss can equal theirs,
 Where such affections meet;
 While praise devout, and mingled prayers
 Make their communion sweet.

6 'Tis the same pleasure fills
 The breast in worlds above,
 Where joy, like morning-dew, distils,
 And all the air is love.

Your redemption draweth nigh. Luke 21: 28.

S. M.

446

WHAT cheering words are these!
Their sweetness who can tell?
In time, and to eternity,
'Tis with the righteous well.

- 2 In ev'ry state secure,
Kept by Jehovah's eye,
'Tis well with them while life endures,
And well when call'd to die.
- 3 'Tis well when on the mount
They feast on dying love;
And 'tis as well, in God's account,
When they the furnace prove.
- 4 'Tis well when Jesus calls:
"From earth and sin arise;
Join with the hosts of virgin souls
Made to salvation wise!"

Kent.

Thou hast delivered my soul from death. Psalm 116: 8.

S. M.

447

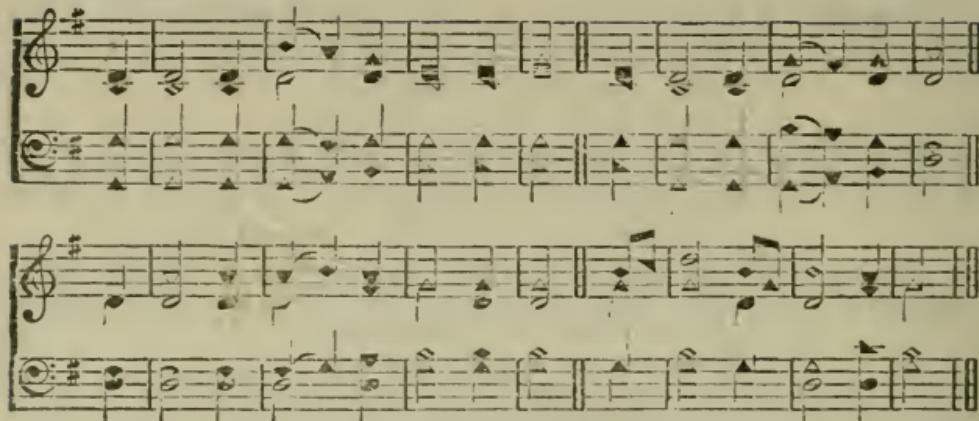
IT is not death to die,—
To leave this weary road,
And, 'mid the brotherhood on high,
To be at home with God.

- 2 It is not death to close
The eye long dimm'd by tears,
And wake in glorious repose
To spend eternal years.
- 3 It is not death to bear
The key that sets us free
From dungeon chain, to breathe the air
Of boundless liberty.
- 4 It is not death to fling
Aside the sinful dust,
And rise, on strong, exulting wing,
To live among the just.
- 5 Jesus, thou Prince of life!
Thy chosen cannot die;
Like Thee, they conquer in the strife,
To reign with Thee on high.

G. W. Bedeune

MENDOTA. C. M.

Arr.

*Admonish him as a brother. 2 Thess. 3: 15.*

C. M.

448 **S**PEAK gently to the erring ones:—
 Ye know not all the pow'r
 With which the dark temptation came,
 In some unguarded hour.

2 Ye may not know how earnestly
 They struggled, or how well,
 Until the hour of weakness came,
 And sadly thus they fell.

3 Speak gently to the erring one:—
 Oh, do not thou forget,
 However darkly stain'd by sin,
 He is thy brother yet.

4 Heir of the self-same heritage,
 Child of the self-same God,
 He hath but stumbled in the path
 Thou hast in weakness trod.

5 Speak gently to the erring one:
 For is it not enough
 That innocence and peace are gone,
 Without our censure rough?

6 It surely is a weary lot
 That sin crushed heart to bear;
 And they who share a happier fate
 Their chidings well may spare.

TALMAR. M. 4.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1850.
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Now is the day of salvation. 2 Cor. 6: 2.

M. 4.

449 **L**ISTEN to the gentle promptings
Of the Spirit's warning voice;
Will ye heed his solemn warnings?
Can ye slight his wondrous love?

- 2 Sweetly calling on the erring,
Pardons offered without price;
Come, accept the invitation,
And receive the offered grace.
- 3 Joy and hope the troubled conscience
Will allay with soothing peace;
Press ye then to realms of glory,
Run with joy the offered race.
- 4 Hesitate no longer, sinner,
Lest the Spirit, sad and grieved,
Should forsake thee, now and ever,
Nevermore to be deceived.
- 5 Broken hearts and contrite spirits,
These the Lord will not despise:
Trust in Christ's atoning merits,
In his precious sacrifice.
- 6 Time is short, and life is flying;
You must perish if you stay:
Christ is coming, men are dying,
Halt no longer, come to-day.

WINDHAM. L. M.

DANIEL READ, 1785.

Broad is the way that leadeth to destruction. Matt. 7: 13. L. M.

450 **B**ROAD is the road that leads to death,
And many walk together there;
But wisdom shows a narrow path,
With here and there a traveler.

2 "Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"
Is the Redeemer's great command;
Nature must count her gold but dross,
If she would gain this heavenly land.

3 The fearful soul that tires and faints,
And walks the ways of God no more,
Is but esteemed almost a saint,
And makes his own destruction sure.

4 Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
Create my heart entirely new;
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain;
Which false apostates never knew.

Watts

Behold, I stand at the door, and knock. Rev. 3: 20.

L. M.

451 **B**EHOLD a stranger at the door!
He gently knocks, has knocked before,
Has waited long, is waiting still;
You treat no other friend so ill.

2 Oh, lovely attitude! he stands
With melting heart and loaded hands!
Oh matchless kindness! and he shows
This matchless kindness to his foes!

3 But will he prove a friend indeed?
He will ; the very friend you need ;
The Friend of sinners—yes, 'tis He,
With garments dyed on Calvary.

4 Rise, touched with gratitude divine ;
Turn out his enemy and thine,
That soul-destroying monster, sin,
And let the heavenly Stranger in.

Joseph Grigg.

HUGER. M. 11.

It is high time to awake. Rom. 13: 11.

M 11.

452 **W**HY sleep ye, my brethren? come, let us arise ;
Oh, why should we slumber in sight of the prize?
Salvation is nearer, our day is far spent,
Oh, let us be active, awake, and repent !

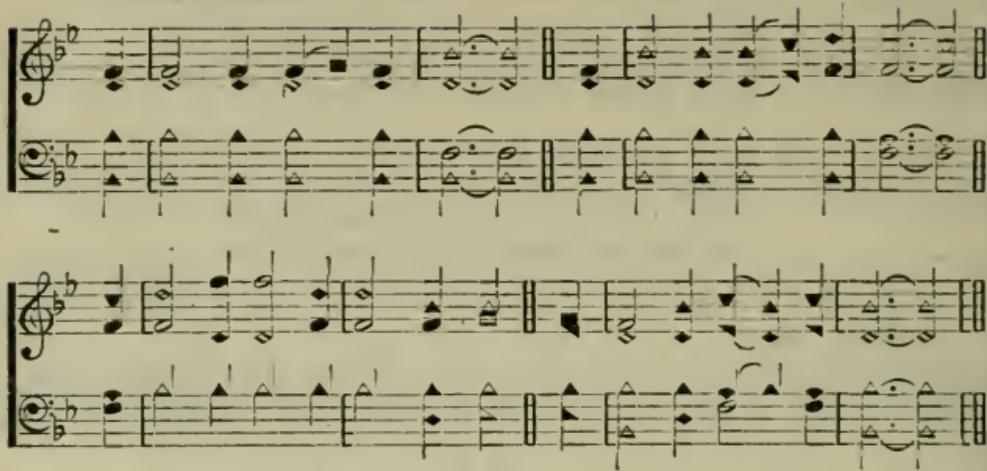
2 Oh, how can we slumber? the Master will come ;
He's calling on sinners to seek them a home ;
The Spirit and bride now in concert unite,
The weary they welcome, the careless invite.

3 Oh, how can we slumber? our foes are awake ;
To ruin poor souls every effort they make ;
T' accomplish their object no means are untried,
The careless they comfort, the wakeful misguide.

4 Oh, how can we slumber? ye sinners look round,
Before the last trumpet your hearts shall confound ;
Oh, fly to the Saviour ! he calls you to-day ;
While mercy is waiting, oh, make no delay !

Josiah Hopkins, 1831.

BUTLER. S. M.



Turn ye from your evil ways ; for why will ye die. Ez. 33: 11. S. M.

453 DESTRUCTI^{ON}'S dang'rous road,
What multitudes pursue !
While that which leads the soul to God
Is known or sought by few.

- 2 Believers enter in
By Christ, the living door ;
But they, who will not leave their sin,
Must perish evermore.
- 3 If self must be denied,
And sin forsaken quite ;
They rather choose the way that's wide,
And strive to think it right.
- 4 Encompass'd by a throng,
On numbers they depend ;
They think so many can't be wrong,
And miss a happy end.
- 5 But numbers are no mark
That men will right be found ;
A few were sav'd in Noah's ark,
For many millions drown'd.
- 6 Obey the gospel call,
And enter while you may ;
The flock of Christ remains still small,
And none are safe but they.

Newton.

Do not frustrate the grace of God. Gal. 2: 21.

S. M.

454

LET sinners take their course,
And choose the road to death;
But in the worship of my God
I'll spend my daily breath.

- 2 My thoughts address his throne
When morning brings the light;
I seek his blessings every noon,
And pay my vows at night.
- 3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
O my eternal God,
While sinners perish in surprise,
Beneath thine angry rod.
- 4 Because they dwell at ease,
And no sad changes feel,
They neither fear nor trust thy name,
Nor learn to do thy will.
- 5 But I, with all my cares,
Will lean upon the Lord;
I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
And rest upon his word.

The Judge standeth before the door. Jas. 5: 9.

S. M.

455

MAKE haste, O man, to live,
For thou so soon must die;
Time hurries past thee like the breeze,—
How swift its moments fly!

- 2 Make haste, O man, to do
Whatever must be done;
Thou hast no time to lose in sloth,
Thy day will soon be gone.
- 3 Up then with speed, and work;
Fling ease and self away;
This is no time for thee to sleep,
Up, watch and work and pray.
- 4 Make haste, O man, to live,
Thy time is almost o'er;
Oh, sleep not, dream not, but arise,
The Judge is at the door.

BEAUFORT. L. M. D.

L. C. EVERETT.

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*Jesus died and rose again.**1 Thess. 4: 14.*

L. M. D.

456 He dies! the Friend of sinners dies!
 Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;
 A solemn darkness veils the skies;
 A sudden trembling shakes the ground:
 Come, saints, and drop a tear or two,
 For Him who groaned beneath your load;
 He shed a thousand drops for you,
 A thousand drops of richest blood.

2 Here's love and grief beyond degree,
 The Lord of glory dies for men;
 But lo! what sudden joys we see!
 Jesus, the dead, revives again:
 The rising God forsakes the tomb,
 Up to His Father's court he flies;
 Cherubic legions guard Him home,
 And shout Him welcome to the skies.

BOAZ. P. M.

By Com.

The harvest is past. Jer. 8: 20.

P. M.

457 **W**HEN the harvest is past, and the summer is gone,
 And sermons and pray'rs shall be o'er;
 When the beams cease to break of the blest Sabbath-
 And Jesus invites thee no more.— [morn,

- 2 When the rich gales of mercy no longer shall blow,
 The gospel no message declare—
 Sinner, how canst thou bear the deep wailing of wo,
 How suffer the night of despair!
- 3 When the holy have gone to the regions of peace,
 To dwell in the mansion above;
 When their harmony wakes, in the fullness of bliss,
 Their song to the Saviour of love.—
- 4 Say, O sinner, that livest at rest and secure,
 Who fearest no trouble to come,
 Can thy spirit the swellings of sorrow endure,
 Or bear the impenitent's doom?

Samuel Francis Smith, b. 1808.

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